



PORTINIA

JAMES CALVIN HOOPER



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PORTINIA

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

JAMES CALVIN HOOPER



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INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY
OF
ALL MY FRIENDS,
THOSE WHO CONDONE
MY FAULTS, AND MAGNIFY
MY VIRTUES.

PREFACE

IT IS with great diffidence that I submit this poem to a generous and beauty-loving public.

Not that I fear the criticisms of those with eyes alert to spy and detect errors in my vain and feverish endeavors to consort with the divine Muses of poesy, and soar into heights sublime, on the semi-callow wings of my poetic imagination. My greatest regret is, that I have not more artfully developed my plot, a rich and delicate fabric (I have made the fabric more beautiful than the garment). My setting or cast, therefore, I consider exquisitely unique in many of its aspects. This poetic romance might be compared to a strong theme in a musical symphony. Not satisfactorily developed in detail and counter-point, "Portinia," to those in consonance with the higher and diviner spirit of love and beauty, is a poem possessing the elements of a true soul.

While it may be fraught with many technical weaknesses, nevertheless, dear reader, the king of day, the sun, from the hands of God, has spots upon it,—and the queen of night, the moon, oft has horns and a bad complexion, when beheld from certain points of view. It has been said—"The highest

PREFACE

poetry is the most open to prosaic ridicule." I am glad some one said that; I am not trying to forestall or circumvent criticism, but I truly hope none may read this story, without finding something in it sufficiently beautiful and elevating, to recompense him for his time and effort; and I trust furthermore that all readers of this humble tribute to love and beauty, may first look for and find the flowers, before they cast about for the thorns.

Dallas, June 25, 1914.

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PORTINIA
AN EPIC ROMANCE

Book I

PORTINIA

A memory's fair beauty never dies;
But its soul serene immortal will rise,
Glorious to hearts imbued with love,
Flying onward as time's winged dove
Into eternity: there it magnifies
Emotions graven or radiant skies
By passion's burnished flames of sacred fire.
Such flowering mind will ever inspire;
And in the crucible of sighing years,
Beauty's mirrored phantom ever appears,
Bounteously giving back love's sweet grace,
Commemorating some immaculate face
Which, in the spirit, we hope to see,
Parting never in Heaven's eternity;
Worshiping there at its golden shrine,
Feasting grateful eyes on things divine,
Yet loving still mortal memory sweet,
While casting honors at beauty's feet.

Where angels with argent wings' dulcet sounds,
With empurpled robes and celestial crowns,
Flit through ambient air, as the Heavens adore,
While seraphim reign on love's throne evermore.
Then memory's lips with ecstatic tongue
Will sing of this beauty as 'twas ne'er sung,
In glory refulgent that will impregn
The budding heart with florescence serene.
Where beauty unfurls its soul to diffuse
That immortal essence and passioned muse
Into each dawning life, with roseate pride,
From whence the stifled sighs,—love darts to guide,
In search of florid sweets and violets,
Wreathing them into chaplet coronets
With which to garland beauty's queenly head,
Then embower in fennels' fragment bed,

'Neath the myrtles' and aspens' quivering leaves.
Where sing the zephyrs in full-toned semibreves
The song of love,—cadenced in tranquil fusion,
Where it reigns full-fledged, there's no contusion
Of happiness,—nor ominous foreboding,
Nor fevered dreams, and pledges corroding.
Where memory's pensive soul inspiring
Lingers 'neath the shadow of seraph's wing,
From which exhaled incense up-fills the air,
Then refuge takes in its orient hair.
To the fair goddess, Beauty, love doth cede
Every vantage to which its vows agreed;
Neglecting not that Heaven-enrolled grace
Sealed by the ardent heart's burning trace,
Whose impassioned beat, like a silver pipe
Blown by exulting Nymph,—whose heart is ripe
For Cupid's flame and gold-footed joys to spin
Into silken skeins of love, then to win
The son of Jupiter and by him crowned.
But in my Heaven-dewed goddess, I've found
My blossoming soul, enraptured by a trance,
And in the haze of Indian summer I'll chance
My fate to her rose-canopied bower
And ere the autumn's promised seedtime's hour
Of bounteous harvest,—this new-born love
Will have, by strange journeyings as the dove,
Come to the full fruition of its bloom;
And in the plenitude of this bliss, a groom
To enchanting bride I pray may be my prize;
I see my Venus now—what soulful eyes!

The heroine of this poem, Portinia,
Enrapt my very soul—my fair Urania!
I'll descant her charms, and her harp-strings kiss,
Made of her golden tresses;—ah, what bliss
To ride on the muse of Poesy divine
And sniff the wafted balm of love benign;
That quickens a zeal, its sweetness imbues,

Then by it opiated, like hemlock ooze,
Into a dreaming temple, of fancy's turn,
Where sweet music lingers, as if to burn,
In self-sacrifice; then its spirit's fire
Rises on lucent wings to the heaven's choir.
"Poetry is the bloom, fragrance, and fruit
Of all language,"—said a bard who fingered its
lute

And trod its swaying measures soft and sweet,
By rhythmic heart, head and nimble feet.
Now I dare presume with faulty throat
To sing where this poet soared on silver note
To the lustrous gates of Phoebus' flaming pyre,
Where he stood on the galaxy to admire
The Heaven's iris hues, and translucent eyes;
Then to Orion's throne, seeking paradise:
Finding it not, thence to Queen Cynthia went,
Leaping from star to star, thwart the firmament.
Hence these sky-born muses I would implore,
And on fleeting Pegasus I mean to soar:
Least-wise 'mong the cumulus clouds to sing,
While I pick the floss from their fleecy wing.
And if by chance to the moon I shall wend,
Round her crescent horns a lasso I'll send;
In her bosom I'll whiz through azure space
To list for melodies of sweeter grace,
Or yoke the golden eagle's sweeping flight;
Then wing for regions of eternal light.
And if my volant steed doth jade forlorn,
I'll then bestride the flying unicorn,
Or mount huge dragon, if one I fetch to bay,
And direct I'll scud for the milky way.
My æolian lyre there I'll put to tune,
To the pitch of Apollo's choir;—then croon
A love ditty, to vibrate the heaven's expanse,
Or cantata to animate love's romance,
Which subsists on crystal tears of joy it brings
To votive eyes, the soul's pure limpid springs.

In musing thus, my will's pinions betake
Me to the meadow's verdure beside the lake
Of my occult spirit, that doth uplift
Visions bright, engrossing my mind to sift
Sunbeams from the dawning flush of loveliness;
For I hear many lyric themes that press
An inroad to the lute-stops of my heart.
Oft in my dreams I wake with a start,
For their webs sometimes mimic the facts,
And in my trellised brain nothing lacks
To bring me nearer the luring gleams
Of my pearl-dewed fairy, who then besseems
Love's breathing co-inheritor sweet and fair;
Who smiles, and then kisses, as if to dare:
When I wake therefore I oft repine,
For reality could be no more divine.

The Ozark Mountains, whose sparkling waters flow
Where pungent mint, fern, and calamus grow,
Or Sicilian groves, that feed the flocks of Pan
That graze in solitude, unseen by man,
But odiously compare with the delights
Of outpoured Nature, wherein the wights,
The dancing faun, and frolicsome nymphs abound;
Where Portinia and I shall tread the virent ground
And scale the bouldered mounts of childhood's joy.
Its music then did mine ears sweetly cloy,
And filled my being with spring or autumn's love,
Where enchanting wonderment, cogent to move,
Transports with ravishing fantasies
The blisses of memory's visual eyes.—
This pathless Eden to sopiting dreams
Yet lures me,—the plumed dryads sing and Nature
 quemes:

And we bless the beauty that's seen and felt,
Whose kindred elements have power to melt
The bosom's discord, and tears dissipate
Into rainbow tints, as the sun's rays sate

On virgin sighs and immaculate dews,
And balm melancholy into vernate hues;
Kissing the glittering rheum from eyes shed,
To reanimate a soul that once was dead:
Or when gentle Luna's queenly smile
Plays on sorrow's lurid darkness a while,
Then its gloom distills, or vaporizes away,
Such the celestial glint of her silver ray,
Peeking through hawthorn, beechen shades, and
oaks;

Where the day's tinkling bells, and dismal croaks
From raven, rook, or the ebon crow's throat,
Heard in mingled echoes, from glens remote,
And warbling lays of wood lyrists' strains,
Or shepherds yodling their happy refrains;
Where Virgil might indite inspiring verse,
If with Portinia he could rehearse,
With her charms to set the muses leaping,
Her eyes like the blue bell's blush out-peeping,
Enough to engender in a heart of stone
A blazing love the immortal gods condone.
Be he mortal or god of power high,
He could not resist her sweet majesty,
Nor eloin that strange amative desire
From the day his heart caught Cupid's fire,
Whose lucid flame consumed all former aches;
The day of all days, when love thus makes
A man more manly, all surely agree;
Attunes his soul to heaven's minstrelsy.

I'd say much more, but Portinia is dight
For our ramble into the sylvan height
Where hours of youthful joy did by me creep
When a shambling boy, herding timid sheep,
In deep shades' drowsy thrall,—by rills that sing
As they rush head-long from the bubbling spring.

My very being tinged in these rustic shades,
Some blissful hours gone, flavored in yon glades,

Where I mused 'mong vernant phlox in the mead;
The wingèd moments little then did I heed,
And the timorous birds ceased in their alarm—
Some gayly sang, seeing I meant no harm.
I then never knew the heart's propitious sigh,
Nor saw the twinkling endearment of an eye,
As now I see it, and hear the voice of love,
While in mind I stroll 'mong wild rose and fox-
glove;

Where the bowing sweetgums flirt with the gale
And summer clouds o'er all serenely sail.
There the morn's golden breath dispels all pain,
While memory drinks from melodious vein;
And through azure space the vivid planets roll,
And countless stars the sovran heavens control.
Nor do they in trackless orbits confound,
For a God in ken fixed their destiny's bound—
To Him their specific grandeur and weight
But as mewed feathers the winds lightly freight.
Round my Portinia, all radiance supreme,
With lambent purity, her gracious smiles redeem.
Her majestic mien, every eye doth light,
Every pulse springs jubilant at her sight,
And mellow sounds on silent breezes play
Dainty harmony on her tresses gay.
Each ringlet curl festoons her ivory neck,
And her graces magnify, as they more bedeck
Her alabaster shoulders, throat and breast,
Like tall Easter Lily, rising to be blest;
Whose noble fragrance lurks in silence round,
Then ascends in spirit waves, without a sound,
Which more ardently educes passion's fire
In all famished hearts, whose love doth conspire
To entice smiles of this true goddess fair,
Whose soothing beauty like poppy's ooze to bear:
And with countenance bright as sprightly gems,
Glowing with richness like royal diadems!—

Such the inwards of my heart's zealous beat
Now, the angel of my rhapsody I greet.—

DON ZENO TO PORTINIA

Portinia, memory linked in thy gracious charms
With beauty, lives in fair immortal arms;
And ever flying on time's plumèd wings
Love to beauty like shadow to substance clings.
O sweet beauty, who in virtue's kingdom shines,
Thy Heaven goddess adores thee and pines
In silence; over again and ever
Recalling scenes and emotions that never
Fade from the soul into fathomless ocean,
But bind it to earth's sweet devotion,
While beauty's incense e'er burns in fires bright
In Dian's temple, a symbol of light
To the gods whose realms in sea, earth, and sky
Love beauty too well, to let its mem'ry die.

Ah, so dear to my heart these scenes sublime
Of cliffs grand and trees old, where ivy climb!
A memorial to God's art so great
The human artists' brush can scarcely imitate;
Nor sophist eye see grandeur by Nature made
But mere jungle wild, of no worth in trade.
Such minds, but fit to brew discordant strife,
Not knowing they're dead, while dormant life
Still lingers in their soul's wizen sight,
But blind and dead to earth's munif'cence bright.

Portinia, let's visit "Red Ghosts'" haunted cave,
Where 'tis said spirits of bad Indians rave,
Holding war dances, as mortals they did,
Pronouncing curses invidious to rid
This land of white faces they had cause to hate—
God knows the red man deserved better fate—

Those ciphers carved on that vaulted cavern
Perhaps a thousand years; this their tavern,
Their grand rendezvous, for matters of state,
Ovations of big chiefs to celebrate;
This room, a bridal chamber, where brides slept
In arms of Morpheus, and dreaming, wept
For joy, being honored with princess' minions,
And by the Great Spirit, whose gilded pinions
Wafted sacred meed, a sweet blessing given,
Crowning the brides, with bridal wreaths from
heaven.

In this grot many heroes of the chase
Have been gayly festooned with tribal grace,
Whose hilarity continued through the night,
Till the East was aglow with Aurora's light
And the song birds all in blithesome glee
Regaled their consorts with ecstasy.

In life and in Nature's coves dense
Are many melodies that recompense
And woo our being, as we play or dream,
In the witching arms of a golden beam
Floating on the breath of music's soothing chords,
That's heard and felt, more eloquent than words.

All-pervading spell, in ocean, air, and sky,
Hark!—the musing echoes, a planet's sigh,
That to its mate sings harmonies divine,
As it rides the blue waves on rhythms supine,
And round the beckoning sun's magic orb flies,
As the dazed moth round a candle's flame tries
To extricate itself from the dazzling fire;
But, alas, cremated, by the flaming pyre—
Hence this allegory; hail to powers that be!
Mortal cannot elude his destiny—
It's vain to try: every soul has its cage;
Naught gained beating the bars, with wings of rage.
If we could but revert the effect of cause,

We then could subvert the sins 'gainst divine laws.
What right has the clay to grumble a whit
At the potter who formed its very spirit
Or who so temerous, with God discuss,
Saying, "Why hast Thou made me thus or thus?"
We're His vassals, what do we amount?
He's our Creator, to whom we account.
The vanity of man is lack of sense,
Which he serves slave-like without recompense.
'Tis well enough to be decently proud
And display good breeding in ev'ry crowd.
The eye,—the soul's barometer we see,
Is tempered by the heart's character.
That is, the eye for each heart doth display
Its temperament as the sun the day.
Therefore if this orb is sordid and cowed
'Twould prove obscurity, as the sun a cloud.
Portinia, thine eyes bespeak a soul so true
They refract the glory of Heaven's blue,
And tell of a lineage beautiful:
To look into them, my spirit doth lull.
Soon we'll go where glide bowered streams away,
Where the lush stalks and vernal blooms display
Nature's bounties, and teeming sweets out-fling
Where the feathered chucklers so gleesome sing,
And where argent fishes with glistening eyes
Dream on amber sands—what a paradise!
Yes, my sunbeam, we'll fly to yon copse shade
And ramble up and down the virescent glade.
List to the sweet descants of poet's lark,
Tenderly singing to nesting mate; but hark!
The squirrels are cutting nuts in yon tree.
Come to me,—hear them chewing so busily;
See them venture on the limbs so slender
For the hickory nut green and tender.

In this cool solitude, chasing blissful hours,
Meditating mid these woodland flowers,
Here we'll plight our love with fervor anew,
Sealing it with soulful kiss fore'er true—
Why dost thou hide thy face in blushing fear?
Cans't not yet my fervent wooing for-bear?
And alas, is thy heart for me no more
And now recant that fickle vow you swore?
My sweet Narcissus bud, do tell me why
Thou didst erstwhile bless me, and here deny,
And from me turn thy smileless lips unkist?
Oh why demur?—Mine eyes a clabbered mist
Now see—as I weave grim shadows that glow—
Thou fairest bloom that Heaven can bestow,
Shall my redolent joys so soon decay
And sniff not the vernal buds of love's sweet day?
While silvery carols upfill the air
And merry birds consort ev'rywhere,
Must I at the game of hearts lose and die—
No connubial balm my hopes supply?—
Dearest Portinia,—thy former self resume,
Make happiness for me, where now is gloom,
By pledging here to be my faithful mate,
Thus redeeming my life's drooping fate.
Wilt thou, dear lotus, by yon sparkling rill,
Swear to love me and forever fulfill
That plighted promise, so ardently made,
Before we go from this enchanting shade?
Portinia! see round us the blooming landscape
And scent the passionate fragrance of wild grape.
All nature is one symphonic cadence;
Dost thy hesitation mean impenitence?
O, fill not thine eyes with tears—painful darts!
I'd beshrew the prince, that wrings thy heart of
 hearts,
And be it doubly more in troth for shame,
Anywise, how canst thou dearest be to blame?—

Love should be the rudder on life's deep sea,
Stirring the heart to its port of destiny.
Hence, thou then, to thine own affinity go,
And the star of thy good fortune will show
Thy sacred feet the path in which to tread:
E'en honor and broken vows let conscience shed.

Now dearest, dry those bright cerulean eyes,
Which reflect the blue glory of the skies,—
And we'll talk on things at random, pleasing,
Of nature's God, which is upon me seizing
And holding me with a mesmeric spell.
Yon murmuring stream in the distant dell
Bids us come and loiter on its mossy banks
As it ripples and laughs, returning thanks
To Great Neptune, who gave it ebbing life,
Riding on its pebbly bed in restless strife,
Kissing each bud and leaf which chance to dip
Into its lucid bosom for cooling sip,
To quench and bathe the heads and famished brows,
As the wind sways their nodding stems and boughs.

That smooth and sinuous pathway yonder
Leads to cressy banks where fishermen ponder,
And smoke narcotic pipes, in dreamy pride,
Thinking of lusty perch when caught and fried
In pan of sizzling grease from bacon bought,
Eating their hopeful catch ere they are caught,
Engendering appetites with greedy will.
A fisherman's luck rarely e'er doth fill,
Yet a martyr's patience have they undaunted,
Dozing 'neath boughs by dark shadows haunted;
With no encouragement except by sucker
Nibbling the bait with mouth in a pucker,
As if it cared naught for meal so rude,
Having been reared on better food:
But wishing to keep the lazy angler awake,
From his sharp hook the red worms would take,

Being a small fry and prying spectator,
Thus amused, teasing the luckless piscator.
But like truants on land, the human kind,
This poor aimless sucker, though small, did find
A barbed fang in his gill, below one eye,
Then was cast upon the glaring sands to die,
There devoured by some carnivorous craw.
Alas, this seems to be nature's grim law,
That each kind shall prey and glut on another,
Little caring if it be a brother.
While observing such, we should pause to think
We're all standing near eternity's brink.—
Portinia,—why such tears so vainly shed?
Though our destiny hangs on spider's thread,
And Jehovah's door stands yawning ajar,
As we shudder under our fateful star,
Looking toward fair portals by prophets told,
Let's do our duty unfaltering, bold,
While this orb sublunary we roam
Ere we are called to our celestial home.
Portinia, so azure and true are thine eyes,
In them I see seraph's flame that ne'er dies.
Thou, the most spiritualized and true,
The dearest and fairest I ever knew,
I feel my love not remorselessly spurned,
And thou seemest to regard my heart that's burned
For thee, with sweet incense divinely pure.
O, be not contumacious, my zeal endure;
For Cupid with chagrin seeming changes,
When finding his sweet Venus deranges
His honeyed arrows, which go wide the mark,
Falling vainly, as if aimed in the dark.
But I'm still clinging to kind Providence,
So long as fond hope's slender evidence
Hangs o'er cast, in thy soul's quivering scale.
A fair Nymph, by honor won, shall ne'er fail.

How dear these scenes, noble, shall ever be
To memories sacred, through eternity,
Doubly hallowed by thy blessed feet,
So lightly treading upon flowers sweet;
Which instantly rise with benign faces bright,
Feeling honored, touching thy slippers white
Whilst thou saunterst in this enchanting dell
With one whose aching breast doth heave and swell
For thy magic charms which shall ever haunt
Future scenes; a sting to each roving jaunt,
No matter what fair princess in the crowd
Walks, in coming years, with spirit so proud
Along this crystal streamlet by my side,
Wishing haply betimes to re-open wide
And balm this deep wound, so incurable.
Love is not lost, e'en most un-endurable—
And while mournful lips may never confess
To a broken heart, the which none would guess,
Judging by outward mien and garish gloat:
Yet condemning not, but removing the moat
From our eyes, whose sight unfocused and dim,
Ere we become doctors, wanting to trim
The beamlets from benighted eyes and hearts
Of those whom we decry with venom'd darts
By outraging tongue, with vicious sting,
And cankerous vitriol, sharp to fling,
Into the pure fountain of virtues chaste—
Slander; a green eyed serpent, itself disgraced;
With sinuous body it drags repin'd,
Vibrates evil tongue, with ebon mind,—
Making a deep wound time will never heal,
Nor can the heart such wickedness conceal.

Portinia! since mine eyes on thee have dined,
No flowers so prim as thy face refined;
Thou art in form, a wondrous paragon—
A feast to my soul, just to look upon:
Such angel curves, and thy cheeks, so ripe-peached,

And thy neck, swan-like, as if blanchèd, bleached.
Thine orbs heaven's own shade of divine blue,
And rose-curved lips emit nectarous dew,
To heal my aching heart, to restful dreams.
Thy teeth are pearls, like Dian's jeweled gleams,
Thy mouth more beautiful than Juno's pink rose,
In dawning spring time: no flower that grows,
Whose charms but would suffer to compare
With thy matchless grace, and mien debonair.
Thy nimble figure, like agile gazelle,
Thy breath, sweet as dreaming sighs of asphodel!
Thou art goddess of my inspiring muse!
Thy smiles rejuvenate; my soul enthuse
With potency, and joyous visions benign.
Withal, to lose thee, I must droop and pine—
Thy dulcet voice, lyric, as nightingale's tune.
I long for that ambrosial honeymoon.
Thy gracile waist zoned with chain of lambent
 gems,

And thy golden tresses like cernuous stems
Wave in ringlet curls, the bland zephyrs kiss
As they flit in search of amorous bliss.
Then, they in ecstatic delight uprise,
On wings imbued in thy sweet sacrifice,
Burned in chaliced cup, holy incense pure.
Sweet Portinia, how long must I endure
Such immortal fire, that doth flame and smoke
And ravish in silence, all passions choke?—
Thine ankles turned in lathe, by rhythms of love,
And polished in sweet fragrance, that rove
In breathing themes that haunt thy gracious mien
With dalliance, that lurk 'neath blooms unseen.
Thy hose of swan white silk, so pliant-thin,
Those iv'ry limbs can be admired within;
Begarbed in princess gown, organdie, white,
Beseeming divine—a sweet fairy sprite.
Thy form slight, with gentle curved lines of elf,

A dynamic power to charm—myself
Not merely charmed, but in a trancing spasm,
My life oozing from me, a tinkling chasm.
Thy back is graced, a female flower sublime
With shoulders poised, like Mars at warring-time.
Those hands, lily white, and truly divine,
Too divine for earth, yet to press them I pine:
Such feet, never meant this dank earth to tread,
Unless damasked by violets' blue and red.
Thou hast a spirit, dulcified as sweet
As honey-comb from bees of Pan, with fleet
Wings, and yellow girds round each little waist,
Buzzing mid blooms of eglantine so chaste.
O, for harp of poet, to descant thy praises,
Extol thy virtues, more pure than daisies,
And to more elevate and magnify
Thy enrapt beauty, that sates mortal eye.
Those ears like unto a conch shell, pinked high,
Tinted by the true hand of destiny;
Thy nose, so chiseled, a feminine grace
Regally adorns thy heavenly face.
Looking now, dear, as I musingly do
Into thy soft eyes of ethereal blue
Now more enchanting to my hungry gaze
By the fragrant wilds and beauteous maze
Of this witching dell, vibrant with sweet sounds,
My soul e'er linked to its echoing bounds—
'Twill ever remind my impassioned heart
Of blisses bosomed that time, space, nor art
Can unravel, the hank of memory
Therein woven, by love's shuttle too fine to see—

In this vast grandeur and primeval wood
Where one hears the mild voice of solitude
Calling, e'er calling in aeolian tones
That hang o'er the dingles like luting moans
Of a love-enfamished heart—lingering
About enflowered groves on gauzy wing—

Where the owlets at eve-tide break the spell
By untuned hootings, thwart the leafy dell—
But, Portinia, have no prescient fear—
What ill could beset one so sweet and dear,
And leagued with celestial glories divine,
On whom the Nymphs out-pour nectarean wine.
And a breeze of Heavenly essences pure
Besems to fan thy tresses.—Who can endure
Such feminine beauty so magnetic?
Oh fair immortal, that mak'st my heart sick
With resonant throbbings of holy joys,
That so enravish my soul, which up-cloys
To satiety—my Heaven-born desires
Thus enkindled by the engend'ring fires
Of thy most gracious feminality blest,
Oozing into the realm of my secretest
Concealments, and diamond porticoes,
Refracting the lucent beams of thy glows,
That radiate like the pure golden rays
Of Apollo's fire, with which I'm endued,
I feel as if a pervading gloom pursued
And hung about the chords of my lone heart,
Which beats out of tune such themes that dispart,
As if to disavow my good intent.
O Portinia! I'm in the redolent
Maze of divine love! Calm this surging sea
No mortal on earth, can appease but thee!
Thou alone canst assuage my breast of pain.
O sing to my soul some siren refrain,
That I may die in ecstatic delight,
Or else feast my hungry spirit aright.
Ere the going down of yon blazing sun
Give me thy promise! O let's be as one,
And flee Lethe-ward on daedal pinions
Of hymeneal bliss, and pluck the minions
Of this vernal and fragrant luxury.—
O Dian! let me vaporize or fly
To some fairy land, where enthroned beauty

Is fed by love's divinest votary,
And where sweet and gentle ravishments beam
From beauty's soul—ah, what a trancing dream!

Though too well awake am I not to see
Thy benign grace and matchless regality,
The which spurs me on to exalted heights,
Inspires yearnings toward blissful delights,
That now come to me and foment my pulse.
Thou pacific swan, thy white breast exults
My amative heart.—Dost thou not discern
Its audacious beats? Impassioned to learn
Of such dawning love, while so out of grasp,
Ah what entanglements! though gladly I'd clasp
Its delicate wings, and sip the honey dew
Of its divine exhalations, and thus woo
By all the magic arts known to the wiles
Of crafty Cupid's archery and guiles.—
Thou forsooth sweeter than the wild roses' soul
That's born under Flora's jealous control
And which o'er canopies her empurpled shrine—
Yea, thou art sweeter than breath of woodbine
Or all of mid-May's bursting floescence
Commingled in one vial of incense—
More beautiful than queen of butterflies
Hatched by the sun's golden rays, 'neath turquoise
skies,

Or more subtle and graciously serene
Than ministrant angels, who should crown the
queen

Of the Sylvan Nymphs and woodland flowers.
Portinia, my life would seem but a few hours
If it were all spent in thy sweet presence.
Ah! such thoughts of happiness,—get thee hence,
I must not dare to hope for such a boon
Nor entertain such a fantastic tune.—
Oft ambition is the father of grief,
And decoys beyond merit, and like a thief

Filches from us our well-garnered substance,
Then leaves us wounded and without a chance
To retrieve our vanquished pride or goal see,
Which once held out long arms invitingly.
But divine muses will ne'er impute
To impotent judgment, so to confute
The heart's laudatory and noble aims,
Tho' choked by the tongue of remorseless flames.
Thou hast so noted mine artless musing
I feel thy bland love to me transfusing
While yet tears distream down thy damask cheek:—
Dost thou count my vows a vagarious freak,
And my lips still forbid to articulate
Themes immortal that no tongue can narrate?
Be it tipped with eloquence divine
It sings not those cadences so benign
As lips redolent of nectarean dews
Or as fond eyes lambent with starry hues,
Nor ooze so athirst into pulsing vein,
Requiring it as the blooms' ovules the rain.
O! Portinia, sweet goddess of my fate,
Give me that promised kiss, inviolate.
O! divine star; how cans't thou be my bane?
I'd trust thee with all my blisses and pain.
O, sacred Phoebus, know'st thou my desire?
Thou, Apollo, give me thy magic fire,
That magnetic power, that glowing flame,
That dynamic force, resistless and game.
Dear, thou art wavering; with tear-welled eyes,
Why not give me thy heart without premise?
It's plain to discern, dear, thou art faltering.
Would I could give thy soul love's potent sting!
I am thy votary, and most insane,
But Cupid is willing to grant refrain,
And being a most skillful archer true,
Honey tips his arrows, aimed at you;
Meanwhile, scanning in silent anthems sweet,
And sometimes in thy embowered retreat;

Yet, soon he flits upon thy breathing sighs,
Enchanted by thy dreaming soliloquies,
Like a siren melody on love's wings waft'd,
Its memory visualized, in the heart graft'd.—

Here the leafy boughs that obscure the light
Shall hide us from lurking eyes' spying sight.
Thy hair saffron gild, sunshine's golden thread.
Ah, dear, I'll hallow the day that we're wed;
But if thy frozen sense still says no, no,
Then I prithee, let my lovelorn heart go.
For thou, evasive, seem'st to shun the gist
Of my pondering muse, I see a mist
Dark and ominous to be-shrew my soul,
And all things sad over my conscience roll.—

I would by votive lips seal this smoldered blast,
Now bound by thy remorseless fetters fast,
My reason benighted—I heave a sigh,—
Like summer clouds benight the azure sky.
Yet unlike the sky, for the clouds roll on,
I would this heaviness like clouds be gone;
And over-brimmed clouds give the rose and pink,
Refreshing rains, and the kine sweet drink,
While my deep sorrow gives naught but fears
Good for nothing but engendering tears,
And curdles the milk of love's condiment
Conducive to life's cynicism, shent.
Portinia, I divine thy bosom's pain,
Like the clouds so fraught with copious rain,
But we must learn pain's lesson soon or late,
Learn to know God, ere that interdicted fate
Intercept our plans, and then call our souls
To account for sins uncondoned on the scrolls.
Prithee, dearest,—who holds the magic key
That keeps thy heart locked, and hidden from me?
Which, like unto barring against thieves bold,
Why thus lock against me, thy life's pure gold?

Glittering gold that so in the light shines
Like aching sighs, so wooing, that on love dines.
And virgin gold, to flash, must have ray's light,
Love gems like gold, sparkle at beauty's sight;
Which radiate the soul to its very fill,
O'erflowing its jeweled banks so tranquil;
Where the flowers divine so fragrant grow,
Commingle all seraphic sweets that blow.

Yes my love, Phœbus now, his zenith crost,
To me, I deign to think this day is lost
To my burnished zeal, engendered so pure,
For thee, for whom my aching sighs demure—
Yet by thy charms I'm enrapt, and thy lyre,
Whose tonality hath set my muse on fire,
By its sweet enchantments my heart doth ring:
I'm a victim to thy feminine sting,
The dearest thing that Heaven can bestow
To reanimate a soul that's tasted woe.
Now, the day is half gone, but fondly spent;
Into sealed eternity flying it went,
There to record earth's vainglorious laugh.
Who knows but all our words on phonograph,
Shall echo in our ears with blatant rage,
And sinful deeds rehearsed on picture's stage?

O, sweet Portinia! on whom I tenderly prate,
I bless the day my eyes fell inviolate
On thy seraphic face, so visioned bright,—
I long to keep thy charms e'er in my sight,
Feasting my visual ray and fervent breast
Upon thy matchless beauty,—and then rest
From this weary muse, and e'er rambling quest
For winning words,—if I have won at last,
And then my life's prize hold, in arm's grip fast;
My aims exalted, like twinkling star's ray
Of first magnitude, peeking from milky-way,
Watching love's drama, so enchanting set,

As a contriving fowler's luring net.
Love, like subtle spider's web unespied,
And by its coy, may win a peerless bride,
Or as the nocturnal zephyr's silent grace,
Coming unawares like an angel's face,
Stealing fairy-footed into the heart,
Where once enthroned, it seldom will depart.
Yes dear, under you larch we'll pause to eat
Our repast of wild strawberries lush and sweet.
Ah! here where the larkspur's blue pendent bloom
Fills the balmy air with its sweet perfume,
Here the honey bee, roving, comes to find
Sweets for his social hive, a home refined;
Four gauzy wings, gracile waist, and dusky eyes,
With golden cerago upon his thighs,
Model economic thus to emulate,—
Working from rosy dawn till night's frowns freight
The nether world with a black mantling gloom,
Then more buds advene, into fragrant bloom.
And here where the thrush so divinely sings
Its carols melodious, on rising wings,
Where dear nature's unction in golden sleep
Soothes the lorn breast, that may in silence weep
For things more noble, yet beyond its reach
As it reclines on this temporal beach,—
This marble altar, Juno's musing shrine—
On it, Portinia, will thou vow to be mine?
Then my drooping heart and trembling soul take,
O, queen of Nymphs! my despairing life make
As the sun's kiss makes the budding flowers
Controlling the heavenly bodies, and ours;
While we this mundane orb most humbly tread
Ere hence we go, and by sweet manna fed,
And there quaff from Dian's fount love's pure
drink,
Pouring endless from the heaven's sacred brink.

I understand not God's blessings in scenery's art
Nor grasp that enigma, a woman's heart.
Of all alluring riddles, thine the prize.
But thou art my Sylvan, so winsome, wise,
Thine eyes so gentle, as of mourning dove,
Making my soul mourn for thy gracious love,
Which shall never like mutable moon change—
True love elevates to higher range!
And for thee, dear, it's as blood from heart's vein;
While I love thee so, I'm living life twain;
For 'tis true, that they who love the strongest,
Surely are they who shall live the longest.
Yes, dear, things are soberly mysterious;
That's a prime reason to take life serious.
It should be prized as sacramental wine,
Heaven's most precious gift, truly divine.
The fruition of life is after death
The last unction, on pious incense breath.
How blessed then it would beseem to die
Offering our last breath as rosary,
Returning to Heaven that which it gave—
The soul of a body, that's sent to its grave,
There to be resolved to constituent earth,
As 'twas, mysterious, before its birth.
And how sacred, too, must be the holy dead,
When mortality shall have again been wed
Unto the soul, which at death took its flight,
On viewless wings, to that region of light—
That light which was before God made the sun,
Irradiating the calm, where life begun.
Thus in eternal justice all things bring
Us nearer the great and omniscient king,
Where the spirit of full blown beauty reigns
Upon the altar of love, which maintains
Forever its heaven-born goddess pure.
Love, therefore, is fair beauty's connoisseur;
Both love and beauty seem wholly divine,
Heaven's integral elements enshrine.

These sacred principles upfill the skies,
Whose blooms are fragrant with breath of paradise.

Yes, Portinia, thy beauty is my pride,
Since in thy heart no vanities reside.
From thy gleaming blue eyes flash love's power;
They bespeak a soul's divinest flower.
And thy pure golden hair with ringlet curls
Refracts genial light, like dewdrop pearls.
Thy beauty shall with Dian's touch entwine
The allspice, pungence of love, with kindred vine.
Here prime youth and age meet on sacred ground.
Forsooth, age has been by fair beauty bound,
And by enchantment has felt a new birth:
Then beauty charms age into vernal mirth,
That by Vesta's magic they so do blend,
Rising on vernal joys, in bliss transcend
Realms fantastic, co-equal and sublime,
Descanting sweet music's melodious rhyme,
Amid the stars whose pinions whir through space,
In tuneful lays to a diviner race—
Each planet with a glory superb on high,
Casting scintillations athwart the sky
To its affinity, whichever it is,
While rolling through the blue with mighty whiz;
And each disports a celestial sheen, its own,
As it spurs around some polarized throne.
So 'tis truly with ev'ry immortal soul—
Each has a separate kingdom whole;
No two sunsets alike since Phœbus begun,
Nor two hearts that beat in tempo's unison,
Nor two lovers with the same tempered zeal,
Whose heaving bosoms ache with the same feel,
Nor two fairy blooms since the earth was made
That wore the same maiden like blush and shade;
No two dew-drops, whose hues would coincide
With each other's sparks but that would elide
Some prismatic ray, which with pearly pride

Returns Aurora's kiss, like modest bride.
Truly, no two eyes ever see just the same,
Though alert and keen, full of wisdom's flame,
Nor were there two ligules of grass that e'er grew
In field or glen with the same emerald hue;
As thus it is in Nature's verdant mind,
So 'tis with Nature's God, in every kind.
The study and observance of her laws
Seem the first principle of the divine cause,
Not only the prime, but the best withal:
Who can muse on nature, and hear not her call,
And not be minded of things as glorious
As if he read Isaiah or Leviticus?
Thus deified beauty shall reign as heart's queen,
Where mortal memory holds her demesne
And where love's beating heart with trembling bliss
Stoops to immortal beauty with a kiss:
Such a charming nymph to mortal fire,
With glorious mien and luring attire—
Eternal blessings shall festoon her breast;
No gloomy turmoil shall her soul infest,
Nor shall time deface her angel form,
For beauty shall endure and weather the storm
Of earth's strife and tawdry artifice vain,
And thou, dear Portinia, as queen shall reign;
And primrose blooms in heaven's dew embalmed
Shall garland thy brow with honor up-qualmed.

My love not alone in this heart immured,
But courses through my veins that have endured
The fires of those elements that combine
To consume my spirit by flames repine;
And that love for thee, as the fixed stars so high,
Rhythmic as the lays of their minstrelsy,
As they promenade the ambient skies—
Who knows what star is Heaven's paradise?
Which one indeed, that empyrean gem?
Or who will say, God's throne is not one 'f them?

Radiant from the azure vault serene,
Upon earth smiles, a holy celestial sheen?
Thus the plenitude of interstellar light
Furnishes mortal an immortal sight,
And the seven stars, daughters of Atlas
And Pleione—the Pleiades—embright the dewy
grass.

Under this ledge from the city's roaring din
My hope pictures, dear, we're coming again,
And in this lonely nook such blooming beds
Of tuneful hues, and poppies' vermeil heads
Like rainbows coloring, concentric blends;
Springing forth with magic's enchanting trends,
From earth's bosom, romantic, beautiful.

Dear,—recline on this leafy couch; I'll pull
The fairies of the glen, and will wreathe them
For thy glory crown, by each fuzzy stem,—
This, my votive, I entreat thee ever keep
In memory of a passion as deep
And fixed as yon gaping canyon's abyss;
Moreover as ardent as Adonis' kiss
For Venus, on the eve of their espouse,
That glimmered reflected joys, from his brows,
Most befitting when receiving such plight,
From goddess, of love and beauty so dight—

Yes, on this smiling bunch of wild flowers
Breathe thy sweet breath, and these rocky bowers
Shall echo to thy muses inviolate;
As secret rite all Nature will imitate
Thy charming grace in ev'ry bloom and vine,
And emit sweetest fragrance truly divine.
'Twill sing thy glory throughout eternity,
And the sylvan nymphets will e'er bless thee;
Sweet Dian's face benign will then look glad,
For a supernal being may oft be sad

O'er things terrestrial as those of sky,
When she, alas! sees true love ebbing by;
And so remorseless, by maiden spurned,
Knowing a throbbing heart that hath e'er yearned
By its rhythmic lashing and constant beat
For thee, dear Portinia,—for thee so sweet—
This nosegay then I beseech take and bind,
And to recurring reminiscence find
A fount of ambrosia so sweet and clear
Flowing from my immortal spirit, dear—

This, thy dimpled hand, in honor I kiss.
Thank heaven—it's really come to this;
But, if with this day's sun we must e'er part,
May Venus help to heal this riven heart!
I shall bless thee too, thou my star of hope,
My lost love, a sacred boon whilst I grope
Mid festive mirth—emmantled in silent gloom,
Rejoicing e'er in memory's loving bloom,
For all the world love's a lover's devotion.
Divine inheritance,—heaven's lotion,—
Portinia,—these scenes of my dawning childhood,
Re-edge my visual sight, but understood
Not, till this day, seeing them by thy side,
Which has outspread beauty's soul blooming wide.
Visions uplifting I see, dreamland's bright days,
Sparkling around my occult alley-ways,
Making a love bower, like this viny grove
By eyes mortal unseen, a secret cove,
Cooling to my passion, in which it laves,
In rhythmic harmony, as quiet as the graves
Of the entombed Saints so divinely blest,
Whose winged souls long flown to Heaven's rest.
Wherefore the grave's hollow mounds nothing hold
Except elements given, which were mold;
Hence earth takes naught from us it didn't give;
The spirits disembodied go where spirits live
On daedal pinions, gemmed without dearth,

Gravitating Heavenward, as matter to earth.
The law which brings substance terrestrial—
That same law sends the spirit celestial.
Therefore, Earth to Earth, God's very own truth,
Spirit to Spirit, then must be forsooth.

Thus with reverent eye we ever behold
Things divine which Dame Nature doth unfold,
For Nature is God's primordial thews
Through which He dispends ambrosial dews.

Thwart my vision flaunt goblins to and fro,
Dark visages, prescient of some dismal woe
Beyond the veil of mortal eye to see—
But who durst unlock his hidden decree?
A pall I feel o'er my heart desolate;
I've pondered deep upon life's destined fate,
Though incomprehensible, as that of love,
Emerging from the swan-white throne above:
And that fangèd dragon, Death, with ebon wings
Coming as thief, like hissing serpent stings
Our carnal bodies, and enwraps in gloom;
Then sends us to a cold, merciless tomb.—

But as sweet flowers in gay, verdant spring
Come forth at the sun's wizard conjuring,
Likewise a force on resurrection morn
Will rouse our sleep, Gabriel's golden horn,
With resonant echoes and vibrant tone
Shall make the earth quake, tremble, and groan,
And disgorge its bosom of human control,
Giving back what it took from every soul.

Ah, here is my tiny boat! now we'll glide
O'er this river's rippling waves, with its tide:
Let thy fingers trail in the waters blue;
We'll gently drift,—I'll feast my eyes on you.
I revere this stream, I know it so well,

Its confluence beyond that sylvan dell ;
Its murmur dear as mother's tender call
In hoar winter, chiming spring or tinted fall.
And such too the sparkling drink from our spring,
On the farm, under beech boughs we'd sing,
Yet, from the cedar pail in mind I drink,
And lazily recline; in deep musing think
Of that sweet water pure, not needing ice,
Quaffing it from nature's crude chalice, twice.
Yon foot-bridge spanning the river's rocky banks,
When a boy rude, dauntless, I crost, playing pranks
On festive schoolgirls; yet I never hurt
The dear urchins, but was prone to tease, and flirt
With those who had beaming eyes and pink lips;
For such I had sweet smiles, and dreaming sips.

Oft red apples in my pockets I'd stuff,
Till my trousers were deformed, and enough
Out of plumb to make me look painfully green;
They wobbled till the creases were not seen.
But those odorant apples I'd each day
Take to little bright eyes, brown, blue, or gray.
'Twas an important mission, so gallant,
Yet jealous darts by other boys rampant,
Who had also fragrant apples to bring,
Oft to my swelling heart brought a mighty sting—
Their apples, vermeil, striped, saffron, and green.
But I held the favor of my youthful queen;
I'd loan her my penknife to pick sweet gum,
Her smiles to my life hilarious rum.

Now, dear, as the boat with the stream smoothly
drifts,
I wish thee to consider these grand cliffs.
Yon topmost, towering crag, looking west,
A guarded rookery, where eagles nest,
And on its pinnacle beyond gun's reach,
This king-bird plumes, while its callow young bleach

In the sun's piercing rays, under the summer sky,
Insolating beaks, feathers, and wings to fly,—
Into the abysmal deep, on viewless light
Defying gravity, they seem so pight.
Here the sportive lambkin without warning word
Has been snatched from its frolicsome herd
By this monster's talons, then soaring high
Out of shepherd's range, who heard the lamb's cry.
Then the glutting eaglets sated on lamb;
Their stomach's ears heard not the crying dam.
Below the mighty summit's proud head so great
Owls, crows, and the feathered kingdom hibernate,
And in the spring they raise their happy brood
In this Eden of luring solitude.

When in summer's early morn, ere the sun
His beacon glint hath fringed with gold but one
Of those upper peaks which pierce the vaulted blue,
All warblers have joined nature's symphony true;
Each pouring love's soulful strains to its mate,
In rhythmic cadenzas at presto gait.
I hear those birds in memory's ear o'er,
And in mind's eye see them gracefully soar.
The sly fox and raccoon drowsily sleep
In the grotto's gloom, and cunningly keep
Inscrutable dens beyond tooth of hound,
As they pry and forage the marshes round,
For crawfish, birds, and cotton-tail rabbit,
Farmer's ducks and geese, they take by habit,
Levying toll on the valley and hills,
Aye, they so love the forest gulch and rills
On whose banks the wild thyme in bounty grows
And the sweet-faced nodding violet blows;
Canopied with ivy and clinging woodbine.
Hard by the hawthorn's bloom with eglantine
Commingled. Here the deer drank and dozed o'er
night

'Mid myrtle bowers in cooling delight.
Blame me not, Portinia, for loving these haunts.
Mother first brought me here on playful jaunts
And oft related tragic scenes now fled
Enacted in this forest, where blood was shed,
In days gone, between Indians bent on spoil
And honest tillers of a virgin soil.
When older, alone I came in verdant spring
To hear the lark, thrush, and mocking birds sing,
And many other song rhymers of sweet notes
That spent their summers here to improve their
throats,
And in these beautiful groves raised their brood,
Contiguous to nature's bounteous food.
Into many a tiny nest I've peered
To see speckled eggs, or the young, half-reared,
With edacious maws and mouths open wide
The busy parent birds sparingly supplied.
Along the streams the hollow-toned curlew's nest
I have found—and the kingfisher, in quest
Of a scant dinner, would above me fly,
And would care not a whit if I were nigh.
Those were witching bowers along this scene,
And hours of sweet solitude amidst the green
Of these glens I squandered un-repining,
On the papaw and May apple dining,
And mused supine, without ambition's goal
To disturb my aimless and blissful soul.
I was then as care free as the lapwing,
Or as the butterfly's soft zephyring.
On those rock ledges and embowered slopes,
As bare-foot urchin with dawning hopes
I picked lush berries in childish glee.
Oft sharp fangs would prod my sun-brown knee,
In my reach through twisted vines along the fens
Snakes I've spied, in their hermitical dens:
Out they'd lick a forked vicious tongue,
As if by electric battery 'twere swung.

Serpents know fear with all their cunning:
A black racer can do some fair running;
No legs, nor any kind of little feet
Has it, but a shadow's glimpse in retreat.
Oft a pied rattler in the creviced rock
I've discovered, that would give me a shock,
Rousing my fevered nerves, fearless strung,
As this satanic reptile vibrantly sung
His sullen mezzo—tail's defiant phrase;
Gruesome sound! I hear it still, and that gaze
Of piercing impudence, indicative of fight,
At its victim stares, with grim, evil sight.
Not a wink nor an eye's bat made to foil
When mad, in sinuous curves it 'gins to coil.
In summer this snake his spotted skin sheds,
Witching enough for fairies' enchanted beds.

Here the river so swelled by many flows
Bubbling from the mountain's feet, hurrying goes
Onward, teasing the pungent mint that grows
Bathed in waters, distilled from winter snows.
Round the river's bend we'll be gliding soon,
Reflecting sun's rays like a silver moon
From its placid bosom, at the bluff's base.
From yon heights, a platinic ribbon's trace
She appears, in her majestic delight
By the full moon, a shimmering wight,
So fraught with legendary lore, imbued,
And phantasms spun by superstitions crude.
On the cliff's shaggy brows a panther's growl
In days ago was heard, as he would scowl,
While crunching the life from a soft-eyed doe,
Couched in lair, under the sky's starry glow.
Vicious wolves too in these picturesque wilds
Preyed on the lambkins, by night's shrouded guiles,
Thus haunted by beasts, birds, and ghostly fears;
Since,—baptized in human blood and tears.

Portinia,—see yon cave's grim mouth snarling,
Called, "The cave of the lost child;" my darling,
Once in time's dismal past, in sombre yore,
Perhaps a thousand years, or many more,
A huge dragon-bird with fascinating charms
Snatched Desrina, a babe, from its mother's arms—
A tender bloom, with Heaven's crooning voice
Berobed in beauty—'twas from beauty's choice.
This garish bird—a giant,—came here in quest
Of shelter, and in this cave to manifest
Its love for Desrina, and train her wit
For heights above, to lovingly interknit
Her mortal beauty with a spirit's truth;
Beginning betimes, while the primal youth
Yet in its morning tints; a budding pink
Whose rosebud lips had ne'er a sinning drink.
The child's cries, at first, from this cavern heard
By Indians, who mortally feared this bird,
Its wails continued, many weary days,
But no human knew this bird's ghostly maze,
Nor fathomed such being, feared as foul brute.
Yet it loved the child; fed her honey and fruit,
And beseemed full of a supernal pride,
With fidelity so self-satisfied.—
This dragon,—an Ajax,—for good or woe,
Easily vanquished any combatant foe,
A powerful jaw its enemy's lament,
When a vise-like grip took; a beak it sent
Into its prey, sharp as glittering lance.
No mercy for its adversary, nor slightest chance
To come out second best; when its vicious eye,
Garish, turned reddish green, its foe must die.
Notwithstanding, it had love for Desrina,
As Latona's for her daughter Diana,
And in the silent night it oft would soar
Desrina bestride its loins; its wings four,
Like burnished gold, with meteoric speed,
Lightly flying as whirlwind moves a reed.

And to the moon 'twould shoot, as on wings of
light;

They even saw the gentle orb's gleams bright,
Refracted from its pinions, as shining gold.
Desrina quite enthused, not seeming cold
While the mighty dragon, his wings unspent,
Would sweep as a thought across the firmament.
This beauty prize, at such gorgeous display,
Sharpened a desire to mount the milky-way;
Nor at these strange flights was she surprised,
But oft in a nectared mist was baptized
With heaven's dews,—and laughed in childish glee:
The bird did its bidding with amity. —

Thus, this wingèd monster at every mid-night
Would Desrina take on a dizzy flight,
Into regions ethereal of the skies,
With alacrity, as humming-bird flies,
'Mid garden flowers and the budding sweets
Kissing each face, with flirty little greets.

The mother's heart, rent by the child's piteous voice,
Like ring-dove heard, alas! in sorrow's choice,
Echoing in tones of lost spirit damned,
Her mind went, she could not be calmed;
Yet with memory infinite, sweet and mild,
E'er seeing and hearing her screaming child.
For months she came to this cavern, to mourn
And weep as a mother knows grief; heart torn
Beyond human skill to mend or repair,
She wore a strange look, a woe-be-gone stare.
To her 'twas the death angel's pitiless dart
That had wrested Desrina from her heart.
Alas! one hapless day she to this Cave
Came, (Indian folk say,) this bird her grave
Dug, and alive entombed: 'twas cruelty's bane.
This monster, void of conscience and pity's refrain!
Reviling groans, till this day,—evil taunts

Raging,—yet are heard at times; ghostly haunts,
That make Indians shudder, as they roam,
In darkness that shrouds this grim cave's dome.
This Ajax bird continued to cavort
In night's spacious gloom, this cave its resort.
The sweet cherub, beautiful more, ever grew;
Her cheeks even took on a supernal hue;
Her eyes then sparkled as little nymphs do.
The Indians this primrose beauty scarcely knew,
Her perfect poise so unmortal they said
That her mother's wingèd soul perchance had sped
By and unrecognized its dear own child,
For her sweet visage kept growing more mild
And seraphic, from day to day, the while
The orange-eyed bird she could most beguile.
Thus by magic force changed to a goddess,
The Indians in awe, and by fears' duress,
In their daily abulent devotions
Oft chanted to Desrina, and oceans
Of tears shed, in water's consecration,
Making sure to elude hell's damnation.

In damask royal blue this earth-bloom dressed,
Her little gown always so neatly pressed;
Her long silken tresses of sunbeam's tone
Flowed below her hips; her vanity to condone
None there was, except the powerful bird,
But it gave Desrina ne'er one cross word,
Nor onimous frown from his gorgon brow
To this foster fairy, if knowing how.

Her saffron-tinted ringlet curls bespangled
With butterflies' flecked wings, that so dangled
In all known magic and witching figures,
The which being swung on golden triggers,
In dazzling wonderment would ope and close
As if vivid life were in them—who knows?

Such rhythmic colors, harmonious blends
To earth's flowery kingdom, a poet lends.
Her tiny slippers were seeming pure gold,
Studded with diamonds that would unfold,
And with myriad sparkles that did entwine
With the glimmerings of new moon supine.
Her little hose of finest spider's silk,
Azure tone, displayed ankles white as milk.
A cincture—a begemmed cestus—a waist
Encompassed, the which was forming in haste
The mold of a perfectly heavenly Venus,
Suited soon to bless the love god, Eros,
Him to cherish and divinely espouse
In his regal soul, human passion rouse;
And on the dream waves, where beauty conduces
To his begodded realm—and infuses
The charms of blissful joy in his fervent heart,
Giving mortal love a diviner part,
Where the spirits of the elements embrace
To amplify earth love and impart more grace
Divine—for Desrina beseemed the linkèd imps
'Tween seraph and the empress of beauty nymphs,
Who sip from the fount of sweet youth sublime,
With such roseate tints her soul did rhyme.

The mystery unfolding, 'twas plain to see
Cosmic grace changed her into deity
With inimitable charms, a pearl so fair,
Fitting consort for some love god—an heir
Of Hesperus, or son of Apollo, grand—
On reaching majority's years, she to stand
In regions exalt a queen of great power,
Ruling her subjects from love's sweet bower.--

Her mouth, like the pansy's curving lips,
Or carnation born under night's oozing drips,
With lips, a rosebud pink, bathed in dews

Ambrosial, from bloom's breath and hues
Resplendent—distilled in the rainbow's
Parting kiss, that budding spring knows;
Her face and form at fourteen years withal
Divine as if created by God's own call.
At sixteen years of her tragic life's age
This dragon bird then left earth's mortal stage
With Desrina, never to return more.
In pillowy cloud as of fire, a roar
Mighty was heard for many leagues round;
Indians say it verily shook the ground.
The little girl on the bird's golden back
In perfect poise stood, seeming not alack
At leaving the scenes of a strange youth,
But a goddess beautiful now being forsooth;
And knowing she could come and go at will,
Slaked heart's pain, that memories might fill
For earth, at thus parting from finite scenes.
Meanwhile knowing she was one of the queens
Of a realm in the heaven's peerless blue,
Her temporal cares for a time withdrew,
And o'erjoyed at her Thalian-like grace,
Knowing her immortal life must interlace
With the eternal beauties by mortal unknown;
That jasmine wreaths and magnolias were bestrown
In her divine abodes and paths above—
All the which prove the power of love.
That heaven's beings in spirit ever sigh
O'er sin's depravity, none will deny,
And in very hell are many vain prayers
Said for the miseries of man, but unawares
To Him; for orisons there offered avail naught,
Simply reflex moans of remorse uncaught
By the divine ear of God, who heeds not
Petitions from Hades' wailing grot!

This goddess, with sweet virgin grace and eyes,
On the bird's brazen back to Venus flies,—

Blessed there by all the love gods in air
For her charming beauty divinely fair;
There espoused in holy matrimony
To the love god Eros. Now she feasts on honey
And wild locust, and nectars pure she drinks,
Distilled juleps from heaven's sacred brinks.

Desrina now graces an immortal throne,
Young as when just sixteen, none to disown,
With princess' minion, co-equal with Erato,
And Eros, the god of love, loving her so;
Yea, much, Portinia, dear, like I dote on thee:
But this is human life, that's eternity;
Earth love but the spurious dross of moonshine
To its platonic quintessence divine.
But woe is my days, if I've so in vain
Loved thee—but still I some found hopes retain;
Yea, a strong comforting faith still abides.
Honest is my heart—what ill then betides
My destiny God-given, that potently draws
My burning devotion to thee? For this cause
I'm pight—hence thrice-armed in my noble fight
For thy heart and hand, I'm strong—and I'm
right—

And right, my indomitable rudder to guide
Me o'er the tumultuous sea of love wide—
Into the clear harbor of tuneful shades
Where its bark may moor in the everglades
Of a translucent and heaven-brewed desire,
And where the passion may taste its lucent fire.
It thus shall graciously restore my soul;
'Twill sing like birds of Elysium's wold;
My cup shall bubble up, and quite o'erflow;
My sorrows and troubles I'll then outgrow.
Yes, everything calm as a spirit rill,
Oozing from the fount of ambrosia's hill—
Such crystal draughts my enfamishments crave,

In its limpid bosom my heart would lave.
There ablution's wash would heal the scars
Made by sins satanic,—and the loadstars
Would e'er their benign rays gently incline;
And in the rainbow's arc, dearest, will shine
Thy silhouette of pure gold, a diadem
Eternal, dazzling image, crowning gem!

This boat, Portinia, I see in speed
Much increased, easily moving as reed
Flying in stork's bill, as she sails westward
To some castle's mouldering tower. Yet regard
Not the swiftness with which it surely glides.
Fear not; no harm to thee in lurking hides
In river, cliff, or wildwood supreme,—
Portinia, my idol, my soul's own dream,
Thou my sunrise, my dawn, my shrine of love,
My beauty goddess, from the argent throne of Jove,
Thou as pure as the soul of a tuberose
Blown in Flora's garden 'neath the full moon's
glows.

Hence my body, as but a candle's snuff
When thou art in great danger, it's enough
Honor to my life's untimely death, soon
To know 'twas given in love's valor—loon
They may decry me,—but I know why such
Is my heart, in the loving overmuch.
I rejoice in the thought of a chance to prove
My words, my entity, a dry reed. When love
Of thy sweet self for one moment reckoned,
I care not what goddess to me beckoned
To leave thee, I'd her magic grace abjure,
And cling to thee, Portinia, to thee, so pure—
I'd cringe not from hungry pard's grinning teeth,
Knowing death's angel would calm and bequeath
My soul to its reward or eternal doom;
Yea,—how could I forsake such tulip bloom?
Thou queen of my blossoming hopes so bright,

Sweet-scented thy breath, thy smiles fulgid light;
That lambent glow on thy cheek makes me sigh—
O, how glorious in thy arms to die!
To sleep so pleasantly, with luring dreams,
Thy hand, divine, on my cold brow, it seems
'Twould assure immortality; e'en this,
To my soul's boon—if nothing more, what bliss!—
Awaits me, and if thou wouldst tenderly look
Into my half-shut eyes, and like a book
Read love's infinite truth for thee, then close
Them with thy lily finger tips—my rose
Of fair beauty, how my sleep then divine
Would appease, and a virent bower twine
'Bout my amative soul—and thee declare
Thy honored love for one whose name in air
May be writ, by the moon's shimmering light.
Ah, am I sleeping? An obfuscated night
Came upon me. Where am I? Yes, I see—
Dear Portinia, we're gliding so tranquilly
Down this embowered stream, as a swan
Might a minnow chase for her plumeless, wan,
And languid brood, hungry, waiting breakfast.
Ah! yes, I see the topmost crags at last!
How they lift their proud gray heads into the sky,
And seem to proclaim in silent majesty
A kingly dominion o'er woods and river,
Watching the silver ripples flowing thither.

With full-hearted respect to each sentinel
Of Nature I bend, whose high brows foretell
A glory that transcends the ambient clouds.
By the pale moon, they seem giant ghosts in shrouds
On guard day and night; so awe-inspiring
To love's soul, that to the river doth sing
In a trembling mezzo-soprano voice,
As the dreaming waters, whose ripples rejoice
In cool eddies on its moist, pebbly bed;
Where in days of legendary yore 'twere fed

By superstitions, and goblin stories old,
Which were related by the towering peaks
To the heralding winds, which in frantic squeaks
Told the story of a love long dead, in gloom,
Or quenchless burns, in a smoldering tomb.
The winds yet sigh and this saddened tale will tell
Of a fervent heart, that did heave and swell,
In vain a sylvan elf to win. Overjoyed
At his vehement wooing, then she toyed,
Off in the forest aiming to soon return,
But she was met by huge lion, we learn,
And alas! devoured at a single meal.
Of a broken heart her lover died; I feel
It too real to say more at this time, dear,
Though 'tis merely a folk lore, have no fear.

My God! Portinia, this boat, alas, now nigh,
Going down tremendous rapids! I'll try
To avert it,—O God thy mercy disclose,
And deliver from these lamenting throes.
O great Jupiter, send thy eagles down
And bear my Portinia from this blasting frown
Of convulsed waves that o'erburden my soul,
Whose strident jaws, and hungry maw unfold;
Or send wingèd lions with magic power
Fleet as thought to save us in this dark hour.
This river hath my mind with gloom distraught:
My brain reels as 'gainst Stygian fiends I've fought.
O specious Heaven, give us pinions wide,
That we may from this flouting water glide
Into fulgent azure of supernal space,
Or catapult us into the moon's embrace,
Whose cavernous bosom would thus redeem
And shelter from dangers that now beseem
Frightful and vicious,—O 'glorious sky,
Take us into thy wooing arms so high,

And transport to some fuming meteor
Lawless, destined to nonentity's bar,
Whereon we could for ages grim, forlorn,
Fly through the dismal chaos yet unborn
To Heaven's luminous glory and light!
I welcome this doon to death's awful fright,
Whose furies pernicious our lives betray;
I hear the growl of its black mouth's bewray,
That now would our immortal souls beshrew,
And upon us the sordid froth of Hades spew.
Thou, Amphitrite, ocean's queen, do us keep
From this woe, thou empress of the deep!
O mortal trouble that's nearing an end,
As swift as swallows fly, O great Jove send
Blessed Venus; her legion mighty to save
Her own Portinia, from darksome water's grave,
Remorseless as the ebon jaws of hell.
Thou, Pluto! In regions infernal dwell
On thy bare stomach, if can'st deliver
And will not protect us from this river,
That did sweetly us lullaby, yea decoy,
Now 'twould rapaciously our souls destroy.
O Nereid queen, bring forth thy horses!
Thou Neptune, God of founts and rivers, my
crosses,
Now too heavy!—draw us up from this woe;
Save us, Varuna, from this turbid flow:
I will not have it so! The oar! the oar!
I'll save thee, Portinia! Hear that hellish roar?
The gods deliver those who fight and pray!
The oar, dear, the oar! It's the only way.
Now I'll guide thee from that abysm beyond.
O, for the magic of Hermes's wand,
To rescue my beloved Nymph so tender!
My God! I'm losing. How can I surrender
Thy blessed life to such a cruel death?
I hear the voice of torment. O, my breath
Is gone,—O for life of leviathan twain,

Sorrow's sacrifice!—Can I myself retain?
O, that deafening sound, voracious whirlpool!
My ears quake, my brain gordianed, a fool
I've been to lure thee with rhyming sweetness.
O darling! may thy spirit's loveliness
Rise from this surging chasm in glory bright,
While the water's venging grave, and lurid night
Seem now my inevitable decreed.
O God, shield us from this pending mis'ry,
And hurl us not into regions unknown,
So merciless into eternity thrown.

Portinia, forgive me! I pray thee, speak
To me, dear, and wilt thou for my soul seek
In the spirit world till thou dost it find?
Forgive me! I never meant to be unkind.
Heaven's mercy!—I'm sick, a mighty thirst
Is upon me, my heart surely will burst. —
Astride my back, Portinia, our fate is cast;
We're going down into that vortex at last.
Hold to me tight, let's be brave; I'm resigned.
That's right! I'm now quite happy I find
Thy embrace round my neck so firmly prest.
O mighty Neptune! Do give us sweet rest;
In thy realm above let thy grace abound!
Farewell, most glorious scenes, ere we're drowned.

O, this miserable and wrathful day!
My awful ebon sins I'd wash away,
I see heaven visions so interknit.
O, God! my trembling soul I now commit
To thy gracious mercy, so divinely free;
Holy One, none can deliver, none but thee.
Hold thy breath, Portinia, till we in gloom
Plunge, deep and dark, to our tragic doom,
To that surly bottom like fathoming lead,
And dreams eternal—the sleep of the dead!

Lo! I saw an angel, its sweet voice heard;
It spoke in music's most benignant word,
Reclined on violet's flowering bed
In the whirlpool's depths; to me a secret said,
Which, from my impious lips never fell
A bibbling syllable, not betrayal tell
To none, except thee dearest,—thine eyes
Saw the spirit from blooming couch rise,
The waters rebuke, its foaming wrath quell,
And softened our fall on sweet moss and asphodel.—

A royal purple, gemmed with amethyst,
Its gown—a diamond bracelet jeweled its wrist,
A coronal wreath of white gladiolus
On its golden curls wore, so beauteous,—
An ivory staff in benediction twirled,
Like huge corks; we shot to the upper world.—

Thank heaven, saved! The sky in lambent flame
I see,—I shall e'er bless the holy name
Of high Heaven,—Her destiny did save
Us from the whirlpit's unpitying grave.
With thee I'll swim to yon rock-ribbed thrones
Of Vulcan; there we'll pray in grateful tones.
My heart now beats like drumming pheasant.
Now I'm glad we plunged, my Nymph; I recant
Those scowling words. Did I prove my love dear?
My thanks to that angel we're beyond fear.
Under this vine-canopied ledge let's repose.
Thy arms, joyous thought! my neck did inclose.
Let me now help thy golden hair arrange.
Ah, thy tresses aren't wet! How passing strange!
Nor the least dishevelled! Can I understand
Such enchantment? Art thou from Heaven's
strand?

Not one single drop of water to be found
In those slippers, as white as if the ground
Had they ne'er once this day upon tread!

Wilt thou, sweet queen, from the nectared clouds
shed

Some evolving truth on thy sojourning?
And why dost thou thy holy presence fling
'Mong mortal strife; and breathe such tender smiles
On sin-depraved and luciferian isles?

Why this hazy fantasm, true as innocence?
From whom this luring magic, or from whence?
I'm wildered—what can I say or divine?

Art thou immortal, from the eternal shrine?
Who then thy cognates?—Thee I devoutly love.
Comest thou from the regal courts above?

I'm quite thankful the fates didn't doom us to die
In those falls,—we're blessed in a sweet destiny.
Now we'll saunter up the mountain cliff high,
Plucking wild-bloom, in wreathèd garlands tie—
Harkening to the myriad-voiced song-birds.
Such inspiring tunes! They know each other's
words.

Hear that lavrock! See the blue jay whet his bill!
The bittern's plaintive scream echoes from the hill.
Let's climb higher, Portinia, at the vortex take
A last venial view for dear Neptune's sake,
And then in memory we'll chaplets twine
Round these cooling shades of writhing woodbine—
A dreaming love-arbor, and the sweetest spring,
Whence the breath of virgin blooms inspiring
Cupid's young hopes, his couch of thistle down
Whereon all desire to muse under love's crown,
And lave supine, in meditation's arms
Whispering gentle sighs to the heart that charms
Fair beauty,—the symbol of heaven's bright star,
An immortal gem,—the soul's scimitar.
O how sweet to taste the pure drops of love's bliss!
To dissolve its frigid bosom with a kiss,
And smooth the plumes of a sweet feminine wing
Then with gold point'd arrows from Cupid's string,
Rouse to the merriest wedding festivity,

From dreary cave of dreamless misery,
To diamond sparks of Dian's blazing shrine.

What felicitous delight compared to mine!
And from the ruddy fount of benignant lips
Drink siren's amber ooze—what delicious sips!
And commune with her sweet, entrancing heart,
Whose medicinal lullabies, ere we depart,
Will give us courage dauntless, and to me thine
Own self, mortal or immortal to shine
In my quenchless soul, a bright twinkling sheen
Of peace, eclipsing all blandishments serene,
Healing this wilting and mildewing pride
Most incurable. But thou canst e'ermore guide
And transmute my sadness to golden joys,
That seethe in sorrow's spurious alloys—
And the temple of love (empty now it rings)
Make as lute strung with Apollo's sacred strings,
Tuned to thy beating chords, with honeyed tone.
O dear peerless one, take me as thine own,
And my lacerated heart fragments, bind
With loving unction, soothing to my mind;
And this sick, grieving breast so riven,
Nurse back into the silken joys of heaven,
Whence came voluptuous swells from blissful wings
Imbrued with enamored juice from nectared springs.
Dear, warm my pulse, that's now by cold dews wet;
O, blessèd young angel, canst thou forget
My soul now on fire? It's a flaming sword
Of undying love, and matchless its word
To this mortal being, its earthly shrine,
Its habitation, by decree divine.

A glory superb, Portinia, this wood,
So bowered and supreme,—that gorge hewed
By Time's own chisel keen, in Nature's hand,
To such, a blessing. Who can understand
Her hidden grace, even in a bloom's voice?

Its eloquence though silent, we'll rejoice
In its kind emblem, not in words alloyed—
Air vibrants, mere words! But these children un-
 cloyed

To us come, with heaven's own breath and hues
Blended in the iris of translucent dew.
They bring us sweet sounds unheard from above,
E'er in smiles proclaiming eternal love;
Music's concord in their fragrance they bring,
A magic balm in their tunes, as they sing.

A four-leaf clover standing there so meek,
Desolate and alone, to it I'll speak,—
A dear blessèd semblance, empty of care,
To us bespeaking good fortune and cheer.
"Thou young forest child, innocent from blame
Thy head defenseless, ne'er bowed in shame;
If I could thy life understand, my brother,
Mine own would be understood, and further
Into the opaque I could delve, e'en death
Which seems divided from life, just a breath;
Could fathom the infinite, which untrod
Has man mortal, and is holy unto God."

Portinia, everything in nature agrees.
Dreaming or awake, her crown fits with ease.
She spreads a merry feast, for our sole gain
Her caverns and groves, once our sacred fane.
In love's diligence she gives bounty's feast,
A blessed mother to all, and high priest
To him who will worship at her bowered shrine,
Observing her virtues and laws benign.
Tenderly her voice allures, and she speaks
To all; in music's harmony she seeks
Our desires, and pampers, heals, and cajoles
As lover the poet's deep muse, that controls
His destiny; she's inspiration's fount
To him who will incline his heart and mount

Her high tide, with mind contrite, un-beguiled.
Then her all-pervading spirit, that smiled
On old Triton, when foaming conch at sea
He blew, dear this day, smiles on you and me,
And on all God's creatures; humble and high.
Hence, we should love the leaf's bud, whose destiny
We unknown, but a foster child, it's bloom
Our joys; oft in sorrow's cadence to the tomb
In mourning goes,—there bows its heavenly face
In benediction's beneficent embrace,
For a soul immortal, ransomed and blest,
Winged to fields Elysian,—redeemèd guest.
O dear Nature, O wise and gentle queen,
Thy visage so congruent and serene,—
And more sanctified than a mortal heart,
Thy cogent force; unseen powers impart,
Matchless and wondrous. Who would not repose
In thy sopiting arms?—The dew-teared rose,
Thy educt'd spirit, is cradled to sleep
By thy enchanting croons; and in the deep,
Mellow shadows of thy plumed wings, we brood,
As the ring-dove cherishes and procures food
For her weak-eyed young, in their solitude.
Thou emblem divine, thou hast so endued
All with the needs of life, so full-hearted, sweet.
None dost thou cloy, deny refuge, nor retreat
From the gravity of thy momentous grace.
Joys hold sway,—not as mere temporal trace
Of thy sweet rewards,—but with sylphid touch
By hands out-stretched, and a soul up-filled, much.
Thou hast empearled nooks and crested peaks un-
told
To all who muse or browse within thy fold.
Whose tears have not imbued thy sacred lap?
Thou dost cloister the genius of none; nor wrap
In subservient labyrinths of sorrow
Thy recompense sweet, in the dawn's morrow;
Thy throne, earth, sea, and air exalted high,

And thy majesty supreme in lucent sky,
 The manifest spirit, beauteous, free,
 From our Creator, who eternally
 Beckons from heights of empyrean fire,
 Offering pure drink to sate mortal desire.—

Portinia, I've heralded thy beauty; hence
 I'd thy purveyor be,—its recompense:
 A pleasure, soft-luted, it would beseem,
 Delightful as drifting down this bowered stream
 Where the brooklimes in swaying profusion smile,
 And the brookmints dream of julep's guile.—
 In lush thrift the grapes in purple clusters cling
 To the oscillating vines, while cernuous they swing
 'Bove the water's mirrored sheen like silvery glass,
 Where the moon shadows linger, like requiem mass
 In dumb Niobe's sorrow riven heart;
 Where the soul's pride pines, and with pungent
 smart

Commingles sacred thoughts, that onward fly
 To that realm immortal, where harmony
 Reigns dove-like, in the kingdom of eminence,
 Or is throned with love's pure sentiments.—
 How we sing of this something we call love,
 Which is so potent our lone hearts to move,
 Whose components were never analyzed,
 And since time began 'twas ne'er alchemized.—
 O, love, sweet love, I hear thy rustling wings!
 Why engender acetic pain and stings,
 Like tarantula's bite?—Thy songs do cure.
 Ah love, how we dote on thee, and endure
 Many privations, most withering, that grieve
 To the quick marrow of each bone, and leave
 Our hearts still with twinklings to consecrate.—
 Long I've sought thy unction to mitigate,
 And make less rigorous what the fates imbrue.
 Now at thy seeming dawn I must bid adieu.
 'Tis true thy temple is a sovran shrine,

The spring of youth thy sweet virtues refine.
Thy crepuscule portends a bright sunrise,
With radiance dight, and luminous skies;
Thy zenith up-swelling with rhythmic chimes
Conducive to the muse of sweetest rhymes.
Yet, why hast thou stinging fangs like the rose,
And dost oft in the arms of Bacchus repose,
That handsome son of Jupiter? For thee,
Thy plumes too delicate for such company.
And, why dost thou oft begroan in sorrow
Then other times, bid wisdom good morrow?—
Let me drink thy pure vintage without ruse
Or else fly away, and leave not rheum's ooze
From those dazzling orbs, and corneas bright,
Reflecting all objects like mirror's light.
Then, O Pallas, give me Nepenthe's ease;
This gaunt, lingering gloom, I must surcease.
Since I am love's recreant by foul decree,
I see no way to o'erleap its destiny.
Then let the penitent shower come full blast,—
I yet have hopes, and shall look for the mast
Of my towering ship, in love's tempest
Riding the spooming waves high to East or West;
Yet, I'd swallow woe to its dregs at once!
Of me love hath made a ludicrous dunce.
But what is love,—ah, what is love?—the echo.
To the great Tajmahal of India go,
In its corridors with voice uptuned high
Ask,—your words will return with empty sigh.
Did love build that titanic mausoleum?
Nay, haughty pride, and glory's blatant strum.
Love's incense is not the fruit of tyrants,
Nor does its spirit dwell in arrogance;
Not always in palaces indigenious,
Might starve to death in house of the sumptuous:
While in the hovel its blooms may be seen,
That emit a breath sweet as saccharine.
Yea, Portinia, I would I could thee tell

What's this power that makes the heart swell.
Ah!—Love is love,—it's nothing more,
Ministrant to God, since the dawn of yore,
And shall e'er be, the angel of His heart.
Woe is mortal, if he from this grace depart.
Now in fantasies crude I'll disport a while
On this mooted subject, that some beguile:
Love, my dear, is a decoction brewed
From the moist lips of a moonbeam, stewed
In the lush smiles of the meadow flowers,
Born to earth, under night's dreamy bowers;
The echo of Nature's symphony, this,
Awaking elements dormant, and a kiss
Sweet as the gladiolus' dewy sighs
Or breath of buds and blooms of paradise.—

It is the sunbeam's soft-footed passion
For teasing the glade's tints, hues of fashion,
Myriad colors and incense fragrant
Like inflorescence, that opes the heart that can't
Close more; then for love it beats a lyric tune,
Singing of poppy beds and honey moon;
In its arms a soothing joy, that doth fill
A hungry breast, and sweetness memory's rill.
Yea, love lurks in every waving bough,
And is indelibly writ on nature's brow.
Every leaf falls in love with its mate;
Every blade of grass muses to meet its fate.
The cricket's chirp is love's sweet fiddling,
And the grasshopper spends his days twiddling
On the sublimity of love untold
In accents easing, but fearless and bold.
Love, a germ of immortality given
To mortal, lighting his path to Heaven,
And to that inheritance divinely pure,
Whose sweet unselfishness helps to endure
The keen arrows of fate's outraging cup,
Which leads through valleys darksome; but up

To heights of ideal's glorious blending:
There communes with beauty's essence ne'er ending
In regions of the ultra-cerulean skies
Beyond the stars, into Heaven's harmonies.
Love,—sweeter than Apollo's tuneful wing
 wooing Venus to dream's delights, inspiring,
Reclined on mossy bed of rainbow hues
'Mid sparkling tints, of enchanting dew,
While round her hang ripe fruits of contentment,
Whose sweetness like tune of magic lute blent
And commingled with her tresses' auburn curls,
While the moon's twining beam lovingly twirls
Like dreamy music's harmonious bliss
Jealously lingering near, for a parting kiss.

Love,—more subtle than muses' witching art,
To sanctify the mildewed, drooping heart,
Like South-wind's listless, communing prayer
It comes to our souls from whence or where.
A thread of destiny, fine as spider's skein,
Coming through raging tempest or rain
And showering sweetest blooms at the feet
Of her whose anxious eyes tenderly greet;
Reflecting its votary's cherished hope
And vaunting not, but in silence will grope
Its pathway through adversity's vicious maw
To snatch its prize from limbo's fiery jaw.

Love is graven on the arch of Heaven;
It is life itself, and its pure leaven;
'Tis the longing desire of mortal breast
For happiness, by which it thrives as the guest:
But misused, it militates 'gainst heart-cares,
And then, alas! is merged in bitter tears
Bubbling from eye's springs, that forerun a tide
Raging, which will ebb and flow, and misguide
Its mission on this terrestrial bark;
Then will founder beneath muddy sloughs dark,

And drift into the quagmire of discontent
Where the heart without love goes, evil bent—
'Twill ne'er bloom nor exhale breath of roses
In the garden of dewy bliss and posies.
It's the cordial and the sparkling wine,
A disengaged principle, that doth refine
The soul, that feeds on such native ingredient
And sympathy, its kindred element.
'Tis the twin soul of Venus, who feels
Such fragrant delights: thus each sigh reveals
This all-pervading passion's inherent fire:
It's the primordial song of Heaven's choir.
Portinia,—love is a divine loadstar
Of the soul,—a magnet from the lucent spar
Of Zion's dome, to consecrate and bless life
Mortal,—to purify 'gainst satanic strife.
It rides on ev'ry star's glittering beam,
And upon the lightning-bug's mellow gleam.
Indeed, thy heart is surcharged with its thrill;
For me, yea, even me, 'tis flowering still.
Earthly love is akin to that in skies—
Which I truly glean from thy lucid eyes,
Cupid's exponent of luscious influence,
Melting my once gelid soul. Ah, from whence
Such pure radiance of the mind enchanting?
Full of golden dawn, and charms entrancing,—
O thou sweet spirit of a hidden source!
Gentle enchantress! with such potent force!
Thy bloom and fruitage emit fulgent light,
With eclipsing brilliance, that will ne'er blight
The fairest hopes of its devoted thews,
Nor will it recant when honor adieus,
But in sorrow's age like Apollo's lyre
Grows sweeter by the tuneful touch of rhythmic fire.

Subjective love high as Heaven's summit,
Its element pure and somewhat interknit
With the infinitude of space, beyond grasp.

Our minds cannot comprehend, though we gasp
For breath, and stretch our brain as if tensile
Strength it has, then we muse and ponder till
In imagination we pass sign-posts
As specters on the highway, towering ghosts,
Set each one million billion miles apart—
One billion pass, then no nearer than the start.—

Dear love, may thy goddess' spirit descend!
Yea, sweet Vesta, tell us, and so commend
And balm our timorous hearts, oft bruised sore,
Like a furnace hot, running a molten rill
Of metal, rushing into chasm deep to fill.
Thou Diana, sweet virgin, love's twin soul,
Let thy voice with harmonious echoes roll,
Sweet as zephyrs through cherry blows in May,
Which bring us nearer thy translucent bay;
And thy diadem with such lambent gleams
Sheds its silver dazzle, in lucent streams.
We know thy fevered touch, oft bite thy hand.
Thy bud, bloom, and fruit, we see and understand
In part, when spread before our vision wide.
Alas! we've seen the want of this elixir betide;
Yes, we've seen its brightest drops of purest gold
Debauched, as wizard song, discordant, cold.
None can diagnose this passion made to join
Heaven and earth, nor can we our minds eloin
From its spirit, which fills us with zeal,
Softens bosom adamant, imparts the feel
Of sugar, to the most dejected flower
That its dew e'er wet, in cheerless bower—

The angels' plumèd wings imbued in its wine
When they whirl by, Aurora's light outshine,
Filling the air labyrinths,—a honeyed breath falls
On memory, which hears a voice that calls
In lute tones, sweet as sighs of dreaming bride

Couched on lavender blooms, where Cupid spied
Her magic beauty, in the mellow dawn.
And in her half-waked sleep, a kiss was drawn
From her dewy, rosebud lips. Then he quaffed
His day's hungry fill, and hying, he laughed
When leaving his spouse with eyes so brim-welled
With tears; and while he teased, his heart-orb
 swelled,
But morn's duty minded him of Hymen's oath.
Hence, he sips bee-like, then earns bread for both.
That is true love, sweetly exemplified,
And such the meed, by tribulations tried,
To bind us firmly, with concord gentle,
Springing forth free, as sweet pods of lentil.

What can be the supervening power
Which bottles thy heart like virgin flower?
Did not I in that poppy bed impregn
Thy breast with love's pure unction? And that
 sheen
Of light told me many strange, wondrous things.
But now all my hopes have grown lurid wings,
And outflown, as if vile recreant I am,
Without pre-eminence to soothe and calm
My languid lassitude, which now has gulped
Up the wine of human longings, and pulped
My brain into conglomerate globules,
Swollen by pains, fears, dark, like demon ghouls,
Coagulated and full of drifting weeds.
Dear Juno, enfranchise my mind, that heeds
The mesmeric force, in feminine charms
Cogent in thy daughter Portinia; my arms
Tingle to infold her form, warm with bliss:
I'm dying for that felicitous kiss.
As the blossoms pant for night's pearly dew,
Likewise my life, enfamished, dear, for you,
Pleached in thy meshes like pining eagle
Half deplumed, and ensnared, an unregal

Aspect for bard and dauntless lover brave,
Aiming high to soar, and mount the crested wave
Of immortality, so mortal it seemed
To me, yet out of zone to reach—who deemed
Me a derelict wooer? I shall fight
Like old Hector, gloating, with sword and might
In a gally combat; for my Portinia,
The goddess of my being, I'll continue
To sue, despite of adverse destiny.
And the wicked eyes of doom I yet decry,
And to the bitter end I shall deprecate;
Then challenge all devils,—inviolate
My honor to heaven and carnal ties,
Yet in meekness of soul, I undisguise
My good offices, which inspire so mute
Such eloquent love, an inciting lute,
Sweet as the singing birds in full-throated cadence,
That sluggishly lull into comatose the sense,
As they warble, from key to key, in unison,
In flexible melody's modulation.
To raptures lost, in Elysian shades, hove,
Dreaming of thee, dear—as the daughter of Jove—
E'en the birds, the dryads of the forest,
Sing melodious tunes, the very truest
To thee, Portinia, to thee, my sweet linnet,
Their songs to thee, as soft as spinet
Tones; they chuckle on the glory of those eyes,
Pearly loadstars, with twinkling majesties
Giving forth light inspiring e'en to the birds,
That sing by day or by the moon's silver chords
To their callow-born, soft-hearted playing,
And to the dear mates, their soul's outlaying,
As if the warm delight of some lost songs
Have come upon them, which to Heaven belongs.
On joyous wings the new strains seem to spread
Through the sylvan wilds o'er flowers blue and red,
With a nativeness benign, so passing strange;
But the heavenly rhythm seems to fit the range

Of each tuneful throat, and the delicate airs
Now caught up by all voices unawares.
The lazy insects set their pipes in tune
To chirp these new-born songs from sun or moon,
And scatter upon the breezes' pure flow
Harmony serene. Such were ne'er heard below—
Soft foot'd cantations of mouth and buzzing wings,
And sweet inarticulate, humming things,
Enough to lull mortal breast to quietude,
E'en who hath here journeyed for spirit food.
And when they come upon these glittering spars,
These throned promontories, rock-ribbed bars,
They are filled with nature's buoyance divine,
Their souls surcease; but memory still may pine
For candied sweets, fled, leaving the thorny stem
To prod the conscience, and oft-times condemn;
While the savage night-winds may be sweeping
Through the shrine of love's own temple, weeping
For its rightful heritage and sweet tide
Of inherent desires, that ever guide
To a higher and more orient plane,
Yea, we're all worshipers at beauty's fane.—
Nor to earth alone does this homage belong—
'Tis the archangels' melodious song;
And too, the spheres are entuned to this theme,
Singing to each other in holy esteem,
Plighting sacred vows and golden thrones bright
To some affinity of eternal light.
Ah, beauty's the archetype of Heaven,
And to earth through divine Nature given
To teach in a measure spiritual things,
That altruistic charm with which true beauty rings;
'To which love e'er keys its fluttering breast
And longs to be its most worshipful guest.

Exalted muse-goddess! Lend me thy bright wing!
Let me drink deep of the Pierian spring!
Dear heavenly nymph, wilt thou my heart raise

To high honors, that I may win fame and praise?
Let me be the legatee of love's grace,
That I may enchant its bud, and embrace
Its Elysian flower: I do aspire
To taste its fruits, my immortal desire.
Portinia, I see ev'ry good virtue
Embodied and exalt in thee so true.
Ah! I know in scorn 'tis said love is blind;
It forsooth may be the purest kind.
Yet for thee, if I had eyes, ninety-nine,
And each sharp as python's gaze, thy divine
Beauty, sparkling, and graces I'd only see
In thy beaming eyes and queenly majesty
Brightly shining, as purest gold refined.
Surely thou art God's paragon, His mind
Contained since life was, aye e'en when sea ghosts
Cavorted in wan shrouds, the grisly hosts
Of a formless chaos, in times undawned
Epicycle, that befogged chasm, which yawned
Vehement, when aroused by the power
That made all things, beginning at some hour
Specific—for 'tis hard to realize
That e'en things divine were always—who tries
To sound the deep infinite? Yet we think
And know we're standing on shadowy brink.
God gave us a thinking mentality
And the bird wings to fly, and eyes to see:
Hence thoughts are quite real and personal,
Having weight, stature; and oft would appall
Our friends if they were to see them, or touch
Such vile Valkyrias, seeking lives to smutch.
Portinia, when I consider thy inherent grace
And wondrous poise, I fall in a trance, and chase
Phantasms through dizzy space with venerate awe,
My pen too unskilled to tell what I saw.
E'en if 'twere things mortal to which I mean,
I could not even then tell what I've seen
In my wondering mind volant, unchained,

Which goes on many wistful jaunts—has reigned
As king in fairylands, flowering climes,
And too has groped in danky caves and mines
For thee, Portinia, long before my rage
E'er fell on thy scintillating visage.
And in my tender years I longed for thee:
The palpable hand of kind destiny
Led my roving footsteps in thy pathway,
From which, O Heaven, let me never stray,
But let starry themes glorious infuse
My bosom with epodes, and each divine muse
Spread her daedal wings o'er my drooping head
To endue courage, and inspiration shed.—
And let all seemlied blisses round me smile;
Yea, soothe my lorn madness, and undefile
My heart, which is rife with fermentation,
And pulsing out of tune, no love has won,—
My metric wooing woefully discordant.
But my vain attempts I shall ne'er recant,
Though I have lost my fervent hope and suit;
But its pungence to my soul shall bring fruit
Sweet, and mindful of reflex destinies,
Lest my fated bark founder in sluggish seas,
Or drift upon the ocean of distress,
And to sordid sins my mind acquiesce.

Yea, to some there's an infixed destiny
Inexorable, which frowns or smiles as we
Grope along, yet not rudderless as some think;
Our star is e'er watching us, and doth twink
Anxiously for our weal or blighting woe.
I would each fate or fury were not so
Demonstrative in its approving eye,
Or so wrathful in its vicious treachery.

I oft see visions and hear wondrous sounds
And oft the problem of life my brain confounds.
Then I try to spy into the misty veil
Of coming years, but no finite eye can trail

The hidden path that's sealed to mortal view;
Nor can the mortal reason well construe
Many things it beholds as plain as day
Till the vision acquires some spirit ray
Conducted by occult psychic science.
Can any look into the future hence?
We can in general the future judge
By the past, as on life's highway we trudge,
And the more we love, the more spirit feel
As the more virtue, the more we reveal.—

In the cobwebs of memory that twine
The horoscope's zodiac, which did enshrine
My birth chart—the goddess of this epic song
So kind, tender, and true, did then unthong
My muse—so posed in the attitude of queen.
I now see the face I saw that halloween.
I did not know then 'twas thine, but it grew
In my heart, and bloomed with roseate hue,
And besprent my pathway with fragrant bliss;
And the honey-dew of that dreaming kiss
Yet bears a nectarous flavor eminent
Of the spice of love,—ah, the wonderment
Enskied in that necromancy psychic,
Or enshrouded in mystic elements thick,
With beauteous foliage, and the shadow
Of fleeting time's wing! With empurple glow
That did eclipsingly dazzle the plain
Of my pensive mind, thus I did retain
A vision of this spirituous elf
In the bosom of my immortal self.
Hence, through dawning years as hopeful lover
That face flew with me like winged plover.
I beheld it oft in my feverish sleep,
And loved it in my impassioned soul deep.
My dreams were blissful to see that face shine.
Like an angel's grace 'twould wooingly twine
Its tendrils about my timorous heart;

And the kernel of my joys did impart
A new magnificence, with tonings high.
Then my prescient blisses I'd amplify,
As my vivid imagination strayed
Into the fulgent light and fragrant shade
Of a sweet foreknowledge,—a lucent day
That would chase all recreant fears away.
'Twas a witching enchantment to my mind.
I yet see that regal comport refined,
Whose modest charms, enough to make a bard
Of an untutored swain—the heavens guard
And guide love and beauty to an exalt'd end!
Both these degrees to earth; Heaven did lend,
As were wisdom and art in Nature's scenes,
So also the scintillating patens
Commingle their engilding smiles of gold;
Thus to mortal, immortal eyes unfold,
Giving us a shadow of the divine
Emblazoning the path to portals fine.
That face—I know 'twas thine—those eye-darts
bright,
And soft tresses golden, source of delight
When peering through wingèd time's backward lens,
Counting here and there those departed friends
Who have looked on death's grisly face, hell's vice,
And venom's gaze, like the serpent—cockatrice—
That basilisk whose eye doth mortal blight,
Whose breath, fatal, without his evil sight.
Though I meant not to speak of dismal pain,
But leave it in its grimy, prison, bane,
Where many wounded hearts did break in twain—
Where in tenderness loving hands have lain
Those friends, one by one. Dark then seems the
way;
The earth's promise holds no hope or smiles gay:
But there is joy immortal, dear and sweet,
Where fruitage ripens eterne we shall eat
When we walk high Heaven's bejeweled strand

Or march authentic in redemption's band,
To sweet strains as from Euterpe's soft lute
Played by Cherubim whose rhythms will commute
The soul's penitence, by pure love's decree—
And in retrospection of earth-memory
Our true hearts will rejoice forevermore.
O, what a glory to see the angels soar
On dazzling wings all brilliance surpass,
Reminding of sun's rays on burnished brass!
Forgive me, dearest Portinia, my rose
Of hope, I meant not to thoughtlessly doze
In a revery, of sadness supine,
Or to fling grim shadows in the sunshine
Of nature's heart, truly faithful as skylark
Training its fledgling young, from day till dark.
How the full accomplishment of its wing
Doth lead to dizzy planes, from which to sing!
I, in my gladness, therefore, wandered
Into sadness, aimless and undeterred,
And from the path of thy detergent love,
My capacious mind, infinite, did rove
Into the realms of lofty dominions,
Or waft wearily on viewless pinions
Into deep caverns of gloom—and there shed
Tears of sadness; from heart of gladness fed.
For sadness oft treads on hoof of gladness,
And gladness may dream on pillow's sadness
Things repugnant and ponderous to bear,
Coming unplumed, and from whence unaware.

Yes, sweet lotus, with voice like lute-strains caught
From woodland echoes, where in silent thought
One may retire to commune in covert cove
With his inward soul, where mute phantasms hove
Like wingèd spirits above gravity's law—
There dream in serenity, as if one saw
Maidens with rougish eyes, bedecked in blooms
Of immortal amaranth—near the tombs

Of Indian chiefs: and these elves in glee
Are marching to the pipes of Pan's company,
And singing melodies of shepherd's rhyme
Step-wise to a marble altar, keeping time
With head and foot, while twink's bright the stars'
glow

Upon each countenance; refulgent so
Truly magic, that one wakes ere the dream
Ends, leaving him rudderless in a stream
Of wonderment, to divine a meaning.
If such things they hold, except a leaning
To a pre-conceived mind, or sick digestion
Over worked, and its heavy tax among
Vitals intricate, not made of sword-steel.
A dream is the moving film we see and feel
Out-spun by caprice, thrown on the optic
Nerve canvas, by feverish mind's trick,
When dancing satyrs, with frolicsome ways
Delight or distress as fantasy plays.

Dearest Portinia, wilt thou for me invoke
Some heavenly muse, and then help unyoke
My pleached spirit perplexed, that would not falter
At grim idols upon a stupid altar?

SOLILOQUY

"O loveliest muse, hear my weeping prayer!
Yea, dear, come to me, thou angel so fair!
Entune my weazen soul and it inspire
Once again—play to me on golden lyre
Midst wildwood blossoms on this mountain side,
Where green foliage and clinging vines shall hide
Us from the curious and spying eyes.
Yes, divine muse, that I may exalted rise
Buoyant, as the bobolink's spring lay
Happily beautiful in month of May!
Venus, thou deity, come and gambol
In yon virent dingle; then we'll ramble

'Mong the cowslips, and from their bloom brew wine
 To convive our souls: then thou transfuse thine
 Into my tuneless heart, and make it sing
 In melodies soothing as Cupid's spring
 And love's sweet summer, its glorious fall,
 Its golden virtues and fragrant deeds withal;
 Whose amorous themes with music's pure grace
 Mount the azure summits and then embrace
 The vibrant form of some celestial muse
 Dreaming some soulful pathos, midst Heaven's
 dews—

Some Impassioned strains, some romantic lay
 Of divine love, where beauty rules the day.

Ah yes, divinest muses, thou me crown,
 That I may woo Portinia; and fair renown
 Let me pluck for her, so to better greet
 When casting sacred hyacinths at her feet!
 Thou sovran spirits of poesy divine
 In this damask shade and peeking sunshine,
 My angels, descend, and love's wisdom pour
 Into my saddened breast bruised and sore!
 Sweet fount of passion's fire, inflame my blood
 With thy magic eloquence and rhythmic flood,
 That my ardent zeal may gently consume
 All distraughting doubts, yea fore'er entomb
 My impotent vices—imbathe my spirit
 With nectar balm from Heaven or near it.
 And with supernal grace wilt thou up-fill
 My soul lamenting like the whippoorwill?
 So plaintive seems in her ominous sadness
 Inwoven by superstitious madness,
 A fabric of heathenism indistinct,
 But oft in mysticism the heart is linked."

Lo, Portinia, how truly the life of buds
 Correlate ours (we're groping mortal spuds).
 They advene in a faith most confident,

Flowering in youth's dawning cloyment;
They exhale their incense at nature's call,
And alas, cringe at the gelid breath of fall.
They repine in winter's icy embrace,
They droop and return to clay. Then urn or vase
By fires molten process, might next be made
From petal's mold, whose sprite outflown to aid
The lorn-hearted, weary, poor, void of gold,
Whose elements soon resolve into mold.
Yea, 'tis plain to discern death's mortal sting
A sword of sorrow, a two-edged thing
Severing love and hearts with pernicious tool
Which heals never while sweet memories rule
The soul's passions, essence immortal refined.
Alas, we'll e'er have bruised aches to mind
While yet in the mantle of flesh and clay
Groping on earth in a time-serving way,
Wherefore the pangs of death so misapplied;
Hence without demise we're unglorified.
O for a draught of Lethe's silent flow,
Oblivion's hidden river here below,
To make me forget my sorrowing tear,
And sink to the lurid plane of my bier!
My love is forespent: I hear saddened lays.
They'll be my songs hence-forward,—in the maze,
When the nightmare's hideous dreams conspire
To haunt my mind with ribald's low desire.
Portinia, hast thou then thus ravaged my heart
And withheld the richest and divinest part?

Within the painful confines of my soul's gloom
I yet hear love's dying moans, though its bloom
Is nipped by the tooth of chilly fate:
Its lips have kissed the vernal dew, too late.
Now in the dark sepulchre of recreant pride,
Where the ghosts of lost opportunities chide
My humble spirit and vanquished eyes,
There I'll repair to nurse my miseries.

Yes, forever, my grief I will begrave,
Assume heroic front most blatant and brave;
Then, innocently I'll toy with life's dream,
Nor shall one lucid pearl from eyes distream
Or flow again, o'er the horrid bygones.
The cycle of earth's joys too brief, on green lawns
Or in shady nooks, on moss banks supine,
To take up arms 'gainst fate, which doth entwine
The neck of ev'ry soldier of fortune,
Nor can we escape its thralldom—jeune
And vile, as cymbal's timorous echoes
On the highway of death, mid icy flocs.
Portinia, I've kissed the black angel's hand.—
My lips bear its sable soot! Her ebon wand
Has marked my head, as axman marks a tree.
I'm drifting to shoreless nonentity.
I welcome its darkened doom—what a change!
My soul may then come into better range
And blissful beatitudes—a galaxy
Of stars, ministrant, may compensate; they
May add sweetness and genuine pleasure
To my ill timed sleep—yea, dear, leisure.
Then I'll each day paint thy picture anew
In mind's fancy, and thy grace I'll construe,
And magnify thy beauty magnificent.
Thou art rich, and full of hope's enchantment.
I mean not the wealth of temporal things—
I condemn venal and parasitic fawnings
To gold, an idol, a false god, lucre!
It's a sordid lust, pernicious to defer
The needs of the soul, so freely given
To the meek in heart, aiming for Heaven.

My love for thee like Apollo's for Daphne,
And if an aromatic laurel tree
Thou shouldst become, I'd wither 'neath thy leaves.
Thy branches then would heal up all my grieves;
But my love is now a morbid disease,

Railing sighs—moping echoes, naught to appease.
By my wooing I have so vainly run,
Now a sparrow's shadow bedims the sun,
And the moon shines with a sardonic grin,
Or rather with cynic smile; seems glad within
Her soul that I have played a losing game.
Thou brazen-faced gorgon, with borrowed flame
I'll fling thee into the Sahara dune—
Make thee Earth's Limbo, thou fickle poltroon!
Thou cheese-skin vassal of the shrouded night,
Roaming through the heavens such a pallid wight,
Spying on cheerless Cupids with Luna's sight,
The lovelorn need not a stepdame's weazen light!
You only look good when your horns are keen.
Ah, then we know you cannot long be seen.
But my lily hopes I've at last un-wed
From Hymen's bliss—now water-soaked blooms,
dead,
Bound to my sensitive nose—putrid smell
Of villainous odor, that decadence tell
Of gone pride, now couched in wounded folly,
Whose wan, limp heads, droop so melancholy.
The flowers seem sorry and bow in shame
Their sweet faces, as if they were to blame.
How well they feel a lover's passionate fire!
They'll weep from eve till morn, with longing desire
Over mortal wounds, made to fill the grave
Of the lorn-hearted wooer. I'll be brave—
In the wide ocean are many kinds of fish,
Some good, others unfit to smear a dish,
But an edible fish cannot by its looks
Be judged, nor can the pure in heart by the books
They read; likewise the love that some expend
On false ideals, versute, wherefore the shend
Of mind and body, a pernicious maw,
With forked tongue of evil, and hellish jaw.
Now, dear Portinia, in stammering word
Much I've told thee; it's time that thou be heard.

Forsooth, I believe thou knowest my aim,
Nor do I feel wildered, my sovran dame.
My life hast thou softened, though in silence,
As regards thy pledge, but its recompense,
Mortal or spirit—upon it I'll not brood;
I want thy love, dear, it's supernal food,
To life and to memory's lassitude.
Yes, Portinia, my happiness doth exude
From the volcanic fire in my up-pent
Soul—mind's emanant volition, that went
Out to thee, as gold, inexorable, pure
Its passion, untransmutable, as sure
As heaven. O God of grace divine, why
Am I here in flesh, blood and sorrow? I
Would I had to this orb a primrose evolved,
My being then e'er beneficent, solved,
My bloom of sighing love would have perfumed
Thy heaving bosom so silken groomed;
Then my fuzzy buds could thy cheeks teasel pink;
My fragrant breath I'd emit for thee to drink;
Thy educing grace then I'd fondly bless,
And my love in sweet-scented prayers confess.
Thou then wouldst not my flame expugn;
My flowering spirit to thy beauty would croon
In cadences so ravishing and benign,
Ere its evolving odor fade and pine.

Dear Portinia, if I could but speak heart's desire
As poets, whose souls no more on fire
Than mine consuming at this hour—thou'd spurn
A seat on sweet Juno's throne, that doth burn
With empyreal glow, truly supreme.
Thou then wouldst know and my love queme,
And bind tenacious to thy dormant heart,
Nor one sigh more, thy heaving breast depart.
But tears of gladness thou wouldst truly shed
O'er immortal love by mortal so fed.
Will the sagacious eye of love give no light

To my mind? Am I to be its eremite?
And its crystal drops pure, like the mountain lake
Taste not.—Does its herald my heart forsake,
And ope not its blooms at my wooing call?
Now the shadow of its wing my heart doth pall.

Dearest Portinia—I've poured out my love
In waste most lavish, though vain it may prove,
When in spirit's penitent path I'll pine
In silence—my soul mewed in sorrow's brine.
But my mind by thy beauty balmed, will keep
In meditation's dark, empty chasm, deep
As hell's fuming pit: there in slow grieving
My reverb recollection will be weaving
Sweet chaplets with which thy fair brow to crown.
O! how can I better woo thee, what renown
May I deign to cast at thy seraph feet?
Thou enchantress of my dreams, wilt thou greet
Me with love's prime kiss? Sweet as the tube
rose,

As pure as the concentrical rainbow's
Refracted smiles, to mind us of covenant
By our Creator made, that the world shan't
More be deluged by vehement flood.
But alas! oft since 'twas drenched in blood
Innocent as a lamb! O world impious,
God will garner thee, at thy seed-time. Thus
His covenanted promise shall e'er remind,
For 'twas writ in Heaven, and there designed.

Portinia, I can't extricate my labored eyes
From thy beauteous grace, which so doth rise
Supreme in my fevered brain's passioned fire,
And inflames that smoldered and famished desire.—
My dear Nymph, be pitiful to my woe
So sorrowing; let thy charms on me glow,
And sing to me in voice of siren sprite:
Then let me die in ecstatic delight.

Ah! how happy I'd be in such demise!
Even in death's jaws my zeal I'd disguise
Not—nor shall it in eternity wane,
But shall magnify and bloom by sacred fane,
Where limpid waters spark 'neath pearly banks,
Delighting goldfishes, that disport their thanks
As if enchanted by Dian serene,
Blessing the fishes, sweet Oread—queen
Of the lone forest and sequestered wood,
Where Flora's virgin blooms sigh in solitude,
And passion's poesy, that engendering fire
Fed by sunset's grandeur, a golden pyre—
And deeper into the rustic dreamland went;
The mind roving and fantasy distent
Where the herds of Pan browse in shady glens
Unfooted by man, save shepherd whose voice sends
Silvery echoes to the inmost ivy nooks,
Moistened each night by heaven's dew that looks
A pure diamond lucid in the sun's
Morning burst—Apollo pompous—who runs
A winning race for goddess' hand so fair,
Most like thee Portinia with beauty rare.

Yes, dear, Nature's music my ears hath sated
With harmony sweet, my soul for thee freighted
And choked by passion's fire, smouldering, lorn,
Pent in my languid bosom, and un-born
That bloom of Cupid's beacon, thus failing
To enflower the mind's impotent wing;
Like unchild widow, poor and dejected,
Whose grim destiny, dispiteous, wed
To adversity's chain of fated links,
Begirding deep gloom with ominous clinks—
Ever reminding of that fettered plight
Rising to mock and taunt as infernal wight.

Alas! Portinia, such my dismal crown
Of scorpion tails with venom stingers brown,

Goaded memory's fair vision infixed
In thee—my doleful brain so intermixed
With occult images of spirit land
And mirrored fantasies—my mind hath spanned
The horoscope of my birth—on its scroll
Is writ thy name in letters gilt—my soul!
It's an illusion to move my fancy snare
Into the throes of life's eventide bare,
Except reflex by-gones, like barnacles to ship's
Bottom tenaciously cling. Thus time slips
Feather-footed as winter's snow, ghost-white,
Swirling earthward in lurid hush of night,
And vernal glories from mortal life flee,
Leaving but broken idols to see—
Or love blighted by frosted wings of fate
And embittered by its remorseful state.

My blood, life's cordial, to vinegar
Acetous, hath turned. I've seen hope's dog-star
Flaunt a shimmering light in sterile floe
Of my brain, but alas! I shall forego
My star: that fuming comet hath hellward
Gone,—to Gehenna's swampy and foul sward
Of croaking frogs, goggle-eyed, green, and black.
Other habitues, amphibia, grunt alack;
And many slimy reptiles, with organs dumb,
Wiggling in seething mud, in silence glum.
I've heard the voice of death to my soul sung
In sepulchral chants, whose poison stung
Like the adder, but its sting may bear bloom.
My sobs shall surcease, and joy I'll resume,
And hurl death into charnel pit, when caught,
Ere its blighting fangs my mind hath distraught.

Alas, why is love my regal mistress,
To fill my heart with recreant distress,
And monitor me to the couch of fear?
Ere I felt love's wing I had blissful cheer.

O for a venom'd draught to ever abate
This aguish chill, that grips with icy fate!
O for a goblet of forgetfulness
To stultify my brain and e'er caress
My soul into impotent nonentity!
There let it linger in silence, or die
Senseless, or wail 'mong witches and demons,
Or lament with idiotic vagabonds.

Portinia, soon I'll say my last good-bye.
These tear-scalded eyes, O dear nymph, decry
Not—but bless me in this woe, pale and gaunt
In sorrow's throes! Naught but remorse to flaunt
All my coming years, with no golden eve
To beckon me hence, nor vow to retrieve
This melancholy plight, when I bid adieu:
No glowing sunset of iridescent hue
Can I down the alley of time's vista see,
Nor does Vesper's orient majesty
Shed its twinkling sheen into future lens
Of my visual ray. Alas, who mends
Broken hearts? But this soul shall 'gain up-rise
And yet balm love's wing, and brighten beauty's
eyes;

And the nightingale's merry song perchance
May yet cheer my dispirit'd countenance.
Oh! that some fair angel would minister
Unto my hopes, or kill this love that doth deter
And expunge all bright rays I once did nurse,
That now flicker and taunt as with a curse.
My soul drifts upon a mirky neap-tide;
The ocean and Neptune seem to deride
My vanquished passions with a brackish foam.
I have a mind to seek some cavern home;
There in solitude lave my blighted fate
'Mong sea nymphs this heart so indurate
And barren in my breast, so empty, dead.
I fain would share leviathan's dank bed,

Or consort with sirens, and by their song
Exulting die: then eternity long
Might let me commune with joys never born
To me on earth, and thus eschew this forlorn
And dismal life, that seems but the grave's bride;
Darksome and full of mournful gloom untried
By those yet in life's mortal pale mystified.
My aims sapped, my glory I've now seen slain!
Or 'twas mirage,—and now I hear refrain
Of remorse's wheels,—the mill of destiny
Whose deep lugubrious grind makes me sigh.
Would that my rambling feet had never trod
Upon this verdant earth's flowering sod,
And mine eyes ne'er fell on thy sweet visage:
Such heavenly mien, aye, delusive rage
To my conscience, as like cancer gnawing,
Ghost of depravity, lost soul cawing
As black raven, metaphoric semblance
Of Hades convulsed, a hideous trance.
O God! Would I had died in yon vortex
Vicious, this pain spared my spirit so vexed!
This moment I'd be dreaming of thy face
Benign; my arms then might thy form embrace,
And kisses I could so clandestine steal
Unawares,—thou couldst not so much as feel
My spritely love, so wooing spiritual.
Who can say there's no longing supernal?
Ah, yes, my ardent feelings shall e'er cling
To memory infinite,—and sweet laurels bring
To crown thy beauty, with celestial blooms,
Such imperial joys, that heaven grooms
In raptures most circumspect, shall unmar
Thy virtue's insignia, a blazing star
Shall gem thy endued grace, so sanctified,
That hath been by empyrean fires tried.

Book II

PORTINIA TO DON ZENO

"I well understand," Portinia replied,
As she my love-lorn face joyously spied.
But wilt thou in this wild Eden tarry
Till thou hast my consent to thee marry?
And all bland words, so eloquently rhymed,
Trying to woo and win my heart untimed?
Thou art most poetic, and so benign!
Then, thou dost truly love me, I divine.
Hadst thou learned Cupid's artful wooing,
Thou hadst been less abashed my heart pursuing;
But more poesy than valor I plainly see.
Stranger yet am I to thy destiny.
Why spend this day in such lingering sighs
Amidst enmossed cliffs—earth's sweet paradise?
Yet I may lead thee into heights unknown;
But go on musing, there's no ill bestrown.
I now perceive thy heart o'er-brimmed with love:
Thou shalt have other days my love to prove.
Thou dost well sermonize on nature's plan;
But dost mortal comprehend, its mystery span?
Yet, my friend, let ambition be up-perched,
Have thy heart's desire, gold pure, unsmirched;
For such all things, in most wildering veils,
When viewed by eyes carnal, riddle's tales.
Wherefore, how foolish thus to even try
To understand the life of butterfly!
It has no pulsing blood, nor valving heart,
Yet in God's mighty plans it plays a part.
What mortal being knows life's secret bent
Delving into the soul's abysm up-pent?
Which is presuming egoism, quite vain,
Like perpetual motion—physic's disdain.
Flesh and blood, this orb, its tethered pale,
Never shall human peek beyond its veil,

Unless transfigured by power **supreme**
Or transformed into sprite's evolving gleam,
That begod and bless earth's human flower;
Such children ransomed, by heaven's dower,
As reward bequeathed, or as love favor,
To those who walk in wisdom and savor
Of virtue's sweet wing. Go thou not in lurid
Darkness; over fens and sin's murk, sordid,
That rust and canker, and bedeaften pride.
O soul degloried, once swan-white, whose tide
Hath passed; gone, as fledged birds leave foul nest,
Returning never, but mount high the crest
Of air waves lucid, their wings to more prove.
The sins mortal bespot the soul, and groove
It in dungeon of darkness, pernicious gloom
Of hobgoblins satanic; woe-wrecked doom.
I first spied thee in Amaranthine bed
In deep slumber on blossoms crimson-red.
There I admired thee, human ideal,
Thy sleep so came by power potential,
To let me study Earth's dawning manhood,
The which, untarnished by sin's venom, could
E'en in Venus' orb be devoutly loved
By nymphs, whose beauty in wonderment moved
The ardent god's sighs to jealous pining,
With appetites so dainty, and dining
On virgin purity, so innocent,
Drinking nectarous dewes most pertinent,
Where death's a stranger; an alien, unknown,—
And the eternal shrine—that holy throne
Stands a begemmed memento above
In the magic fount of out flowing love.
Now, Don Zeno, in the bourn of this earth
I, for a time and times, shall dwell; my worth,
I pray, shall be manifest; likewise, those
Who have lived on this planet; a rare rose
Each should become, emitting sweetness pure
Of love and gracious deeds, that should endure.

And as the lambent gleaming of a star,
Though recumbent, in the azure afar
Gives its radiant share of brilliant light
To boundless space, and to moonless night,
Hence we too should add our oozing fragrance
To finite buds and sprigs; dame Nature's chance
Given, to less favored, by the fate's decreed
To ride the rampant waves of salient greed,—
That sordid lust for Mammon's wolfish grip,
On impotence to more oppress, and whip
The weak, under a serf bondage, more bold,
Whose destinies circumscribed as a sheepfold,
Such cruel burdens on mind and spirit.—
Herein lies man's inhumanity, so knit
With self and unsated gluttony, that imbrutes,
Perverting plans celestial, blighting its fruits.—
Therefore I am commissioned, a joy task,
To do the which I'll tell later; my mask
Betimes I will offcast, as snake its skin.
My guise, Don Zeno, is patent within
My heart, and in due season, my good man
Thou shalt the lily truth know, or great Pan
Will from this craggy cliff bear me unseen
From this Eagle perch, high, with angry spleen;
And by Nemesis, that goddess of vengeance,
Would punish me eternally,—whose glance
Is to purity what winter's fangy frost
Is to the least of these delicate blooms, lost
Fore'er. Happiness from me then would fly,
Alas; my beauty and youth would deny
Me, ever they knew; for beauty, truth's blow,
Remains not in the hulk of falsehood low,
Which, as green vicious sore, comes o'er all.
Beauty leaves sin, like the soul flies with pall
From the mortal dead, cadaverous, cold.
Therefore, this axiom, truth I unfold:
For thee, dear friend, of this wondrous fate
I desire thy soul pure inviolate,

And unpolluted, as this dear lone iris,
Like an angel, this sweet fleur-de-lis,
Bespeaking in signs most benevolent
Its smiles, fulgent echoes of God, who sent
It to earth; and by its life didactic
Thou shouldst learn wisdom, and beauty's magic.

Visions auspicious thou too may yet see,
If thy mind be fully in tune with piety;
And thy passions burnished, by tongues of fire
Guide thee gently, up pinnacles higher,
And thou prove worthy of the glory crown,
Of which there is no fear, and thy renown
The vain pride of thy kindred, shall be great,
Seeing thy lofty mount in man's estate.
Which is thy honor's due, a diadem
Befitting to thine honest brow, a gem
Of gentility shalt thy coat of arms
Be,—and wanton eyes will covet thy charms,
Yet thou shalt walk in paths of rectitude.
Thy countenance will proclaim thy spirit food,
Which indicates the mind's trend, where-e'er found,
As sure as the hoof of night's treading bound
Trips on the heels of mortal day, ill spent,
Whose memory, conscience-prod, incontinent.
Come with me, Don Zeno, deep down the glen
Where birds build their tiny nests, and the wren
Will recite for us a legend story,
And the red-wing will chuckle in glory
To hear the magpie in its noisy clatter;
Then the whole feathered kingdom will chatter;
In grand chorus they'll join in joyous glee—
'Tis Nature's symphonic poem so free,
To make a leaden heart, which being rent
By some deep wound, in memory up-pent
Forget its reminiscent o'erhanging gloom
Mid diversions found, where Nature is groom.
This dame mother, a healer most divine,

Her sweet balm floats on breath of eglantine.
Yes, an eye through her the hand of God sees,
Unless blinded by some mighty disease,
A soul malady unyielding, stubborn,
And most pitiful in mortal forlorn
Having eyes, and seeing not, and ears plugged,
Heart ossified, and by venom drugged.

Those enmossed stones, color's toning rest
Becooling to languid mind, giving zest
To soul incarcerated, out-peeping,
Or romantic dreams, in fancy leaping.—
Yon begonia with odd brilliant leaves—
How dear in this Eden, in oozed crevices.
The prickly datura, with leaf dentated,
Here thrives, with poisonous pods satiated,
With narcotic juice, sleep-engendering;
And the cloven-hoofed satyrs dancing
By moon's pale streaks through foliage sifting
Awe inspiring, and grim shadows shifting.
Hark, the ring-dove is cooing so plaintive!
His mate is nesting her eggs genitive.
Oh, dear Nature, how lovely are thy ways,
And how melodious thy tuneful maze.
Thy dulcet muse, upon my heart doth fall
So gentle; and how I hear thy voice call
In clarion tones tender: thou dost speak
Imperial,—yet so cheering to the weak!
And then, how soothing thy matchless glory!
Thy visage bespeaks thy heart,—head hoary,
Revered for maternity's gen'rous deeds—
God's mediation, through flower and weeds,—
His exalted ways do uplift so grand
Each Zephyr, that nods a leaf, at His command.
In amazing wonderment the ripe fruit
Comes so be-seasoned sweet as Dian's lute.—
Don Zeno, wilt thou give me cooling drink
From that limpid fount, overflowing brink?

Thanks indeed,—how very kind and gallant!
Thou art a fine chaperon, so constant.
I love this picturesque cove so bland,
Which doth reflect that inimitable hand
Who made the earth, seas, stars, and blazing sun,
All things small and great, that swim, fly, or run.
The glinting blooms come forth at His loving,
Winter's blast cowers at His reproving;
Here's nothing to disturb our quiet rest,
Nor is there aught up-risen in my breast
To mar this sweet day so divine indeed;
I feel in my lone heart that I need
Thee, as the buds need the sun's teasing kiss.
Mortal happiness should not go amiss;
We should learn of birds and vine-clad bowers,
And harmony's reign in tiny flowers,
Indigenous here so ideal, sweet,
Lavishly out-strewn, broadcast, at our feet.
Thus the cycle of things so onward glides,
Each star in the heavens blue, joyous rides
Its Pegasus,—snorting horse,—at whizzing gait,
Mayhap shouting a halloo to jealous mate,
As it wings graceful curves, on foaming steed
In trackless space, kisses thrown—sighs do heed.
Our neighbor, the moon, peeks o'er the back fence,
When she's full of hilarious mirth, hence
As mellow and plump as pumpkin; so huge
Up-mounts the sky, a mirage, in subterfuge.
Strange, Don Zeno, the moon is always full;
She's e'er a crescent, sharp as horns of bull,
And she's newborn every day, my dear;
She's on her last quarter each day in the year.
This may seem a riddle, but it's the truth:
Ask an astronomer, dear reader, youth.
Therefore few things seldom are what they seem,
But that does not make them false, nor a dream
Less real because we know it's mind's fancy.
Oft we speak of things subjective, tangibly.

We say sky; that's not exactly what's meant
Than saying "I thought" for dream's consequent.
My thoughts now are up-buoying, full-orbed:
I'm beginning to feel things; I'm absorbed
In deep philosophies, which come unaware.
Thy morning rhymes, and mien so debonair
Still ring in memory, as linnet's notes,
My soul so full, up-brimmed; and it floats
In a shoreless sea, in a rudderless bark.
My obscure sight sees fleeing shadows dark.
Ah, yes, I see it all now, lucid, plain.
My mind clear, my good feelings I regain.
Joyous days like this may never come soon
To me; I'll thee tell in due season—the moon
Supine, and Hesperus, bear me witness
When I outvent my secret—canst thou guess
Thy destiny?—Ah, never fear; silence
Is oft golden indeed, and penitence
May kiss the feet of virtue; yea, its lips
Warm and sweet. Her tenacious arm grips
Virtue's virgin spirit; and unsmutched,
For penitence, is virtue's sister, touched
By conscience; that manifest anxiety
Comes to all, who listen to piety.
Dost thou, Don Zeno, hear the desert swells
Neptune's voice in potent rills; where pebble shells
Gleam, pearly, from bottom, a virgin pink;
And golden fishes, whose eyes never wink,
Lave sportive, over bright sands, opal tints
Giving dalliance charming, rose pale glints,—
Offering gems royal, and ruby reds
Which beckon to us from their oozing beds?
Yea, these silent gorges may yet betimes
Give gold more lavish than Solomon's mines;
And, too, mayhap, rich in sapphires blue;
Also large eyed diamonds, glittering new:
Yes, and stones of pigeon's blood, dainty art,
As red as the dove's breast; with bleeding heart.

This trancing maze so immortal doth seem,
 Yet on earth am I, or a blissful dream
 Hath borne me hence to fairy mountain tarn,
 Or I see through strange eyes; woof of this yarn,
 Which I'm thus weaving, in fancy's shuttled loom,
 Fabrics visionary, silken purple, bloom,
 With which to veil my prisoned identity
 So to hide my romantic entity.

Meantime, be not gloomed so sad, Don Zeno.
 My tale, forsooth, may fascinate thee so;
 Leastwise, thou shalt know the whole story clear
 From a pure female heart, which thou shalt hear
 And judge, like thou wouldst judge a ripened peach
 Sent thee from sweet Dian's orchard beach.—

Now dear, over the leas let's go hying,
 Chasing butter-flies, by fleckled wings flying,
 In idle fancy dipping up and down,
 Basking in sunbeams: blue, green, gold and brown;
 So to dry the glaucous on gauzy wings—
 Symbol of beauty, from memory springs.
 The faun and satyr, in revel-sporting feats
 Rouse the dreaming hare; in hopping bounds he re-
 treats

Across the fenny marsh. The frothy clouds
 Sailing under the blue—huge ghosts in shrouds!
 The roving stag here comes for cooling draught,
 When eluding the yelping hounds, un-caught.
 The wild turkey haunts these ideal woods,
 And bellowing buffalo doze, chewing cuds,
 In gregarious bands and browsing herds:
 This the paradise for all singing birds—
 Vultures, too, wing over, seeking dead game,
 And cougar lurks for blood, for self and dame.

That bed of blue bonnets smiling serene,
 Harbingers of spring—each flower a queen
 Of some silent heart, to whom a fond sigh
 Is heaved: and suave genuflections comply

With floral forms, in flowery kingdom,
Where all is love, and none grouchy or grum,
And joy reigns in each bud that heaven sends,
And each strives to emit breath of sweetest blends.

I love to recline 'neath the hawthorn tree;
It's amusing to watch the honey-bee,
As it wooingly sips its tiny sup
From each swaying flower and buttercup,
Carrying rich pollen to mother queen:
A more devoted son was never seen!
He toils his life away for her winter's keep,
For during cold, dark days, nothing but sleep,
And general planning by the social hive
For the next summer's task, that it may thrive;
Hoarding sweets during the blooming season
For man to wantonly filch without reason,
Ne'er counting the arduous work and cost
In love's labor from early spring till frost.
For thou knowest a working bee's dear life
Is only six weeks of laborious strife:
That in this time's period, his wings of gauze
Are worn out in labor's honored cause,
Valiantly doing love's duty, alas!
Ere he must into eternity pass,
And thereby guard 'gainst being a disgrace
To the noble honey-gathering insect race;
Collecting for her majesty bread and meat—
None which he, himself, ever lives to eat.
Therefore like all things earthly he soon goes
On last foraging buzz, 'mid pink and rose,
Ne'er to return, but helpless falls a prey
To some hungry bird's crow, before the day
Is half flown into night's shadowy span—
Its little spirit gone to join its god Pan,
In Elysian fields of blooming rye
Where all good little bees go, when they die.
A moral lesson from this might be learnt,

Considering the time by man that's burnt,
Vainly seeking for honey, not bee's make,
Which he finds bitter—a delusive fake.
When deep he quaffs, with hot, feverish lips,
Then the dregs of remose he humbly sips.

Before Vesper's twinkling eye in the west
Wakes from sleepy throne, my secret shall rest
In thy heart, for weal or woe. It may grieve
Thee little, my dear, when I unweave
My tale in temperaments simple, slow,
And in poetic mood, mild, sweet, and low.
And deep it must sink in thy inborn soul
Grown somewhat limp under doubt's control.
But here, nature's holy visage and groves
Apropos—her sweet spirit, Flora, roves,
And from her wings ambrosial dew distill,
Inspiring our hearts; with nectar upfill,
Burnishing our prayers, brightening love's blaze
Of immortality, that mysterious maze.
Then withal, a lucid wave of joy mute
Comes rolling—high-crested, murmuring lute,
Imparting a trembling, vibrant bliss
To the muse of verse: to my soul a kiss,
Healing the wounds in mortal dominion
Soaring on memory's golden pinion.
My Don Zeno, My Adonis, liege lord,
Listen to my heart's palpitating word,
And tender soever, so brimming with care
Behold my self-commitment unaware.
It may sound mysterious at this hour,
Coming inspired; my secret dower,
My peculiar endowment, divine,
Clings tenacious like tendrils of woodbine,
Exuding honey-dew and fragrant sweets
With witching magic, my bosom so beats
In measured rhythm, enchanting wonderment
Of love tones, life's savoring condiment;

Giving relish, as summer clouds give rain;
Oozing into my vibrant soul's refrain;
Uplifting and exalting to heights boundless—
To my mother, Desrina, I love and bless.
Yes, sweet Desrina of whom thou didst hear,
Telling me of her tragic girlhood dear,
Gliding down yon river! Now I unbare
My burden to thee I've in secret borne,
Upon this marble altar now be sworn.
Having solemnly vowed to keep as gold
My secret inviolate, and unfold
To no mortal, not even to thy mother,
I then create thee counselor, brother
Of my heart—and all things in thee confide,
Knowing quite full well nothing shall betide
Thy holy promise, to whom thou dost make
A faithful pledge, and sacred oaths take;
And with such sweet patience and manly mood
Thou didst hear me in prophetic solitude:
Did not complain, mouth, curb, gainsay, or fret,
Thy spirit with meek despondency beset.—

Look! Don Zeno, that stony mountain ridge,
Grand view of distant farms and sylvan bridge!
Hear the deep murmur of the swaying pines,
Huge giants towering into vaulted confines
Heavenward: they pierce the eternal blue
That crowns them titanic, in the mirky hue.
The eagles above them can scarcely fly.
They hoist their lordly heads into the sky,
Hedged hereabouts by copsewood, craig, and cliffs.
Some psychic power in my breast uplifts,
And memories sacred reach my soul's fire,
Enshrining love, that beckons me higher.
Yes, through golden screens I yet see heaven,
Where great hosts of white swans, in flocks driven
By angels, in wondrous magic's glow,
Shrouded in spider's linen, white as snow.

The moon supine, I see her silver horn
Cross the vacant azure; she seems new born,
Her lone orbit in the star's streaming light,
Spanning heedless above, a dizzy height,
Over the dark, billowy ocean's roar
In phenomenal flight, like eagles' soar—
Committed purblind to the eternal deep,
'Neath engulfing heaven ever to sleep
On fathomless bed of dreaming solitude,
Her silver locks in nectar dews imbued.
This crimson glow is love, abashing my cheek.
How deep this blush! Canst thou solder heart's leak
By contiguity of thy aching breast
Or by generous balm, hope's bequest?
Sweet as the honeysuckle's yawning breath
Floating on twilight zephyrs across the heath.
How mellow the spring of this verdant zone!
Wouldst thou be happy, dear, my love to own,
And wouldst my heart ever be thy earth shrine?
My protection be to thee a charge divine?
I'm sent, Don Zeno, from the skies to earth.
I came not, my dear, by a mortal birth,
But in a golden chariot here drawn
By twelve lily-plumed swans, and a snow-white
faun
On the track of two parallel sunbeams
Piercing earthward, like pure gold from their
gleams.
I've come to pay back earth, in kind, her gold,
For my mother was taken from this wold.
Yes, Desrina, dear mother, with loving eyes
Is watching me tenderly, blessing my sighs.
I love her so, and my father Eros too,
For they are the dearest in heaven's blue
Beyond.—And for the pure love I bear them
I consented to become a mortal gem,
And thus I sprang to this glorious world,
Or rather by grace, sumptuously hurled,

Which I so love and bless with my power,
And thee, Don Zeno, with prince's dower,
Love's minion; and Eros and Desrina bless
And glorify thee, and honor and confess
Thy name as my affianced consort, bound
By the ties of earth and sky, and thus crowned
With garlands bright from a supernal bed
Which shall ever festoon thy manly head.
Thou know'st now whence I came, and my mystic
tale:

Bind it to thy memory, and ne'er fail
To keep sacred as my e'erlasting love.
But I'm not the only one from above:
Many angels on earth, most beauteous fair—
I feel their radiance, in magic air.
As steel feels the presence of loadstone
My heart feels polarity of virtues strown,
In measures of rhythmic agitation,
And sweet harmony in diapason.

Don Zeno, the angel at the river's falls
In turbid flow, was Desrina; her calls
Still I hear, and ever see her sweet face
So immortal and full of divine grace.
She rose from water with swans eleven
With golden wings; returned straightway to heaven
When seeing danger from me driven.
After she ascended a flaming meteor
Crossed the sky, emitting rainbow hues afar,
Causing a deep, solemn uproaring sound,
Reminding of huge bird that shook the ground,
As told by Indian legend, years ago,
When the bird took little Desrina on
To the royal heavens, beyond pale moon,
To Eros, the god of love, who did soon
Win her admiration, and all her love.
Now Eros and Desrina, models above,
Beyond the earth's wingèd clouds and chilly rain,

Where Jovian thunderbolts, music's strain,
Sweet and melodious as Triton's horn
Blown from briny back of sea-unicorn.

Yes, beauty is the heritage of love
On her throne, but love not exalt to prove
That smiling beauty doth at her side pose,
While love's wings hover beauty's budding rose;
Hence sweet love and beauty go hand in hand—
Beauty then is her child, at love's command,
Because beauty is objective alone,
While love is intangible, on her throne.
The parent of beauty then is love divine,
Whether on regal throne or at her shrine.
Yea, love in rags can make beauty a star,
Heaven's emblem—immortal scimitar—
The earth refulgent, but unlike Venus,
Queen of all the heavenly stars. For us
Her silken gleams ever blend most superb,
She smiles upon earth sweet as blooming herb.
Her eyes twinkle such admirations bland,
For the honor of her terrestrial hand:
The loveliness of Venus yet untold!
My flattering rhymes her beauty ne'er unfold;
'Tis beyond my stammering tongue's flow
For Venus' light, heaven's immortal glow.
Her forests bestrown with sweetest flowers,
The glens and coves the leafiest bowers,
Her song birds sing the angels' sweetest tunes.
Ah! she has the brightest, most witching moons.
Her rills sparkle like nectar's champagne
Bubbling from the mountain's copious vein:
Her fishes of most charming colors bold—
Scales of amethyst, ruby, pearl, and gold,
Fins and eyes lucent; their bedazzling pride
And argent perch reposing so magnified:
Her cressy cliffs the dream of all fair nymphs,
In shady nooks. The love Cupids for a glimpse

Linger mid bright flowers and gauzy wings
Of varied butterflies, sipping things.
Thou, Don Zeno, should taste a Venus date,
Its flavor most fragrant, the palate to sate.
Yes, dear, the planet Venus is the gem
Of the bright-eyed twinklers; a diadem
In the eternal heavens is her crown
Of glory, gleaming like diamonds down,
From her dizzy throne entwining her glows
And blessing earth with her prayers; and rainbows,
Curved beyond the beauty of Jupiter's gate,
So arched and begemmed, like Dian's temple great:
Her zephyrs the delicate air, sweet incense, fraught,
With odors convivial, and sighs caught,
As sweet as the dreams of love's own minions
Flying on heart's tempest and gold pinions,
By the light of refulgent clouds blending
A memory's fair beauty ne'er ending,
But e'er rising as the ghost of lost love
From capacious heart, silent as nesting dove.
Ah! yes, on my birth planet, queen of pearl,
Youth and beauty kiss love's feet, and unfurl
Her saintly wings, and shower balmy dew
Gentle, on all, small and great. Hold this true!
I dare say, for this is no phantasy
Of the mind, to confound earth-charms, or to play
With words and odious platitudes vain;
But earth-love a mere shadow, and beauty slain
By jealous envy, and covetous eyes;
No twinkle of love here, but that soon flies
So outraged by ravaging, wolfish time.
The flowers here bespeak its dearth—sublime
Is its power on Venus to so blend
Its divine spirit to unselfish end.
The seas of my native orb, in crystal waves
Roll, in swells of harmony and semi-quaves.
The climbing sweet grape and lush muscadine
Perfume the meadows, like breath of pure wine;

Her ambrosial sweets so fragrant withal,
From myriad fruits ripe from May till fall.
Nimble deer, antelope, and fleet gazelle
Play hide and seek, on blooming asphodel.
No savage beasts on Venus lurk for blood,
Nor snake, satanic emblem, in danky mud.
Satan, the prince of darkness, dare not land
On that Star,—'Twas ne'er smutched by red hand.
White plumèd swan of huge size, and peacocks gay
Bask, in mellow sunbeams, the livelong day,
Beautiful nymphs e'er young and candied sweet
Wreathing rich garlands, the love gods to greet.

Oh, dear orb! matchless in the trackless blue!
I bless thee, and my mother Desrina too.
Thou art mine own! I could not love thee more,
My heart steeped in thy pride since days of yore.
My prayers are my greatest comfort now.
I shall ne'er forget thee, nor cease to endow
Thee with my feeble blessings, while eloined
From thy benign grace; I hope to be subjoined
To thy love embalmed kingdom; I shall hope
And be happy on earth, though I may grope
In dark caves, as a lost spirit pining.
Tut! I'm happy, I'm dreaming, I'm dining
On sawdust, in aberration of mind
Crossing ragèd stream on floating logs untwined.
Yea, all flowers, buds, weed, and every plant
Magnified in beauty, and so fragrant
With such richness, to sting the sense of smell.
O happy spirit-land I love so well!
Because it lulled my soul to sweet rest
So dreamy 'mong eternal beauty blest;
Where all is peace and pleasantness divine,
And naught to mar, nor sorrow to pine;
Nor death to embrace, or trammel our joy;
Where every sound is music's sweet haut-boy,
Vibrating from standard pitch, high or low,

All animal voices harmonize, so
Perfectly symphonic with Nature's song:
The elephant's trumpeting, deep and long,
In sweet accord with nightingale's descant,
And the crickets evening song, vesper's chant,
In perfect octaves with lion's bass refrain,
Which in turn blends with linnet's sweet strain:
The panther's scream and the lamb's singing bleat
Conforming counterpoint, in concord's beat:
Likewise, the tints, all blending, so agree—
No discord in hues, shades, grass or leaf of tree:
The voice of nymphs one grand harmony
In prayer, song, or in frolicsome plays.
Thou then canst now divine the rhythmic lays
And feel the soothing charms, and visions see
To lure thy soul; with her heaven majesty.
Dear Venus, I soon thy celestial sheen
Can see, on thy golden throne, as young Queen,
Or as beauty bride, adorned innocent,
In sumptuous regality content
To meet her honored groom's coequal hand,
In holy wedlock, a true lover's wand.
I shall look for thy twilight kiss supreme
Emerging from pale oblivion. 'Twould seem,
As thou peepest at the earth when the sun
Is shedding its good-night benediction,
And our song birds have homeward flown to rest,
To comfort faithful mates in hatching nest.
When the tired earth begins to yawn for sleep,
Then thou emergest from the trackless deep.
Fleet as meteor through unfathomed space
Thou dost wing on thy destined journey's race,
E'er duteous to thy honored mission,
Patrolling heaven's ether, in transition.
I know thou canst my echoing prayers
Hear, so plain,—I'm thy daughter, who declares
Thy glory, and venerates thy precious youth
Eternal,—thy beauty a divine truth.

Strange to think thy golden pinions did brood
 My soul; and in memory's solitude
 I still gambol on thy blooming bosom,
 And drink nectarean juice, so welcome,
 Pouring from thy opal founts immortal,
 A glittering and gleaming ritual.
 In my wingèd fancy I muse supine
 On thy Elysian lawns green and fine,
 Where the daffodils and daisies' scent
 Perfume the ozone in magic wonderment.
 Yes, thou hast wonders the earth never knew—
 Jovian-brewed love, to make all hearts true.
 I long to see thy harvest's golden grain
 Swaying near the rose-scented meadows and lane,
 And autumn's dazzling tints and shaded hues
 Blushing with conscious pride; and lambent dew,
 Nature's sacred sanctum and holy head,
 Offering sweet incense from censer shed:
 O, Paradise that mortal eye hath seen,
 Heaven's outspread glory!—Thou begemmed queen,
 Showering love on all who kneel at thy shrine,
 Embalming the soul that shall cease to pine,
 Engendering life; at thine own command
 Immortality by thy royal hand
 Given all whom thou dost bosom retreat
 'Neath cool, enchanted bowers, blooming sweet—

O, thou everlasting and silent orb!
 Thou dost my mind thoroughly absorb!
 I shall yet pay thee some sacrificial meed:
 For thy maternity I'm grateful indeed.
 I'd love to know what thy dower shall be
 In Heaven's non-ending eternity;
 And what princely star in the firmament
 Thy love can win? What Cupid's honeyed dart
 rent
 Or wounded thy sweet feminality,
 Or what monarch of less regality

Would presume to sue for thy gracious love?
Hast thou sweetheart immaculate above?
Or thou may'st be widow of some pale globe, dead,
And so phlegmatic, like stoics of old.
Then how long since wert thou to this orb wed?
Dost thou yet, with tears, bathe his whited tomb
cold?

Don Zeno, I hope my exalting ode
To Venus did much to inwardly thy load
To loose; and happiness real, I pray
Shall lure thee into Neptune's cooling bay,
Ere we adieu at closing of this day.
For I much yet may furthermore impart:
I desire to pluck earth-sorrows from thy heart,
Placing new lute in thy grasp, with gold strings,
At thy magic sweep lyric as thrush sings.
And thy songs shall all be new, and blending
As many pure wines, with incense outsending.
And thy faith in me shall be as huge lion
For strength, and as lofty high as Orion,
Sparkling in the zenith, love's good night,
As if 'twere full golden, a piloting wight.
In the calm Heaven's awing solitude,
Deep as infinity, no mortal e'er construed,
By profound meditation of the mind,
The extravagance of space unconfined,
Beyond the bourne of finite destinies
A wondrous mystery in embosomed skies.

I feel a deep gravity upon my soul.
Endless immortality before me stands,
On which I pillow my dauntless faith whole,
And I beckon to its outstretched hands.
Dearest Don Zeno, Thou shalt be my stay;
I divine to lead thee mid mossy glades
'Mong mellow hues and ripened fruits far away,
Down gladdened streams, love's richest shades,

Where we may muse supine and build temples
grand.

And sweet siren music shall sate our ears.
In this sacred bower we'll understand
Nature's holy communion, and love's tears
Shall cease to bestain the impassioned cheek.
And tenderest fairies shall nurse our wants:
Sparkling fountains of nectars they shall seek
And find in excessive flows, in these haunts
Sublime—beyond poet's rusty pen to tell;
Or if tipped with pure diamond neb,
Dipped into poesy's enchanted dell,
Then 'twould trip and stammer in mazy web.
Yes, it beggars description, tongue, or pen,
Where the spirit of Nature's majesty reigns
In sweet love-knots; and brings our souls in ken
And contiguous to its sacred fanes.
Now Don Zeno, my mind, like the eagle free,
Flying on wings of lightning's majesty,
My heart unfettered by dark leprous sin,
And my soul is fearless, the right to win.
It pines for Venus' emerald fields vast,
Whose topography by mortal un-mapped,
Where the goddess of youth, by beauty surpassed:
For the elements of youth so wrapped
In beauty's Hymeneal robe, tender as dreams
Of Neptune for Amphitrite's virgin hand,
Yet in covenant of her heart's own themes,
Whence delicatest rhythms sweet and bland.

Ah, yes, as sure as the vaulted blue so high
Doth span the earth and seas, so crowned thereby,
Verily my destiny is fixed in thine,
As true as the words of poets divine;
My terrestrial mission, by angels blest,
And Heaven's portals offer benign rest.
A rosy charm hangs about thy face;
My heart for thee grows with potent grace;

My glorious childhood the gleaming past,
Now with mortal touch, blending fervency fast,
In my blooming soul, a flaming desire
For animate love to which I aspire.
And my heaving breast, with opiate ease
Now calm, as by hemlock draught, my doubt flees
Into oblivion's dark, dismal cave
Where the wingèd Psyche never flies
And Phoebus glints not, through sable skies:
Where ebon clouds their rayless mantles wave,
And black spectres grope by candle's light dim;
Dance noiseless, in sportive dalliance grim.

I now see this mortal life like pure rose
Oped. Its fragrance inspiring out-flows:
Its benign influence, balm to heart sighs.
I no more my mind artfully disguise.
Thou art dear, Don Zeno! a perfect man—
An Apollo in physique; and great Pan
Doth admire thy mien and will bless thy herds,
For he is the god of fish, beast, and birds.
O, I'm full of joyous gladness; my sun
Hath dawned; my visions true, yea, I've begun
My destiny's visitant grace. I could dance
For happiness! Who would elude romance,
Coming full orb'd, where poesy doth mount
Love waves, that spring from the heart's trickling
fount?

Sweeter than breath of violets exhaled,
I've tasted divine love, so brimful-pailed.
My sinless soul doth glow like molten brass;
I'm in the bosom of earth's sacred mass.
My songs shall bring thee to that golden gate
Whose portal opes into a richer fate,
Where angels sing such melodious themes,
That sate the nerves, and fill my heart with bright
gleams
Of blissful immortality that doth shine

From that supernal kingdom superfine;
Where the chimes of eternal love sweetly ring,
And with silver tongues the nightingales sing.

Though 'tis blessed to be mortal, and feel
The up-swelling of the heart; yea, the zeal
Of new-born love, that steals gentle and mute
Into the bosom, soft as magic lute:
And thereby gains a fore-smack, and a thirst
For that pure ray immortal that doth burst
Anon, upon the meek and languid breast.
This love makes angels pine; they have confest
Jealousy for mortal beauty, and lives
So full of fervent passion, in their shrives
They oft acknowledge, to that bitter end;
And many divine prayers they upsend,
In meekness of heart, for mortal life benign,
So to taste this nectarean wine—
Such ineffable relish, born above,
Crowning those betided in throes of love,
Which comes so exulting, and oft befriends
A drooping soul, that to sweet beauty bends,
So tenderly inviolate. It lures
Dreamily into green bowers, though abjures
All shades of vice, that easily uptrip
Mortal proneness, which lands in Satan's grip.

I shall soon be engulfed, Don Zeno, deep
Into a mystic shrine, unfathomed leap.
I love to stand upon this misty throne,
Where I can brood on things psychic alone,
And with vision unclouded, so peaked high,
My mind undaunted, I see wingèd bliss nigh
For you and me, hovering so fire-pure,
In beauteous plumage, my eyes can't endure
The suspense, or refrain from a closer view
Of its very self, I see things so new.
I desire to embrace this bliss, and quaff

My thirsty fill—I'm too happy to laugh.
I dote upon the tinting of these themes.
My hope sparkles bright like the rippling streams.
I hear sweet music's voice that sates the air,
And impounds love-tunes in the heart so fair;
And brings up sweet rosemary dream's content
To my memory that so noiseless went
O'er mossy cliffs and into winding wood
Down green slopes on that bright morn when I
stood

Contemplating on thee, Don Zeno dear,
As thou slept serene upon flowers near.
That memory now comes back, with a smile
More softly, as I meditate the while
On thy rhyming emotions yet bottled
In my heart, like picture films unmottled,
Moving like a great panorama grand
Before my vision: I behold thy hand
Outstretched to me, so entreating and kind.
Ah! seldom a mortal maid doth e'er find
A paragon in the image of man,
And pure love so paramount that great Pan
Blesses thy flocks and manhood, and conveys
To me thy sweet munificence. Yet rays
Of a divine glint still cling to my breast;
Their soft gleams radiate my heart. A rest
Soothing within pervades my conscious pride
And opens my soul like a musk-rose wide.
To a golden field of ripened fruit we seek.
Here on earth we can do good; full-hearted, speak
To the cheerless, and by our lives dispel
Sorrows from the tearful eye, and quell
The aching breast. As we onward must speed,
Let our minds be full of joy, and take heed
That in meekness we go most humble.
We'll bestow flowers, that none may stumble,
Nor the poor chide; but we'll commend and cheer

All with whom we meet, and unfold so clear
Our mission pure; like the voice of Neptune,
Ringing on the ocean waves, as the moon
Climbs out of the surging deep, full to her brim,
And scales the sky; while fleeting clouds bedim
The smile of her face and classic reverence.
Yea, soon, my dear, we will surely commence
Our fated destiny—the time is most pregnant
With opportunity, the blooms fragrant,
And our lives full of hope's vintage so sweet.
E'en love's memory kisses beauty's feet.
Beauty meanwhile seeks votaries above,
While her vows are made to the god of love.
Now most noble Don Zeno, to my tale
Of flowery rhyme thou didst heed: and fail
Not to add smiling magic's tender eyes,
As we linger under whispering skies:
While the sun paints the west a golden hue,
And white clouds patrolling 'neath heaven's blue,
Their shadows, so faint, growing more slender,
The distant azure now blends so tender;
And the nesting birds soon their evening lay,
That good-night vesper, to departing day
Chanting in many keys their songs and pipes,
Calling home, each, its mate. The long-billed snipes
Too, betimes, wend homeward, on lazy wing,
As the night birds wake, and begin to sing.
All things in life have some duty to perform:
Some birds take delight weathering the storm,
While others, like mortal cowards, with fear
Hide in affright, till the sky 'bove is clear.
Yes, dear, upon this glorious earth we've met!
I'll tell thee something more soon, but not yet
Will I make final reply, good forever.
We can linger some time, ere we sever
To meet again on the hopeful morrow.
I know thou wilt disenthral that sorrow
From thy manly bosom, for on this mount

I'll meet thee betimes at morn, by yon fount,
Or I may tell thee this day—yes, I'll tell
Thee true, this holy day—and thy heart quell
Or more rage. I have purpose in delay.
Thou must know, a woman's love is no play.
But be truly patient, and treachery
Will ne'er sting thy soul, nor tears well thine eye.
Be sure thou art true, withal, not extreme
With fault finding, and not ready to deem
Others wanton, and unworthy, before thee,
Though in great doubt as to their gold purity.
Is thy heart undefiled,—white as ethereal snow,—
As crystal as a dewdrop? Dost thou know?
Ah, dearest, be not taken by surprise!
Thou art near perfect, yet thou canst not rise
Higher than mortal; a rill, though limpid pure,
Cannot rise above its source. Hence be sure
Thy heart-fountain ripples transparent—clear:
Then let thy speech be golden, and all fear
Shall leave thee. Yet let not thy silent tongue
Freeze to thy palate: it's a tuneful harp 'mong
Thy friends for good, at the opportune time,
Either in prose, blank verse, or lyric rhyme.

Lo, yon clouds, like mountains in the east-sky,
I see great beasts at the horizon high!
Large and small, I behold a caravan
Of soldiers and generals: they now span
The valley and peaks, a grim phalanx bold,
A multitude in the heavens untold.
Yes, I discern the army of great Mars
Mustering soldiers for war, mid the stars
To fight against "The prince of the power
Of the air." Satan out of his dower
Roves by stealth, or in great temper flies
Beyond his prescribed pale: in rage he tries
To invade the domains of Desrina,
My own mother's realm. Yea, and Diana,

The dear virgin-goddess of love divine,
Reigning from her pearl and gold-gemmed shrine,
Hath seen this devil, suave with brazen face
Flying in pomp across forbidden space.
But our god Mars doth make Satan quiver.
At the sight of truth he begins to shiver.
He's a cringing coward—ne'er faces the right;
Doing evil versute under shroud of night.

Yes, my dear, let's go up this mount higher,
Where we can behold the sunset's gold pyre.
The clouds seem in family devotion:
They pause near the sun's flaming altar. The ocean
Sends up tints of her reflected majesty glad
In good-night waves, to such a parting sad.
Leaving his throne, and his power disenthral,
Each cloud shoots up a little silken pall.
Likewise, each has its distinct color streak
Gradating from base to towering peak—
Fitting adieu to the dethroned king of day!
And at his setting I must hie away,
By twilight's mellow and lingering glow,
Before sluggish night her black mantles throw
Athwart my lone path, as I wend unseen
My journey mid flowers and leaves so green.
Yea, Don Zeno, I know thy inmost love
For me is mortal-pure, and far above
The love, so called, from selfishness brewed,
Or that for hire, bought, and oft, alas! rued.
If its price should take heel, or evaporate,
No earth judge can this love adjudicate.
I have no dower of glittering gold
To offer at thy feet; I'll not be sold;
But in love I'm endowed beyond measure:
My wealth can not be gauged by earth-treasure.

Dear, I know of no sweeter destiny
Than what is nigh—to it my soul would fly.

I'll be young forever, like a rippling spring:
To a zenith high my spirit shall cling.
My youth shall not be gnawed on by time's teeth;
My eyes shall never look upon sin's sheath,
Nor meet it 'neath the blue delicate sky.
I'm not for death—I'm too happy to die.
Death comes by sin, as sure as the night scuds
From the sun's dawn, or as sure as the buds
Are called forth by his beam's gentle breathing.
True, as in mortal life, all are wreathing
A flowery gird; some idol to gown,
Or some goal to cap with ambition's crown.

The pinions of my will now so full-fledged,
My heart is plumed, my desires firmly wedged
To this earth, and to thee, dear Don Zeno!
Yea, to thee, first of all, I came, I trow.
My boon is to be happy; and elate,
Not selfish happiness, carnal ingrate.
My cravings for Desrina, my mother,
Are now more appeased, and sadness further
Eloigned from my new-born joys and hopes.
My mind no more takes long flights and elopes
Into the fathomless heavens, sublime,
Like carrier pigeon; weary returns betime—
My soul up-strung like a "Strad" violin,
That awaits wizard touch. Then sweet themes 'gin,
And e'en notes more lyric than these may rise,
Enamored with all passioned melodies:
Swelling higher, and higher still, up-send
Harmonies that with angel voices blend,
Charming all beauty, like opiate sops,
Or filling its eyes, with rheum's crystal drops,
Reminding of operas gone, and scenes sped,
Without hope of returning whence they fled.
Some lurking memories that snare our muse
Oft without rhyme, our false idols diffuse
A noxious music, from poisoned lyre's throat,

Which haunt our wakeful nights, with dreams that
 gloat
The eyes, and rack the brain with nightmare's daze.
Visionary figments; a mind's fitful maze.
There's many a fair maid to deception wed,
And her love-amperes vibrate conscience dead.
If our sincerity like electric volts
Could be tested, the heart would have less jolts.
The elements of beauty are divine,
Feeding on love's ambrosia, so benign.
Come then, hand in hand, with me. We'll ascend
The topmost pinnacle, and so transcend
Our minds, in region's eternal abyss.
No! No!—I'll not give thee my soul kiss,
So ill timed—'tis with my heart thou wouldst play!
But, for me pull yon lot of jonquils gay,
Now, upon this granite peak, enmossed green
The last rays of the sinking sun can be seen.
The Mayflowers below us are sighing
On every side; they're on us spying.
Ah, what a happy place from which to view
A glorious landscape, and the sun, adieu!
Here we'll kneel in quiet evening prayer,
Remember to give thanks for day so fair.
I love this mount! Let's here on the morn come.
O! shall we meet in love's Elysium?
Don Zeno, I desire thine eyes to run
The heavens, to left of the setting sun,
At this angle. I'll go yonder to pray
'Neath the huge o'erhanging cliffs, so to sway
My soul in silence, to thee, mortal prince.
I may be thine, let my prayer convince;
When thou canst the glint of my natal home
See with thy hazel orbs, then for me come.
I mean, when thou beholdest the evening star
Venus, from her golden throne so far,
Come to me; yea, dear, in haste to me fly,
And thy answer to thy day's colloquy

Will be in my face. If full of glory
Thou canst see, thus thou wilt know the story;
If my visage collied as opacous night,
Thou canst meekly discern the answer right,
Yes, Don Zeno, now watch whilst I pray.
My love may be for thee: why dost thou fray?
Sacred is the soul that's so confiding,
Blessed the tongue that bears a good tiding!
Truly, when thou canst Vesper's twinkling smile
Behold, I'll tell thee yea or nay: the while
Be calm, do not tremble, and so agazed.
Thou shouldst be full of trust, with faith upraised.
Do not so mournful sigh, mortal man.
Thee will I bless—thine eyes the azure span.
Would by magic wand, from this bud, could make
Fair maid for thee, like myself, than to break
Thy languorous heart, and drive to lover's death!
Thou hast truly said there's but one thin breath
Between the dead and the happy living.
Be therefore more generous and forgiving.
I go hence to commune with those above,
And petition to graciously approve
My carnal choice, in thy manly heart;
And my dear mother will divinely impart
To my soul what I can do; I'm her child.
She will come to me in this forest wild.

Yes, my sweet mother, Desrina, will guide
My languid breast, and let no ill betide.
At her touch, my spirit buoyant will soar,
And she will on me elixir of life pour.
But no lead can fathom this human fear,
Yet I hear tuneful songs of birds so near,
Which cheer me at this grave and crucial hour,
And assure to me my virgin power,
Increasing with enchantment full blown,
And so intertwined my spirit hath grown.
O, thou thronèd Dian, goddess of marriage

Divine! direct my lone path, and assuage
This anxiety up-pent, so mortal.
I must forget I'm from heights imperial.
Though nymph indeed, 'twere from Venus I came.
I'm like ring-dove, meek, way-worn, and wing-lame.
But on great Jove my heart I now resign;
And Neptune with beauteous eyes, that shine
With sparkling fire, and flame, lighting my fate.
They smile on my soul; in patience I wait.
Now, Don Zeno, I hie to yon bower.
I'll pray in mind heart and spirit. The hour
Speeds nigh: the sun is now most half to bed;
Its blinking eyes mighty golden tears shed
At parting from many beauteous scenes.
Soon indeed, my dear, the celestial sheens
Of my orb, Venus, and her lambent blend
Through heaven's blue abysm, she will out-send
Her mighty searchlight, to see if all's well,
And to earth, her sister, where few angels dwell.
Be then at thy tower—a soulful task!
Angels may serve thee, if thou art steadfast,
And pure in mind, and trusting, and forswear
Thy potent gloom, and that princely smile wear
At this bewildering hour, so intense,
In watching for a fateful ray, from thence.

The vaulted heavens I now see begemmed
And festooned for some honor's diademed,
The coronation of some beauty queen,
Or the celebration of some holy scene
Commemorating some sacred romance
Above—where all things imbued in fragrance
Of purest wine—my vision's scope so fine.
Don Zeno, I see things truly divine,
And by this unexpected glory dazed,
I'm so happy now, my buoyancy raised.
All this ethereal grandeur streaming
May be for our good fortune gleaming.

The firmament now full of fantastic wings,
Of butterflies huge, whose brilliancy flings
An opal dazzle, from the sun's decline.
From these flecked wings, as large as swans supine,
Or as broad as mountain eagle's pinions,
Yet more uplifted, by spirit minions—
Behold, the dome of heaven now upscreened,
In gold, silver, and ruby blends, so sheened
By these wingèd figures, immortal tints.
Wherefore, Don Zeno, these supernal glints?
Across the void and milky way they span;
They're drilling, an edict's floating ban,
Mayhap to interdict, and our union foil.
Heaven be praised, they gracefully recoil;
And now, fading fast from my psychic view,
Now there's no cloud of sorrow 'neath the blue.
To yonder cliff I go, the shrine of Jove,
Where bleeding hecatombs and vows for love
Have been sacrificed, to Dian's holy priests.—
Here great Pan hath celebrated many feasts.
Adieu, dear Don Zeno, till thou shalt call
For me, after the eye of Hesperus doth fall
On thy wan and cadaverous count'nance.
Be brave, be a young god, for furtherance
Of thy faith and honor, in this good cause,
So swayed by fatality's iron jaws.
Ah, well! 'Twas to be so, I knew, I knew—
It's our destiny, Don Zeno! Adieu, Adieu.—

PORTINIA'S PRAYER

"O! most gracious gods, of ocean and skies,
And the beauty-goddess of love benign—
To the queen of heaven's own paradise,
And to holy angels, with hearts divine,
To my own mother, Desrina, I bend
My humble soul, in spiritual prayer;
In adoration of love, I commend
To thee my mortal cares, and from hands fair

I ask blessings from every throne above:
I have offended none I need to be blest.
Pour upon my earth-pilgrimage thy love!
By grace divine, give me supernal rest
And assurance of thy blessings so high.
Give me Don Zeno, and brim his soul full
Of love, wisdom, and righteousness, so I
Shall feel in him a magic force to pull
Earthward my ethereal longings felt.
Give him heart and gladness, meekness of dove.
O! thou exalted king, who hath power to melt
The ocean's ice-bergs—thou eternal Jove!
Baptize me in thy fount's pure lucid waves,
And engulf my terrestrial cares in the deep,
Or cast them into oblivion's caves.
O, give me thy immortal beauty's sleep!
And thou, Venus, goddess of love's dower,
Deified beauty, and female passion's flame,
Calm my heart, make me earth's sweetest flower.
Give me Don Zeno, my supremest aim.—
O! gentle Muse of love, cadence my pleas.
To the most high, on thy linnet-tongued lyre,
Evoke the Siren's strains, from southern seas,
In my name; to the gods of sacred fire.
Dearest Neptune, thou sea-born god of tides
And the emerald deep, who dost billows
Cradle, in thy mighty arms—thy sweet voice guides
And lulls thy sea nymphs, on frothy pillows,
To such blissful dreams that to earth 'unknown—
Soothe thou my sighing breast for Don Zeno!
Command that thy sonorous conch be blown,
In my honor, that I may hear and know
By its vibrant echoes, that I am blest
To the full, in thy distilled odors sweet,
And that my mortal purpose hath found rest,—
That Don Zeno is mine ever to greet.—
Sweet Dian, of Hymen's sacred altar!
Thou dearest virgin empress of heaven,

Impregn my soul with dew from thy holy star,
As love's heritage, from thy throne given.
Now, I see sceptered hands, and hear Siren tunes;
My dull brain reels, it vibrates; a voice calls.
I see luminous figures, and peerless moons.
My soul is rising! Behold now it falls
To silent earth; now, nymphs, and gods, in tears,
Marching to some slow rhythm, cadenced in sorrow
Like death's solemn tread, and mumbling fears.
My mind opacous I bid good-morrow
To all hope: I'm deaf, dumb, and spirit blind.
I smell the rancid breath of morbid hell:
My memory fled, my way can I find?
O Destiny, enshrine my soul! Farewell!
A delusion, a trance! The heavens ran
As melted wax, my inward heart by pity torn
It beseemed, by mighty leviathan
Swallowed, which then was very hell, forlorn.
'Twas a dream, a horrid dream! I lost my sense
And groped in woeful pain; hell's fangèd teeth
Seized my soul in vengeance, grim recompense.—
To heaven's saints divine I now bequeath
My trembling form, and benighted spirit cold.”—

Don Zeno! Don Zeno! My liege love god,
I'm thine—I tell thee, I'm thine! I make bold
To give my life and love's sceptered rod
In thy keeping, a warder, to fight Satan,
Who vainly tried to impeach my prayers.
Heaven be exalted, evermore; the ban
To our espousal now Dian declares
Revoked, void—I'm ensconced in thy arms.
Don Zeno, thou shalt be my mortal charms.

Book III

DON ZENO TO PORTINIA

Portinia! my shining star, my life's weal,
Do smile upon me! I'm transmuted; I feel
My sorrow hath like full fledged eaglets flown,
And tumultuous fears that I had sown
Now fused into love's pure educing gleams.
Ah, now I'll harp on harmonious themes,
My fondest hopes and prayers magnified.
My soul hath been by empyrean fires tried.
O goddess! from thy sacramental cup
Pour into my heart's void that balmy sup,
From the Pierian fount of poesy divine!
Dearest, I'm new-born from this sacred shrine.
My beauty-gem sparkles for me at last:
I'm holding her in my hungry arms fast,
Close to my heaving bosom that vibrates
My diaphragm—my kiss unsatiates
My smouldered passion; for thee, Portinia dear,
I've won! Thank holy Heaven, I've no fear;
Thou art mine henceforth, forever I know.
Those cerulean orbs ne'er looked quite so
Perfectly heavenly to me before.
I must anon tether my soul lest it soar
To blissful realms beyond this pale or sphere.
Portinia, how can love inviolate deter
My ardent heart's Heaven besprent desire
That's been by celestial flames set on fire?
And entuned to immortal spirits high
Whose exulting passions vibrate the sky,
And quiver my frame as an aspen leaf!
O think of my reward! I have slain grief,
The which is merely a carnal ailment,
Alien to the soul's platonic content.
Venus, thy godmother, bespeaks thy glory
To earth, e'en though it be in allegory—

Ethereal ensign, with fulgid embrace
Shines on mortal life with refining grace,
Sweet as melrose, though recumbent afar,
Yet with brilliance like glittering scimitar.
'Tis Vespers at eve-tide, to the love-lorn
Then a blessing benign at early morn.
O Venus, dear planet, with golden beams
Let me kiss thy virgin and resonant themes;
Or a molt-feather from thy magic wing
Shed on me, and my lyre up-tune to sing
Thy enchanting refrains! Such rhythms divine
On thy redolent breath waft, benign.
I shall e'er bless thee in memory's prayer
For committing Portinia, thy daughter fair—
And in divinest love that e'er shall live
In eternity, I'll endue and honor give,
By casting humble obeisance as I greet,
While showering heaven blooms at thy feet.
My joy, with that morbid fear un-commixed,
On thee dear, thy dower anon, I'll fix,
Bequeathing lands and cattle, rivaling
Job of old. Gold and silver I shall fling
Into thy coffer, as my faith to prove.
Would I owned the planet Jupiter above!
I would give it thee for wedding present,
And stock it with Dian's fawns to browse content,
On emerald lawns, and buds embryo,
And nibble the cliffs, that with verdance grow.
Its forests I would fill with nightingale,
With laughing thrush, bobolink, and piping quail,
And all feathered singers of heaven and earth.
Thy lily-white swans should be without dearth,
Swimming upon the lake's placid bosom,
With supreme grace—fish, gold and platinum,
With argent fins, and those with eyes of pearl,
Should lave supine, in the cool rills that swirl
And giggle over pebbles with opal
Tints, and rays refracted by prisms crystal.

And all flowers known to botany's kingdom
In Jupiter I'd brood with sweeter blossom.
The rose, the queen of heaven's own garden,
I'd magnify; and the desert and glen
For thee should diffuse an odor divine,
Alike for thy glory and honor fine.
'Bove all this, I have treasure surpassing—
A heart's pure love, that long hath been fasting
For its affinity, lo these many moons,
And hath been bottled up, so like cocoons
Which yield finest silk and damask raiment;
Likewise my heart shall produce in wonderment,
Since I'm thy purveyor, thy soul to bless.
O happy draught of vintage, from love's press,
My brain dizzy, as though on wine 'twere drunk.
O joy! 'Tis that brooding fear I have sunk.
I now see such sparkling bliss on viewless wing,
Why all sounds are harmonious, and sing
Rhythms divine, and heaven's breath on breezes
Cadenced in sweet diapason, that eases
And blandishes my once tumultuous heart,
And to it most sacred unctions impart.
O for voice of sirens, on Zephyr's throne,
That I might joyous sing, to thee, my own,
To thee, Portinia, yet in my arm's embrace,
While Hesperus looks on, with smiling face;
And sheds upon us Hymen's nectar dew,
That shall consecrate our love, and transfuse
Our spirits with virtue's grace, till we come
One in unison's purpose, as the hum
Of bees' gauzy wing in same hive maintain
A social harmony sweet and plain;
Thus awaiting spring buds to ope and ensue
With rich pollen, the bees to their thighs glue.

A buoyancy of pride dilates my soul!
I snap my finger at sorrow's grim scroll,
And thou, Beelzebub, of dissonant woe!

Thy blatant majesty so false must go.
Thou Satan, thy misspent endeavors slain,
Thou ebon-faced devil with grief's refrain—
Though incarnate, thou art of wisdom scant,
But full of vanity, concomitant,
Roving the earth seeking whom to ensnare,
The pure defaming, whose virtues most fair;
Glorying in vituperations truly base,
Thy venom outflung to the human race.
Thou victim of Heaven's revenging ire,
The prophets beshrew thee with oracular fire!
Angels of grace condemn thy cunning gaze!
The celestial realm loath that fuming blaze!
A saffron tail with green blemishing flame
Marks thy flight and thy everlasting shame.
Lucifer, thou sower of dismal doom,
Thy lying words blight virtue's bud and bloom,
And thy wings begrimed from hell's misery,
Where engulfed forever thou shouldst be.
How fraught with spiteful jealousy and bane
Thy pusillanimous stealth! Ne'er again
Shalt thou be permitted joy to embrace;
Thy cowering heart too mean to e'er face
The right, unless by perversion versute.
Thou hast the chicanery to try imbrute
The orisons of a saint, and to pry
Into very Heaven, from whence thou wert thrown,
Wherein thou didst try to set up thine own
Realm of monarchy. An imperial
Traitor thou didst aspire; therefore didst fall
To insuperable depth,—thy fuming thrall.
Thou wouldst be usurper to God's throne of grace.
Now a motley serpent without a trace
Of good in thy witching charms to deceive,
Once fully in thy power, no reprieve
Of mercy dost thou grant, nor gleam of truth
From those greenish gorgon eyes. Ah, forsooth,
The world is speedily finding thee out.

Like in Heaven, thou shalt be put to rout,—
Eternity too short for thy penance,
Thou dragon! Hades too good for thy manse.
But get thee hence, thou demon of despoils!
Why art thou not in hell with thy turmoils?
And thus eloin thy benighted spirit
Deep into that molten, sulphuric pit.

Portinia, dear, I'm o'erbrimmed with joy's bliss;
I am only half in the body: this
Mortality is from me ebbing fast.
My life seems transmuted into realms vast,
Where I glint celestial light's cheering blaze,
From whence all gloom hath been expunged and
razed.

My love is now growing to its full orb,
Heaven's music doth so my soul absorb.
Forthwith my golden visions come like a sundart
Into the arena of my swelling heart.
O loftiest muse with love's damask wing,
With pure gleesome joys I hear thy chanting.
Thy gentle rhythms grasp my being as night
Shadows lengthen indistinct beyond sight.
I now hear the sun's rays kiss the flowers
Adieus so sweet; now the zephyr's fond hours
Come anon to balm each bloom with a pearl;
And silently other bud's eyes unfurl
To prepare for Aurora's crowning dawn,
While dallies the moon's beamlets on earth's lawn,
With argent smiles; while I dream, and now feel
Thy magnetic soul into my heart steal
Softly, as the footfall of limping hare
Upon the virgin snow in the starlit air—

What a detergent thing is divine love
To a wounded spirit, tender as dove
Cooing to nesting mate near ocean's tide,
To lend cheer to genitive task, and guide

Its joys to the days when their callow brood
Will engross parental ties, supplying food.
A theme transporting is love's vesper song!
How inclined it is to placate a wrong!
How holy is its temple of devotion!
Where it reigns there is divinist lotion.
Its symptoms are self-denial, benign,
And its prayers to Heaven condign.
Yea, Portinia, I'm full of happiest pain!
My sacred gift, thou art from Venus' fane.
For earth, I love thee most too much I fear.
My heart shall be cogent, to give thee cheer.
What Eve's were to Adam thy smiles to me,
While my joys are divine you plainly see;
And my happiness is beyond measure,
To devote life to thee my greatest pleasure.
My spirit, like swan-down light, so elate,
As from it joy did demons extirpate.
I shall give thee crown inwove with golden eyes
And amaranth flowers, from paradise,
Sacred bloom once by the tree of life flowered,
But to Heaven sent, where since it hath bowered
The throne of beauty; there blows by the fount
Of immortal love, in numbers beyond count.
What bliss to walk with thee, along the banks
Of the pure river of life, giving thanks
For the blessings we shall have enjoyed on earth,
Wherein, this crucible, we must our worth
Prove: those diseased here, with morbid sin,
Can never pass the pearly gates, within
Heaven's kingdom, impurpled with roses,
Where the streets bestrewn with violets and posies;
And where the sun's rays we shall never need,
Basking on laurel shores—our divine meed,
Or dreaming meditative on bejeweled beach.
O may it be our destined fate to reach
Those Elysian shades, where the limpid rills
Sing sweet hosannas, whose music up-fills

Heaven's vaulted and regal dome so high,
Whose melodious raptures shall sanctify
Our immortal souls, blithesome and refined:
On memory's youthful joys we'll oft be dined.

Ah, sweet Portinia! my theme now thy reward
To nurture on this terrestrial sward;
To love thee and cherish thy desires bright,
As for her purblind chicks, day and night
The lark tenderly careth—its life doth give
To its helpless unfledged that they should live,
And soar into the expanse of heaven,
On plumèd wings, by divine nature given.
The lark my emulation e'er shall be—
An emblem of enchanting liberty!

Here in the dawn we'll come list to song-birds,
Where morn's fragrant prayers in siren words
Commingle with the flowers' silent vows;
From whence sweet rillets bubble and arouse
An immortal thirst as they sparkle and spread
Into a serene lake, whose cool nooks wed
The shadows and the inverted blue sky.
'Bove her bosom, the boughs embrace and fly
Their nodding leaves in zephyr's dreaming wave.
Through the matted bowers the bee's wings quave
As they ascend to clear air's lucent flow,
Hiveward bound, laden with pollen's cerago,
Having since dappled morn been on the wing
Ere the nightingale his descant ceased to sing,
And before the lark mounted high the air,
His love cadenzas to sweetly declare
To smiling Phoebus, who, with rosy mane
Doth rise and wake a sleeping world again,
And to kiss each vernal stalk a good-morn,
To breathe upon magnolia and hawthorn
That potency of resurrection divine,
Likewise to honey-suckle and eglantine.

Or yet before the owl's nocturnal hoots
Have echoed faint; or the stars' golden shoots
Thwart the sky, like tentacles, have withdrawn
In due respect to Sol's salute at dawn,
As he climbs 'bove the ocean's emerald hues,
Or the lambent moon has ceased its drowsy muse.
Ah, yes, dear, the bee is early at work,
Ere dryad nymphs mid blooms cease to lurk.

Thither, dear, let's go 'round this cliff's low brow;
From thence scale the higher summit: there vow
In unison to orient Venus,
With her register our prayer, and thus
Forever immune ourselves 'gainst evil
Spirits that rove earth, like impious ghouls will
Subvert our aims as with Adam and Eve.
Alas, Satan ever tries to deceive,
And impeach all good, by delusive snare.
Begot saints must pray and e'er beware
While that snarling Cerberus at Hell's gate
Howls in a fiendish voice the direful fate
Of each soul that is by Nemesis flung
Into that seething pool, whom sin hath stung,
Unto such a living cankerous torment,
Into the infernal Styx they'll be shent.

On this marble ledge, dear, we'll rest and think,
And gaze adown the wild-wood's grotesque brink
As the sullen twilight's dim mantle flings
Somber figures on the world's nether wings:
While dame Nature broods till the break of dawn
The feathered kingdom, the roe and spotted fawn.

My love for thee, Portinia, still growing
Stronger, as the moments flit—I'm sowing
The seed of love's pure blissful elements,
Then knit into coronals of sweet contents,
And with unceasing eyes on thy charms feast;

Thy beauty inwove on rays of dawning east.
Indian wampum thy likeness doth bear—
The pearly shells, eagle claws, and horns of deer,
Trophies from the chase: the coin of hope too
Shall bear the imprint of thy form so true.
Every flower's petal shall wear thy stamp
Of grace; the hues of Aurora's morn camp
On thy cheek, and the stars shall chant thy name,
And from Dian's temple extol thy fame:
The dew drops, eyes of pearl, in prism's light
Hold thy image, and wondrous beauty bright,
Each blade of grass, kissed by the beams of gold
Hath thy profile truly silhouetted, bold;
And on the gleams of the moon recumbent
Is thy portrait in magic's wonderment,
And the watchful stars with orient darts
Stamp thy signet of love on my heart of hearts:
And on each bud, leaf, and stalk, as they advene
From hibernated matrix, by nature's queen.
Ah, indeed, thy smile shall make noon wear a veil,
A blush—thy songs shall shame the nightingale
Into a magpie chatter; those blue eyes
Make the sweet violets heave jealous sighs;
And through the chill of frozen tears, unshed,
The snowdrop, uneasy, peers its ghostly head,
And in dream's unrest, fears ambition's plans
Forever foiled, by those white, stainless hands.
Thy charms put to grief any bloom that blows
By fount, or ponders on bank's rill that flows.
Over pebbles bright, and onward leaping
Along enmossed cliffs, and willows weeping.
No cherub lips can e'er with thine compare,
And thy kiss, dearest, the Heavens declare
Shall soothe my once lorn heart, since first it
 throbbed
And felt a longing, for which it sobbed.
I've sighed for thee dear, since first I saw day;
In my dreams of elves, I loved thee, my fay.

My crooning in mother's arms was to thee,
I well remember now: and plainly see,
That sweet jasmine face like Venus did shine.
The lady's slippers fit thy feet, divine;
The pansies dried their eyes at thy soft tread,
Peering, timid, as if by angels fed
On entrancing love, to jealous sequence,
Thy charms then veiled by modest innocence.

With illumèd spirits we'll soon retrace
Our joyous steps to that shadowy place
Where the delight of thy beauty flew
Into my negative soul, that did mew
As a lost cat for love's mesmeric dart,
Which thou did'st hurl into my chaotic heart;
That thenceforth I invoked all divine grace,
And sweet siren themes, to lure and to chase
Such gorgeous charms, then seeming so proud,
Into the heavens beyond lurid cloud.
For I could plainly discern from thy mien
Celestial glints like glimmering sheen,
Like Aurora's rosy hues of the morn.
Thou didst impregn my heart forlorn,
Which now glows luminous with jeweled zeal,
Signeted to thine, with co-eternal seal.
Yea, my dear, we shall soon happily tread
Upon those flowers, now with drowsy head,
That greeted thee this morn so with love's smile
And brimmed their eyes, when thou left; the while
With sad countenances; for thee all day did croon,
And that to love thee, their most sacred boon.
When we return, thou mayest bless their bowers
With supremest grace, within thy powers,
As they dreamed of thee;—how thy benign face
Lingered in their passionate heart's embrace,
At thy rhythmic step, each reared cernuous head;
And when thou didst depart they wept and shed
Odorous tears, as if their souls were lost,

Or in the crebus jaws of venom's frost.
Yes, I'm glad the flowers hold sweet converse
Over thee, my angel of poet's verse!
May such minions betide, for thine own sake.
I divine earth's kingdom to thy honor wake
Ere many antlered moons; joy shall weep
In gladness, and in beauty's temple sleep
In wisdom's arms—on thy heaving bosom,
For thou art goddess to all Christendom;
And to me, a flaming scepter sublime
Stinging my heart, with a sweet pungent thyme;
Cooling my vulcan soul to narcotic ease;
Quenching vile thirst; and exalts by degrees
To that immortal plane, of prophetic dreams,
Where love divine reigns, and beauty quemes:
Whose spirit with love shall tower, enthroned,
And by eternal Heaven, fore'er owned
To be supreme, by supernal fires test,
In chalice bowl, by holy angels blest,
Where love and beauty worship at one shrine,
And where the saints above for beauty pine,
And bask in memory's soul, long since fled
On time's fleet wings, and to eternity wed:
While love, a fundament of divine grace,
With beauty, her nymph, arm in arm apace,
Hearts entwined, in unison's throbbing beat—
Beauty then, love's fruition, with blooms sweet;
And is to love, what the divinest kiss
Is to Heaven's purest immortal bliss.
Ah, dearest elf, what mortal man decries,
Or at thy liliated feet doth not heave sighs?
O, thou love! redolent with prim-rose breath,
Infinite as space, the victor of death:
Who then, shall gainsay these essences pure?
Yea, quintessences of Heaven, for sure.
What mortal can divine a sweeter sup
Than love full-brimmed, pure, from beauty's cup?
Or what fool would try to taboo the charms

That's locked in fair Venus' immortal arms?
This sacred property in man is what
Elevates him 'bove that which apes have not.
It enables him to walk on rays in space,
And crowns him joint heir to the throne of grace;
It makes him commune with powers unseen:
He sees glory in things that to some look mean;
He hears melodies that never were scored;
Wingless, he flies higher than lark hath soared:
He's a brother to things wholly divine,
Those elements in him which do refine—
Therefore, let's cling to our colors, imbued
With love and beauty, a posy, pink-hued.

Yes, Portinia! Those who never tasted
Pure drops of this elixir; vain, lives wasted,
Their souls ceremented, as body dead,
Impervious to music, to tumult wed;
Or like dry bulbs buried, in sorrow's cave,
Dark and dank, hid from the sun's golden wave.
Yea, eternal vigilance brings its meed
Where tenderness is sown, to healthful seed,
And in the eye of love's heart, all should melt.
Dead indeed is he who never has felt
The whisperings of passion's tender muse,
And who, deaf, dumb, and senseless to infuse

In due season some godly motive, grand,
Into some brother, who may understand,
And for which he would bless the powers 'bove,
From whence all good is engendered by love,
And which, verily, is the latent power
Of all things true. That God's divine dower
Is first love,—He, a world builder immense,
Himself, exercised this benevolence;
Giving it pre-eminence over death.
Death is life's metamorphic stage, when breath
Is eliminated, till love doth call:

Then death is slain; its lugubrious pall
Will have been gobbled up by love's victory.
Thus we see dimly this allegory.
Love, then, did lock the lion's grisly jaws,
And silken makes the touch of fangy paws;
It is an alternating current high,
Coming from heaven, and must by and by
Return with grace, and many folds increased,
For it's the golden key to its own feast.
The soul's true diatonic progression,
And its sweet modulated inflection
Of voices pitched in normal diapason,
The tonic's harmonizing creation.
Yes, dearest Portinia, my love did impel
My brain to tell this, as my heart did swell
And imbibe thy smiles, as Pluto's scepter bright
Imbibes the beams of Phoebus' piercing light.
Ah, yes! love will find its way soon or late,
Whose wings oft beat the bars of cruel fate,
In seeking the joys of a sweeter day
Or climbing the heights of a starry way,
With patience dauntless, truly undismayed,
Thirsting for nectars of divinest grade,
Where love's eyes, the pearl-springs of heart's pure
fount,
The optic windows from which the soul can mount
Ethereal waves of supremest blue;
And yet higher, where love's rosy avenue
Meanders 'long the crystal rill of bliss,
Whose sloping banks of fern the ripples kiss;
Where all blooming buds redolent of spring
Laden the zephyrs, giving love's heart the sting
Of immortality, so mortal felt
That in its own flames it must surely melt.
Such my feeble tribute to love sublime!
'Tis truly deserving of sweeter rhyme.

'The salmon and maroon-hued clouds in the east,
Waiting the sun's last kiss, a good-night feast,
A sombre veil is hovering round the earth's face:
I now see its begloomed and creeping trace.
Let's pray to sweet Vesta for golden fire,
And to tranquil Hesperus for silver pyre,
That I may feast on thy beauty by night,
And behold those eyes radiant with light.
The fireflies now begin their lamps to snuff,
Perhaps to light our footsteps down the bluff,
Or a better view of thy face to greet,
And hear the dulcet tones of thy voice sweet.
Soon the horned owls will begin to hoot,
And heaven's twinkly eyes thwart the sky will shoot.
Soon the dancing faun in frolicsome interchange,
Piping shepherds' melodies soft and strange,
May be heard in fantastic jubilation
'Neath shadowy glints of the moon's oblation.
How gentle the crown of evetide 'gins to fit—
And soon the leather-winged bats o'er will flit.
The fairies are hanging dew drops on the lip
Of ev'ry tiger-lily and cowslip,
Which in the light of the moon's glim'ring twirl
Each orby drop becomes a sparking pearl.
And when blade and bud thus imbued, serene
In early dawn, arrayed as regal queen,
And to the cooling air their spirits spread
Fragrant incense' silken breath, so seemlied—
With sylphid touch and ruminating mind
Sits impending love, upon its throne condigned,
Breathing passionate sighs, o'erswelled from the
heart.
Then gentle Cynthia plays a minor part,
And each bloom bedecked with diamond tear,
A lucid drop set in each orchid's ear.
Thus the advent of each swelling flower
Born under magic, and full blown power—
Beauteous birth—the charms of Apollo's touch,

Love's melting soul steals, trembling with such
Soft-eyed bliss beguiled by wistful pride
Into the purest white foot'd realms to hide
From its own crimson blushes, in very truth,
Essence conducive to the dreams of youth.
The wind's sough through mumbling pines so woo-
ing,
Sounds full of romantic lore, and dove's cooing,
Its tones entreat the trees arms' confiding,
That sway so gentle, as where love is bidding:
Like Druid priests of eld, blessing their flocks,
Or like Neptune's dangling and seafoamed locks,
Ebbing and flowing over briny caves
As he rides the sighing surf's swirling waves—
Hark, dear! I hear the ring of rhythmic bells!
Its resonant peals so resound the dells,
Perhaps the Angelus for some sky band,
Calling them to prayer along the strand
Of some ethereal empire, unknown
To mortal man, yet mid the azure zone,
Where, by power hung, cogent and sublime;
And there rolls, serene, since the birth of time.

The waxing moon's luminous beams fall
Softly on us, Portinia, and seem to call
Us apace! Let's hie to the Indian chief,
And there by vows of wedlock, balm love's grief.
We'll have the canopy of Heaven's blue
Bespangled with stars, and the flowers, who
Can be our invited and honored guests;
And Venus, thy planet, as her bequest
May shed upon our hearts rays sacred light;
And the North star, shall bequeath vim and pight.
All birds and animals we shall invite.
They'll delight to bless thee, with hearts contrite
And overjoyed to pay us great honor,
Thou being a true disciple and donor
Of love's bliss, through channels divine, alone.

The dumb kingdom feel man's slights, oft may
groan;
Intuition tells them man's wanton design,
His proneness to destroy life makes them pine:
But all creatures for thee are full of soul,
Whether with wing, or hoof cloven or whole.
The snakes will come and lick thy hand and sing.
On this sacred occasion a greater thing
Shall they do, e'en the which was never thought,
Considering they've not by us been taught.
Each fowl and bird will a sparkling gem bring
In gold mounting for bracelet, brooch and ring:
Birth-stones each shall with fealty present—
Such a dazzle of refract'd rays will be sent
To all angles, e'en to abysmal skies.
Their beams will meet the orient star's eyes
In a maze of splendor, and glow so bright
That Mercury will decide 'tis not yet night,
And close his lids, as callow eaglets do,
When first the luminous sun's golden hue
Glints into their weak visions, too severe
For those pallid optics to yet appear;
Their tender orbs and pinions un-assayed,
Like lazy poltroons, for own food ne'er preyed.

Orion will triple his glimmering,
And Ursa too, with extra shimmering
Will brim the Dipper with Hymen's unction
To imbue us, and all, at this function.
Our union shall be the theme of shepherd's song;
The melody for new symphony, long;
The setting for the world's drama of love;
The coalescence of pure souls, to prove
That mortal is the true magnetic pole,
The key to Heaven, unlocking the soul,
Giving it wings to mount waves supernal,
And pluming them for regions eternal.
Old Triton shall blow his horn as ne'er blew,

Calling the nereids and sirens, who
Shall come and bring the sea-king Triton along:
Each shall sing their most enchantingest song.
A royal pigeon shall from o'er the sea
Bring a precious pearl to thy majesty,
The queen of love and beauty—and my muse
Inspiring, and to all creatures transfuse
A spirit of serenity that brings
All hearts to a truer relation of things.
The leaping, herbivorous kangaroo
A love feast shall hold with hornèd koodoo,
And the slothful carnivorous raccoon
Shall claim blood relation to the baboon.
The improvident and timorous cuckoo
Shall perch on prehensile tail of kinkajou;
And the cunning and artful silver fox
Will gallop in, on back of fuming ox.
The giraffe, robed in red merino coat,
Shall be accompanied by romping goat.
Then disparted clouds will let Cynthia smile
Upon the congregation, to beguile
In its armistice, for one sweet hour,
To be declared in thy good name. This bower
Shall be the most romantic, and shall live
Forever—a covert to creatures wild,
In this sylvan woodland where the elfin-child
Shall with antics hop fantastic by night,
While nature sleeps reposed in her own delight
And dreams. How fair memory shall e'er cling
Tenacious to that sacred altar, and wing
Us back to that embowered shrine, so green,
In the soul's mind pure, when I crown thee queen
Of my heart, and take thee to my home fine,
So festooned and vined with eglantine,
Mid gnarled oak, cedar and laurel that tower
Grand, by sparkling founts and crystal bower.
The eagles of the forest may perch o'er
Our heads, their wings spread, as in act to soar,

Shall be a symbol of protecting grace.
The wise owl shall be there, with hornèd face,
His eyes dilated, feather soft and brown;
Shall add solemnity and renown.
The redwing and nightingale the march shall sing,
And all the plumèd kingdom that rise on wing
May join in the melody's refrain.
The peacock, with conscious pride shall maintain
His honor, in true urbane, southern style,
And the bluejay family welcomed,—while
All the ferocious hornèd and clawing beasts
Shall, as tame as lambs, come to Hymen's feast.
The vicious cougar and soft eyed gazelle
Shall play hide and seek with nimble squirrel,
And the mountain lion and gentle lamb
May parade cheek by cheek with stag and dam.
The elephant with ponderous tusks, wan,
Shall form the console of serpent organ.
His proboscis shall be the tuning pipe
For the instrument, improvised. The snipe
From marshy fens shall come to ornament
The occasion, with pomp and plumèd content.
The jungle snakes, of all hues and size,
Green, pied and mottled skins with pearly eyes,
Shall comprise the reeds for this organ grand,
Which shall play our wedding march; they'll de-
mand
To do it, for the love they bear thee, dear
Portinia! The snakes shall sing and loudly cheer,
And some shall rattle their tail-buttons linked,
At the swell's mezzo-forte; you'll hear distinct.
Hanging vertical above mastodon,
In perfect rows, the boa and python,
And the cobra forming the centers high.
Then gradually lower, each with eye
Shall measure its length to suit downward slope,
Till the upward curve like the sag of rope
Will then complete this organ superfine—

Each reptile's color and tint shall condign
So in tone gradation, of shade and hue
That shall commingle nature's pigments true:
And thus the two eyes of each snake shall gaze
Like pure amber in the sun's noontide rays.
The gleam shall cast a rich dazzling intense
On the assemblage, the voices of the serpents
Shall be pitched absolute, to F—major key,
Which shall be sounded by elephants, three.
Meantime, the lion shall give low F roar,
And the bobolink will pitch high F fore.
With potent wand Apollo shall tempo
Give: then the organ of snakes, soprano
Followed by tenor, baritone, and bass
Shall sound each voice true according to race,
In melodic progression to the prelude.
At this climax, the giant chief, imbued
With the sublimity, yet in great pomp
Of primeval glory, and self content,
Berobed in leopard skin, habiliment
Of honor and dominion, so immense
This regality shall be no pretence.

Thus towering seven feet above sward,
His massive brow zoned by brazen reward;
And fixed thereon will be the elk's proud horns:
At his belt, a poniard like unicorn's
Fang will dangle sharp as claws of dragon—
Imperial aspect with visage saffron.
His soulful orbs (ebon-hued) shall like stars
Shine. Kingly strides suggest militant Mars;
His bejeweled ears and aquiline nose
Bespeak that ancestral blood, pure, which flows
Hot in his haughty veins, and will bubble
Anon, should he dream of Tartar's trouble.
But on this occasion sacred his soul
Shall be amity, though his voice may roll
And reverberate like distant thunder

From the arsenal of Pluto's wonder.
The chief shall then bow low, his crown retain,
And address the grand conclave, though refrain
Not his heart. In this wise, his preamble
Characteristic. Many eyes wink; and shamble
Of hoofs, claws, and fangs, then silence will reign—

“Most beauteous Portinia, thou sweet goddess,
And my fellow brother true, Don Zeno,
And to this grand concourse of natives, that disdain
Not to do homage, with smiles that confess
Adoration for the divine—I owe
And here acknowledge, exalted honor,
Thus conferred upon myself and tribe,
A grace ministrant, to weld two pure hearts
In holy vow's sacred bond. The donor
Of this Heaven-balm, which all should imbibe,
Is the Great Spirit yonder, who imparts
To earth blessings untold. With reverence
We should bend our souls, attune the vile mouth
To ask mercy at the feet of justice.
Ye fowls of woodlands high, with wings immense,
And sweet singers, oreads of the bloomy South,
Your tuneful lives are a true sacrifice
To mankind, your cadenzas incense's rhyme.

Ye lions! Kings of jungles, with noble heads!
I bid you welcome! Your bodies are temples
Of power; your jaws, and Saturnus locks
Are symbols of courage which defy time.
And your consorts, patient, that share your beds
In caves of marble, or frowzy hills full
Of covert retreats, and low-browed rocks—
To them I offer good fellowship tame.
Mine eyes admire thee, monstrous elephant!
Thy name proclaims thy huge size and stature.
A true benefactor to man, thy renown
Hath encompassed the earth; thy tusks adamant

Ivory for king's palaces that endure
Forever; thy sonorous trunk a phone
And signal of impending danger near.
Thy pleasure is amidst the marshy fens
Where the grass and herbage are green and dank,
And no armed foes thy timorous heart deter.
Thou art in size the monarch of the glens:
Thy preponderance all land beasts outrank:
Thine ears ornate this organ, (whose reeds are
snakes)

And make sound-boards resonant soft and strange,
With harmonious amplitude that charms
The savagest heart, and sends tuneful aches
Into the erstwhile clashing breast, whose range
Hitherto hath been dissonant alarms
'Gainst concord which now vibrates high and sweet
As Apollo's own lute, by Juno played.
Music indeed hath power to smooth the scowls
From the spleen of man or brute; its magic beat
Since time immemorial the heart swayed
To joy or to sorrow's grief. Ye downy owls
Are true devotees of the impassioned beam.
You sit up nights till Aurora's morn-tide
Dazzle your sense of vision; then retire.
Or you waft home to tree or grot and dream
Of the many foiled concerts—birds you've eyed
Warbling in the glow of sun's sinking pyre—

To me, dear auditors, this is sublime!
Ye are here in love massed, like thy grandsires
In Noah's Ark. There for two moons no blood
For ravenous stomach was shed, meantime.
All were playful as fawns. Now some have desires
On innocence, since debarked from the Ark-flood:
A carnivorous thirst, with unsated rapine
Prowling for gore. Why do ye not eat mast
And grass like the comely, brown-eyed gazelle,
The yak, deer, sheep, and kine?—Such libertine

And gourmand maws rapacious, that ne'er fast,
A terror to the wilderness—make hell
Of the indented coves, and secluded glens
For fowls gregarious and browsing herds.
I pray, be gentle, girt thine appetites.
Have sollicitous regard for denizens
Within thy pale, and for nesting song birds:
Let all observe the golden rule that dights
Him for the soul's beauteous trysting ground
Beyond the Stygian pool of torment,
Midst fruits and honey, where palatine glades
Shall be the heritage of all un-bound
For our souls immortal; then love content
Our priceless reward, in land of cool shades,
Promised the faithful and righteous of earth—

In the gracious presence of sacred beauty,
My dear natives and brothers, I offend
Not, by malicious intent. Since my birth
I've lived 'mong you. It's my aim and duty
To set a good example, and transcend
In your estimation, and my remarks,
I hope, have cumbered the patience of none.
And when this feast adjourns, then may each wend
Home in a pensive mood, through rural parks,—
May memory oft remind how love won
Beauty's grace, that shall e'er in-soul the heart
To peace and sweet dreams. Henceforth this bower
Shall be known as Portinia's shrine of love;
And love-lorn creatures this their sacred resort.
This gorge, so armed in, shall from this good hour
Be an asylum for the nesting dove,
The linnet, thrush, tomtit, and nightingale,
And stork, oriole, goldfinch, and skylark:
The chucklers of whatever tuneful lays
That sing at eve'tide, or when morn is pale,
Or those that twitter 'mong the leaves at dark
'Neath the stars' twinkling eyes and argent rays,

Each bird, fowl, and beast shall here in peace reign
And rear his brood in love's protecting grace,
'Midst sumptuous bounty of nature's store.
The forest will e'er sing her luring refrain,
And Venus by night shall lend her embrace,
Giving each scene a witching charm of lore."
Then the Saturnine chief will address us,
In a more direct manner; he will thus
Say in part: "To thee, Portinia, I make
My admiration manifest, for the sake
Of beauty. Thou art its paragon and
Divine exponent, in this rustic fane, than
Whom thy like were never seen: and the wheel
Of my heart jumped, and I did almost keel
To my knees, at the first sight; I was dazed
As if an angel before me up-raised,—
A new soul came into my barren life,
And the warring elements ceased their strife
Within my being—I deem to love thee
Is my great meed, and a sweet compliment
To my beloved friend, thine espoused, who's lent
To earth merely for few cycles of time.
Portinia, it seems the world's full of rhyme!
As I scan divine heaven reflected
From those orby eyes, like crystal dewdrops wed
To the bloom's pouty lips, till the jealous thews
Of the sun's passionate kisses diffuse
Into odorous sighs; or like sparkling pearl's
Refulgent luster from diviner worlds.

Now we'll soon invoke Hymen to appear
And shower Nectarian vintage clear
Upon thee, and in silence I shall pray
To ancestral gods to bless and point the way
To a higher wisdom of sweet concord,
A leafy haven, with more direct word
From the world of spirits, and limpid springs
Where death's expugned, and life is on her wings."

Then the chief will pause for approval's bestow,
Which will be scant and without furbelow;
Many animals and fowls will applaud,
But many will consider him a fraud.
The leopard will see his brother's own skin,
While chief, enrob'd therewith, will preach the sin
Of shedding blood, in great fuss and fuming,
In his oration much time consuming:
The elk astound'd, his grandshire's horns to see
Poised upon the brow of his majesty,
And the dagger, at his side, death's sure wand:
The unicorn's horn suggests contraband.
The eagle didn't catch the drift complete,
Seeing his plumes and claws from crown to feet—
Symbols of war, and dire sinews of gloom,
Flaunted by chief and vassals, augur of doom.
The tiger in his own side shall feel a pain—
The wound from Indian spear—as friend did feign.
He will e'er that spear-point in his side feel:
Long since done; but the scar never will heal.
The chief, 'tis true, has had a change of heart,
But with the trophies of pillage he'll not part.
Each animal and fowl shall to thee fawn,
Portinia! Thou art their star, and primal dawn
Of love, and its all-pervading spell.
The chief will unite us; then give tribal yell,
But will do it with rev'rence to the sky:
Then he will ask thy blessing in reply.
His excellency will ask us to rise,
Meanwhile surveying us with eagle eyes,
And when the organ ends the march begun
He'll by vows sacred tie us into one.
Thereafter, a thousand wings shall flap elate
Over our heads, thus so to consecrate
Our nuptial sacrament. The like will sheen,
Eclipse coronation of England's queen.
Then the antlered monarchs shall all be fed,
And each bird, fowl, and beast, which fly or tread,

Shall dine sumptuous, on supernal food.
All shall be sated, without loss of blood.
Then sing processional, as they depart,
Which theme shall e'er ring in each beating heart;
Reminding it, that by loving regard
Each shall be endowed by heaven's reward;
And from blooming fields redolent above
Will upon us descend ambrosial love.
Then great Jove will appear, with potent rod,
And baptize us, as the children of God.—

THE SKYLARK

Entrancing as the bucolics of Virgil,
Rising from nesting mate midst bush and thorn,
He mounts exultant, the air so tranquil,
At the primal flush of Aurora's morn.

He pipes forth his light-hearted tunes of glee
Into the blue expanse of the universe,
With authentic musicianship tenderly;
His lyrics o'er night did in dreams rehearse.

As he flaunts his crested pride, exalt to reign,
Beyond the pale firmament high he soars;
He then with joy un-links his golden chain,
In sportive brilliance his soul out-pours.

Into rhapsodies romantic he'll sweep
Madly, through wild fantasies, still higher,
And melodize to the infinite deep
As if his themes had caught immortal fire.

In a world, to all but him an alien zone,
Beyond the falcon's greedy eye to see,
Higher still he rises, his song now flown
To sate the angels' ears deliciously.

His notes meanwhile empierce the earth, and fill
Our hearts with ripples; for very joy's sake,
Beseeming too blissful for grove or hill;
Naught else but heaven's glow his thirst will slake.

With throat true as the shepherd's silver pipe,
Whose wings entuned to his soul's poesy
Quiver the beams of Phoebus, gold and ripe,
Wherefore his divine strains and melody.

'Thwart ethereal gulf his voice ringeth,
This sweet minstrel of the radiant skies.
In glorious harmony he singeth,
Regaling his mate in profuse ecstasies.

His music prescient of blooming ties,
Haunting like a heart-passion of true love,
Resounding from the threshold of paradise,
Or coming from the blue Heaven above.

Rejoice then to hear this triumphant bird,
Whose beauteous themes and transporting trills
Bring rapt felicity, the soul's bland word;
Its magic enchantment the heart up-fills.

Emulate the poets' lark, and higher rise,
By the ennoblements of merit's praise;
Illumine the clouds before other eyes
That they see our good deeds, their hearts upraise.

A PEGASUS STRAYED TO EARTH

Tired of winging the thin ether
'Mong the glittering stars' pathways,
Golden-hoofed Pegasus strayed to earth,
And in a rustic park did graze.
The curious folk, somewhat grave,
Scanned this palfrey with bewildered eye.
His flanks shone like beaten brass—
They ne'er bethought he could fly.

With covetous stares they admired
His glossy mane of saffron hue,
That to the breeze spread graceful waves,
His arched neck proved a lineage true,
But they couldn't say from whence he sprang;
They had read of the Arabian breed
And the feudal kings who rode thereon,
But on this horse they disagreed.

The park gates then they shut secure,
Intent to halter this strange steed;
They proceeded in luring snare
To bridle. One brave swain agreed
To ride him till his mettle broke,
And to prove to his sweet lass near
His dexterous agility grand:
Thus win a bride and the hero's cheer.

The motley throng, standing aghast,
With eyes dilated to double size
To see this circus feat performed,
Dreaming not the beast on wings could rise.
They then seized the volant equine
By wiles known to the farmer lords,
And upon his back this young knight
Mounted, needing no assuring words.

Taking the reins with lordly poise
 He cantered off at gallant gait,
 Feeling he now had won his goal—
 For his valor a prize did wait.
 'Twas a fancy his mind had sprung—
 The upswelling of a young brave.
 Little did he his end surmise:
 That this glebe would ne'er him be-grave.

Alas! this steed began to snort;
 His eyes beseeemed electric fire:
 The poet's horse with fury wild
 Leaped frightful bounds, but did not tire.
 Round the track, wheeling swift as thought,
 The young man scare the ground could see,
 But was in the saddle bound fast,
 Nor could extricate his majesty.

Now to his grief he found too late
 He had bestrid a hippogriff,
 One with mighty dynamic speed—
 Of his boding fate he got a whiff.
 The Pegasus, with shrieking neigh,
 Struck the ground a terrific blow
 With right forefoot of dazzling gold:
 Forthwith a gushing spring did flow.

'Tis bubbling yet, from his footprint,
 A beverage that soothes all pain;
 'Twill like magic the muses bring,
 But leaves upon the sand a stain.
 He then unfurled his hidden wings;
 Into the upper deep he shot.
 His vanquished rider, pearl-ash pale,
 Now 'gan to fathom his destined lot.

Beyond the azure sky he flew,
Till lost to the affrighted crowd,
Taking along the luckless swain
Through the dim haze of lurid cloud.
His rider then he flung to the moon,
Where yet his shaggy brow is seen ;
Still a draught from the gold-hoof spring
Inspires—'tis poets' Hippocrene.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

Princess of the night, whence those happy strains
That make my heart muse,
And tug 'gainst prisoned walls and mortal chains?
Joyous themes profuse
Thou out-pourest in felicitous mood.
Singest thou of earth,
Of some green plot unravished by man's greed
Or high Heaven's brood,
Where thou wilt vernate into spirit's birth
And angels thee feed?

Strange thy melodious ditties make me sigh,
Yet they beseem gay
When thou warblest from sanctuary nigh
Thy golden tongue's lay,—
Thou an Elysian dryad, who singest
To the ears of time,
Inhaling the breath of Flora to inspire,
While o'er meads ringest
Thy silver-throated rhapsodies sublime
Keyed to Thalia's lyre.

Visual ray reach'st not that vibrant throat,
Nor behold'st the dank blooms
On which I tread—though I drink every note
Wafted o'er silent tombs
Of some prehistoric ancestry old
Whom I ne'er did know,
But whose spirits I've be-sainted since youth,
And revere their mold
As do I thy imparted anthems so
Full of divine truth.

Ah! vain indeed is the ear without sense
Pure and delicate,
And hath drunken not deep of thy wine: hence
Seen beauties elate
The heart; but beauties heard exalt the soul;
Whose fusion transcends
To harmonize with Heaven's gilded star
Our virtues extol,
And her empyrean essence attends
When we cross life's bar.

Then pipe on, thou luting nymph or goddess
Apotheosized,
Or bird of a night; pipe to my sadness
Songs immortalized.
Bird or spirit, thy themes can never fade,
Nor such rhythms die,
But on the wings of poesy they'll rise
Viewless 'bove earth's shade,
And thus borne beyond the eternal sky
Fetch thee sacred prize.

Thou may'st be sprite of some glorified saint
From the silent bourn
Of the mystic world, descanting so quaint
Tonal chords that mourn
For the sins of us benighted mortals,
(Our sad requiems,)
Or symphonic poems thou may'st impart
From Heaven's portals—
Mayhap the spirit's melodious gems
To admonish the heart.

No marvel then that forest trees incase
Thy harmonious lore,
Which they imbibe with such inherent grace
Emmewed in each pore;
From which the roving winds incite sweet sounds,
Each bloom's iris hue
Enriched and fructified by tuneful waves
That its soul impounds:—
O what mysteries may linger perdue
In the heart's own quaves!

Ah! I can discern in a "Strad" violin
Those pensive refrains.
Italy's thirsty wood drinks thy pulsings in:
That's why it contains
A message divine from a higher sphere;
A disembodied voice,
Our way through labyrinths of gloom to guide,
Seemly joys to hear:
Thy specious melodies from paradise,
Truly sanctified.

Thy tunes then sink into the fibrous veins
As dew in the buds;
Unlike the dew thy rhythm e'er remains,
While dew's fragrant floods
Exhale, and ride the breeze thwart the dingles.
But thy heaving tides
Are matrixed in the sighing wilderness,
Which fore'er tingles
With thy song; though the trees may die, yet
bides
Thy lullabies to bless.

THE MOCKING BIRD

Perched upon a maple tree,
The emissary of Spring,
He descants his rosary
In music's silvery ring.

He mimics the wren and sparrow,
And the Raven's militant caw;
Hesitates not to borrow
From the martin or jackdaw.

Wreathed by tendril vines and trees,
Of grape-blooms and fir, he mocks
The cat-bird, and others feaze
Likewise the merlin hawks.

He calls to sylvan dryads
In the woodland's drowsy glades,
And solos to the passerres
Midst the grove's dappling shades.

A plagiarist is this bird,
But he does it to regain
The many cadenzas heard;
He commits without disdain.

Oft his cheer to plowman given
As the dank glebe he up-turns,
Though his heart by love be riven,
For some bonny maid it burns.

'Twill his spirit exult to hear
Such vesper pipings bolden,
'Twill out-burst with gladdest cheer,
To list to themes he's stolen.

At eventide he valentines
To his mate true and tender,

'Bove the o'ercanopying vines
His sweetest song will render.

Thus to her he runs the scales,
High and low, in ravished glee,
In arpeggios; he regales
Her soul with rhythmic harmony.

He thus enchants her till night,
Unlinking amorous bliss;
His eternal love doth plight
In many a votive kiss.

With zeal they build the tufted nest
From budding morn till dewy eve:
Then his mate with prescient breast
Sits her eggs with genitive cleave.

He then sings divinest lays,
Recounts charms of motherhood,
Feeds her,—thus in blithsome ways
Proves a worthy sire, so good.

And when the dear ones advene,
From the chrysalis or shell,
'Tis truly a loving scene
The greedy appetites to quell.

Little time then for music
Till their progeny are grown,
Schooled in songs mimetic,
On wings daedalian flown.

Ah, me! what lessons this bird
Teaches, in love and chivalry!
Through divine nature is heard
Heaven's lyric harmony.

IF LOVE LIKE A VIOLET GREW

If love like a violet grew
In meadows, as violets do,
And along the cooling brinks,
Like the daisies and the pinks:

How easy then to take a sup!
Easy as plucking a buttercup,
Or like sipping pearly tears
From the jonquil's lobèd ears.

If love, like a grain of rye,
Would bloom by chance, hard by,
Or like weeds in fields of clover,
How sweet then to ape the lover!

Or if like barnacles that cling
To a ship's bottom,—fall or spring,—
And need no attention more,
The faint soul might reach love's core.

Love is a flower, 'tis true—
The amaranth bloom, e'er new;
But needs some nurture along,
To grow it thrifty and strong.

It is like a grain of rye,
And must be fed or 'twill die;
Grows like the rankest weed,
If you return deed for deed.

'Tis like the sturdy grape-vine,—
But must have strength round which to twine;
Or like sweet moss upon a stone—
Without the rock 'twould perish alone.

But without moss the cliffs look bare,
And without love, we all despair,—
The lark would not rise upon the wing,
Had he no mate to hear him sing;

The cricket wouldn't fiddle a note,
If his adored were too remote;
Nor the frog in lily pond croak,
Had he no sib to hear his joke.

Yea! more tenacious than barnacle,
If your heart be tractable,
And more educing than beauty,—
Make love thy virtue!—love thy duty!

TO BROWNING

Thy advent to earth the boon of destiny,
To make our hearts elate;
And 'twas golden Heaven's highest decree
To give a soul so great.

The world is blessed by having cradled thee,
And when thy dulcet voice
With lyric themes and loving philosophy
Needed, to make us rejoice.

Oh, if I could have seen thee, Browning!
Had seen thy pious eyes;
With my own hands assisted in crowning
Thy brow with love's prize!

For thou a poet most noble and grand;
By thy works thou'rt exalt.
If we cannot thy wisdom understand,
And thy genius—whose fault?

Oft we're envious and sometimes denounce
Things we comprehend not,—
While our acts may get a blistering trounce,
Our labor's fruit forgot.

Blithely thou dost sing,—music is thy name,
Browning! That begodded soul,—
Which long since transcended temporal fame,
Such as mortals extol.

When we've learned thee better, and thy true heart,
We've learned a new language
That of Heaven forsooth, and the muse's art;
And new tunes our cares assuage.

And thro' inspiration's glorious light
Shines thy specious visage,
And now it is our privilege and right
To enjoy thy tutelage.

Thy labors sedulous,—un-remitting,
Busy as summer bee,
Wherefore thy life a paramount thing;
We'll now emulate thee.

Brilliantly thy passions sparkle and flow,
And for our glory too
Thou hast left immortal imprints below
Which fade not, but e'er new.

Thy works and faith tell us where to look
In Heaven to find thee,
Meditating 'mong blooms and groves with book
The psalms of eternity.

TO THE DAISY

Hail to thee, my fair little friend,
Glad to see thy innocence lend
To chilly spring; thy grace
Sweet and happy; with gentle mien
Posing here like a fairy queen,
Dreaming of golden days serene
And dewy eve's embrace.

Hearst thou the throstle's echoes
From budding thorn and climbing rose,
And martins' quaint chat'trings,
As they forage the straw for nest,
Which they build at great Pan's behest,
Working till astral eyes rest
Upon night's somber wings?

Beweep not, sweetest April child,
Blooming precocious and un-beguiled!
Thy bewitchful sisters proud
Will soon advene in fragrant glory,
When lingering frost with hoary
Robe, dissolved by sun's genial ray
Into a summer's cloud.

Soon will blossom the eglantine
Its wonderous sweetness so divine:
Evolving vicissitudes
Bring the spring-time's chirping refrains,
And all nature's bounteous trains,
And the robin's full hearted strains
Out-poured in pulsing moods.

Be not so timid, little dear.
I know thou art as welcome here
As Mid-May's children vast,
For this is Flora's opening day.
Indeed I see her footprints gay,
And all around the plaining jay,
With shrillness un-surpassed.

All nature is reviving hope.
The birds with mates do here elope,
Coming from winter's clime
To this Eden or "Gretna-Green."
Here the viny groves will impregn
Their hearts, and morn's orient sheen
Englad their profuse rhyme.

Little daisy so newly born,
What fair angel would thee bescorn?
Thou, with purity sweet,
With a message divine to tell
To earth, her brooding bosom quell.
In our hearts may thy spirit dwell,—
Be its holy retreat!

ODE TO J. T. JOHNSON

Honored friend,—void of envy's trait,
Thy soul too noble to harbor fear—
Thine eyes see beauty everywhere
It may be found,—and appreciate
The rhymèd verse of an old room-mate.

To thee I first my poesy showed :
I knew 'twould get an honest scan
From the heart of a metric man ;
And it did mitigate the load,—
Now my pathway with laurels sowed.

I ne'er for moment doubt'd the seed
Within mine own heart's sovran reign
That were sown by muses' refrain.
While some may think 'tis bloom of weed,
That's a poet's lot,—his paltry meed.

How true that a prophet's story
In his own land but fairy tale!
Himself, but mortal dust, they'd impale,
Or distraught his rightful glory
Till he's long dead,—his bones hoary.

But thy mind is a store-house bright
With philosophy's golden grain,
Brilliant as Dian's lucent fane,—
Thy soul is a trumpet of light
Fulgent in the foggiest night.

And that visage is the flower
Which betokens specious knowledge—
Much wisdom not learned in college ;
'Tis the blow of thy heart's bower
Which gives thee that manly power.

Fame's hall thy bronze bust may adorn,
Some seat exalt is but thy due.
Thy like I've met a lonely few,
For few like thee have yet been born.
Thine eyes spark like Apollo's morn!

HYMN

Almighty Lord of grace divine,
Consecrate my soul's sight!
Around me let Thy beauty twine!
Give me Thy wisdom's light!

Help me rise from this sinful state—
Fill me with thy pure love!
O, may Thy mercy inviolate
Ope to me the gates above!

I see Thy thoughts in ev'ry flower
That blooms along my way;
Nature is Thy primal power,
Be it leaf or star's ray.

Lead me, O Lord, from wickedness
With Thy true guiding hand!
Remove the shadows of distress
From this beauteous land!

Great God of Heaven infinite,
With healing in Thy wing,
Give me Thy immaculate spirit:
Entune my heart to sing!

Thy grace dispells all brooding gloom,
Calms my sorrowing day.
O forsake me not at the tomb
Of this vile mortal clay!

THANKSGIVING

Come, fill up the bowl and the cup!
Let's be mirthful, and all fill up.
Pour in the sparkling, fragrant wine.
Come on with joy. Let love benign
Kiss the hand of beauty so fair,
And be jolly and debonair.

So fill up the pot and the stein!
We'll convive as we now dine,
Giving thanks to Heaven most high
As we enjoy life's azure sky.
Come fill up the can and the bowl—
Let's drink to our eternal soul.

Pile up the dish, heap up the plate!
We'll be joyous ere it's too late.
Give us turkey, cranberry jam.
Give us quail, duck, and tender lamb.
Give us the fruit of every vine,
And the sweet soul of love entwine.

Then fill up the grail and the jar,
And give me Cubanola cigar,
That I may smoke and dream supine
In the incense of its spirit fine;
And anon, as its smoke depart,
May glint the face of an old sweetheart.

Yea! Pour in burgundy to the brim!
Be temperate if you can't swim.
Plant gladness in the hearts you meet,
In mead, village, or busy street:
Give a brotherly hand, to wit,
And let love thy soul interknit.

Come, fill up the cup and pitcher.
You'll know how, and when to hitch her.
Be jubilant as morning lark.
Let not melancholy dim the spark
Of hilarity's hey-day fire,
But let's attune to Dian's lyre.

Be truly thankful we're so blest.
From North, South, East, and blooming West,
Neither kicker nor knocker be,
Have confidence in thy ship's destiny.
And steer for high tide's lucid zone,
But don't begin with languid groan.

Hence, fill up the mug and the glass!
Let a sheen of pure joy surpass
And halo our crowns with virtue.
We'll weather life's tempests through,
And may our eventide shine with gems
The most scintillating diadems.

LOOKING BACKWARD

I know a pool where fishes school;
Where the pebbles are pearl and green.
I've lingered there with one so fair,
Minding me of a sylvan queen.

I know a spot I've ne'er forgot,
Where the flowers of memory blow;
With fragrance sweet in love's retreat
O'er all hangs a radiant glow.

I e'er retrace that witching face
Conducive so to loving bliss,
Yet in our hearts no rift disparts
The balm of memory's kiss.

I still hover like sighing lover
Over the many pungent stings;
'Tween the besets and the regrets
I hear the whirl of sequent wings.

O, dear Cupid, why so stupid?
Thy freazing taunts the heart's disguise;
Now sad remorse a pallid corse
Upon love's sacred altar lies.

TO MY CIGAR

I adore thee, my dear, beloved weed!
A princely scion of a genuine seed,
And a relation of Miss Havana—
A cousin from thy pleasing manner;
Thy seal brown wrapper the royal stuff:
I knew it from the first good puff.
Thy smoke's color proves thy lineage true:
'Tis the aristocratic tinge of blue
Evidencing thy station and breeding;
Providing at least thou art Cuba's seedling.

Methink I see in thy departing grace
The lineaments of a sweetheart's face;
Oft that Elfish visage true to life
I've spied in my mind's dreaming strife
Of ruminating vagaries, enchanting spell,
Till I've prayed that her ghost cease to dwell
In thy sinuous wreath, as fairy being;
Thus the tombed past my eyes e'er seeing.

In thy diffusing soul, exhaled in air,
I see graceful rolls of her flowing hair;
From her dangling curls fragrance doth rise
As I scan her face and witching eyes.

Ah, pish! My heart is thine dear Key West.
Let the god Eros take care of the rest,
And give me up to my delicious Cigar.
Most mortal nymphs should be viewed from afar,
Or kept well preserved in tobacco smoke,
For they're more happy free from the yoke;
And like higher Angels in story
Bright stars, leading us onward to glory,
Which, alas! we first lost by fairest Eve,
Being too flip and easy to deceive.

But this cogitation, being an epic ode
To Miss Cubanola, of Havana, her abode,
Hence I must proceed with my rhyming tale
Ere my Cigar will have burned to ashes pale;

Thus leaving me without inspiring sprite
Which upon me steals in thy mellow light.
I'm glad I met thee, my most regal queen,
Imbuing my soul with thy drowsy nicotine,
Permeating my blood with soothing narcotic,
Making me gently blissful, not despotic.
I've met many of thy name and kin
Whom I pray to never face again.
I hate to say it, but by Jove I hope
To ne'er be seen sucking a rope
On fire, blending mullen and cabbage leaf.
Little wonder at home we come to grief,
And have to hike to the stable for cow
At the behest of an angry frau.

But, my dear snipe, I have again digressed
In my soliloquizing muse, and quest
For dreaming solace to my tired mind
After having imbibed thy spirit kind,
And feeling grateful to thee for 'suaging
My racked nerves that were erstwhile out-raging
Ere I offered thee up as incense sweet
To the god of nicotine replete,
Whom I serve with love's devotional truth;
Good or bad its inception was in youth.
I've grown to love thee, dearest Havana,
Sweet nymphet of my goddess Diana!
I shall e'er puff and continue to whiff
At thy feverish nipple till I'm stiff,
And then I trust to meet thee in glory
Where smoking and spinning a good story
May be accounted as forms of prayer,
Burning sweet, fragrant leaves to Angels fair.
However, be it for weal or taunting woe,

Whom but the celestial gods can e'er know
Why thou dost so soothe and inspire
When offered up in dreamy smoke by fire?

TO KATHRYN

Ah, yea, my bonny valentine,
I will for thee await
At Heaven's lucent gate,
Thou bud out-peeped divine,

Portending a flower so sweet,
Whose beauty fills my heart.
O, I sigh, from the smart
Thou givest in retreat.

Or is it just a fancy dream,
That comes thwart my sight,
And lingers with delight
While on thy smiles I queme.

Yes, little dove, for thy cooing
I'll wait, benign, serene,
To make of thee a queen;
Then ne'er cease from wooing.

Thou art my celestial flower—
My Angel sprouting wings,
My nightingale that sings
In my sacred bower.

Aye, I'll wait till I'm eighty-three,
Or till Gabriel's horn
Shall wake the final morn,
And expunge my jealousy.

LOVE

Love,—a passion wholly divine,
From God,—and 'tis a holy name.
We should its beams 'round our souls twine:
It should be prized 'bove mortal fame.

Love's tears are so precious and sweet
They seem as the Heavenly dew,
When they come as prayers to greet
Our hearts, and its unction transfuse.

If love doth not our lives up-fill,
It follows we'll be full of hate.
O, let's submit to His sacred will!
'Tis the folly of fools who wait.—

'Tis love's spirit that rules Heaven,
Reigns upon the Empyrean throne;
The refrain by Angels given,
That shall our mortal sins condone.

When time's sands grain by grain out-flow,
And age upon us silently creep,
The hourglass most empty here below,
Then love shall bear us across the deep.

'Tis an attribute of God,
And His holy redeeming grace,
The symbol of the bloom and bud,—
Without which, we'll ne'er see Him,
face to face.

HAVE YOU SEEN FLORA YET?

Have you seen Flora yet,
Flora the blithe and sweet,
The soul of each floret,
That doth our love entreat?

The winged fairy dear
That rides upon the breeze,
The nymph with rosy cheer
Whose breath our hearts appease.

Flora, the sweetest that smiles,
Who would our woes expugn,
She loves without the wiles
In months of May and June.

But she stays much longer
To kiss the bloom's advent,
Which lades her breath stronger,
Her tresses with dew besprent.

Flora, the fair goddess
Wreathed in Heaven's love,
Bud's regal enchantress,
The bee's passion doth move.

Thus with sapient delight
The bee with buzzing wing
From morn till brooding night
To Flora's blooms doth sing.

Ah, the bee's beauty's judge;
He knows this goddess' bliss:
To her he must begrudge
The moonbeam's dreaming kiss.

The stars with jealous rays
Cross swords at even-tide
Athwart the golden haze
To win her for a bride.
'Tis ever thus you ween;
Ugliness seems a curse
Where beauty reigns as queen
And signs her lyric verse.

Now who's for this to blame?
We all bow at her shrine.
Beauty from Heaven came;
Beseems to us divine.

Yea, come! Hear sylvan lutes,
And get a peeking glimpse
Where pipes the sweetest flutes
'Mong Flora's darling imps.

TO K. O.

Not many years ago, dear,
(I'll not say how many here)
When thou wert just six months old,
Thou wert given me to hold:
I yet can so plainly see
That tiny mite of majesty.
I'll never forget thy charms
When I held thee in my arms;
For it made my soul flutter,
And my tongue 'gan to stutter
Admiration quite romantic;
Then my speech grew pedantic.—
I'd just as soon hold thee now
And plight an eternal vow.
Thou wert a sweet cherub then;
Now the seraph type, I ken,
With tresses of raven gloss
Dangling thy cheeks' peachy floss.
Thy sparkling eyes of softest brown
Should win for thee a jeweled crown.—
Thy beauty not thine only worth—
Thy blood royal by Christian birth:
With smiles sweet as lotus bud
Emitted by thy soul so good,
With spirit benignly high:
For thy love a prince would die.—
Now thou'rt a sweet girl graduate,
With heart lilt in woman's estate.
May life's golden sands ever gleam,
And thy devotion on earth redeem
For thee chaplets above the sky,
Where heaven's joys all tears will dry.

TO THE MOON

She rides upon her azure throne
In silvery garb pale;
Ever and anon she weeps alone,
When clouds her face do veil.
On pilgrimage she runs apace
As if her course were set
By some ethereal embrace
Whose cosmic force she's met.

How many times around the earth
She's gone, or yet must go!
Her age and her national birth
We'd surely like to know.
But she's more silent than her sex
Indicates,—she can keep
Her counsel, and shun social wrecks—
Never talks in her sleep.

The back of her head we ne'er see:
We wonder if she's bald,
Or would her tresses' brilliancy
Turn our eyes emerald?
But for some reason unexplained
Her gaze is on the world,
And it has been since she's reigned,
Her secret yet upfurled.

She quite oft makes capricious changes,
Her whims then manifest;
Tugs at the lakes and mountain ranges;
Rolls the ocean's booming crest,
Where bask sea-nymphs in magic ease:
Upon the waves they glide,
Whose oozy curls do oft surcease
The ever-surging tide.

Then at times she becomes quite full—
Often displays her horns;
Both of which incorrigible,
And bring her many scorns.
But Cynthia is a suffragette,
And sets her pathway high,
Zoned with orient coronet—
Czarina of the sky.

Roll on, thou regentess, with pride,
Perform thy service well!
No ill from earth can thee betide,
Be thy end Heaven or Hell.
It may be harsh penance to requite
Some pristine wrong commit
For which thou essayest thy light:
Some sins God will ne'er acquit.

Hence, in ignominy now replete,
Impaled, dying or dead,
Mayhap thou art a soul concrete,
Of some goddess once wed
To a consort, a god supreme,
For perfidy transformed to grieve,
The which no penance can redeem:
Thy wrong, naught will retrieve.

ODE TO WINTER

Spirit-dragon, thy very name sounds acold,
Gives chilly awe to autumn's tender gold,
And fangs the bugle-blooms and jonquils brown
With frigid blight and petulant, loathsome frown,
Pinching milkmaid's cheek and the hunter's ear;
Frescoes the window pane with congealed tear;
Oft nips the school boy's sunburnt toes
And intrepid traveler's carmine nose.
O thou monster, with purpose not all vain,
But to many thy gelid breath gives pain.
At times thou seem'st the master in fury
Merciless, with infernal gorgon eye;
Snorting like an enraged wild boar shent,
Overburdening decrepitude's margin.
Of thee all nature, beast and man, deter,
When thou descend'st from Northern hemisphere,
With prismatic icicles zoning thy brow,
That harshly cling to leaf and laurel bough;
Wrapping the earth in shroud ghostly white,
Corpse pale, by stealth draped in silent night.
Then freezing lagoons, streamlets, and river,
Seem'st to repudiate the Supremest Giver,
Being monstrous and matchless in thy reign,
Potently pitiless in thy domain.
Thy petals of snow, white as swans'-down,
And clattering hail, rude as circus clown,—
With crystal breath that swirl like goose-feather
Thy blatant storm seems to curse the weather;
Bringing obfuscations grim to aged mind,
Forboded and rumored in sighing wind,
That sounds to the poor widow sepulchral
Or doom's voice shrieking up and down the hall,
Through which ghouls with demon's fiendish prowl
Skulk like hungry hyenas—with odors foul.
Thou remorseless devil with blighting fate
Causing the weak and indigent stings too great,

Fettering the very soul with sad grieves,
Giving naught to destitute but spring's retrieves,
Which oft loiter in they frozen lap too long,
Making the forest pine for throstle's song—
In thy ranting fury innocent lambs
Are ruthlessly snatched from the mournful dams.
Thy grinning tushes full of venom's woe
And with satanic bite never let go
Till death is manifest in bulb and flower;
Then lurking hard by as if to devour
The havoc of thy relentless harpy teeth.
Thou monster, such sad privations bequeath
To earth's defenseless and unsheltered heads—
Those unable to make invincible beds:
Thou hid'st from the starving Dame Nature's
food.

Ah, 'tis a vengeful blast that blows no good!
Hence to the rich and young thy blessing felt.
How they loath to see thy lily snow melt!
'Tis their time for sportive bliss unconfined,
In gregarious swarms and opulence dined:
The time for ermine furs, and sleigh bells rife,
And sable muffs—and hilarious life.
Fair maids, youthful, with a roseate dawn,
Hop and skip graceful as nymph or fawn,
And glide upon glassy lake with spinning grace,
With nimble loveliness and happy face.
In merry joust the village swains contend,
Playing snow ball; their gallant pride defend,
And in war-like combat each side displays
Dauntless courage, full-hearted with artful ways;
With honest mien and fancies light and free
And truest eyes admiring tenderly,
The sweet lasses with voices tuneful ring,
Whose rose bud lips had music on the wing.
Then with gleeful feast and frolicsome tongue
Many folk songs with jolly mirth are sung;
Sumptuous supper—roast goose and cider,

Pumpkin pie, pig's feet, apple-jack beside her :
Sparkling madeira and Mumm's extra dry,
And old Scotch whiskey made from blooming rye ;
After which conviviality inspired
Buoying the sylvan heart, that love hath fired.
Then the fiddle is tuned with much delight
For the festive dance that will run all night.
Lige Simkins, a fiddler of local renown,
Who oft played in the county village town,
And drank egg-nog like sinner joyous
Till drunk as the witch of spirits cloyous.
Then his melodies with a sweeping rhyme
Had grandpa patting both feet, keeping time.
Aunt Milley danced a jig with Duncan Moore
For sweet memory's sake, and days of yore.
When love's wedding feast, with romantic charm
And honeymoons celebrated on the farm,
By those happy doves, when full joys elate,
Cupid smiles on each cooing pair delicate,
And winks a knowing eye with much zest ;
His beauteous wooing the maidens blessed
As they sweetly dreamed, while the arrow's sting
Could plainly be felt, heart palpitating.—

Such the glories of winter, all agree
When we're prepared to receive it blithely,
And such too should be the winter of age.
Let none in life's bark be caught by sin's rage,
Unprepared to put out on shoreless sea
Rudderless, without Christian humility.

ODE TO HESPERUS

Fairest gem of the astral sea,
Beaming on ocean and earth,
Thy orient majesty
Bespeaks thy noble birth—
Thou virgin of the silent night
Enthroned upon wings of gold,
Diffusing thy gracious light
That doth the sovran deep unfold.

Who can into thy benign face
Gaze, glistening through realms untrod,
And not in wonder retrace
Thy refulgence back to God—
Thou lucent queen of Heaven,
Empress of Apollo's sheen,
Thwart the universe given
In resplendent rays serene.

Glorious at eve-tide thy flame,
When Phoebus is sunken west,
Venus! that's a sacred name,
Thou goddess of love so blest!
Full of sacramental zeal
If thou didst poise o'er the child
Christ, thy brilliance did reveal
And lead the wise men undefiled.

Thou, then the star of Bethlehem,
Hath seen Jesus, our Redeemer;
Thou art Heaven's diadem,
And a veracious gleamer
In the azure firmament,
Placed there by holy designs
To a destiny diligent:
'Tis love in thy soul that shines.

THE DYING YEAR

Kind friend, I bid thee a sad adieu;
I see the grim shadow of death
Upon thy aged brow; cold too
Are thy weary limbs, thy gasping breath,
And languid now thy pulse and heart.
Death to thee is a brooding fate;
Thy spirit from earth must depart,
Its mission now complete,—the gate
Of eternity stands oped, ajar,
To welcome thy immortal soul.
Eternal Jove will name a star
In thy honor, and the control
Of some throne sempiternal to grace
Forever, as Saturnian king,
Thy reward for serving time's race,
Thus comporting and agreeing,
So happy in the laws of truth,
In thy paternal plentitude.
And while, alas! thy crypt forsooth
Shall not on earth be wrought or hewed,
Yet in my heart thy cenotaph,
A shaft of golden memory's choice
Of love, blooms, fruit, and nature's laugh:
A memento loving, whose voice
To my grief as a mother's song
To her sleepy infant, with pride,
Whose smiles yet to heaven belong,
Whose dreams an angel's wing doth guide.—
We must part,—thou to thy kingdom,
To thy exalt and sovran throne;
But, mutable, I to clay must come,
The road we mortals go alone.
May I again meet thee beyond tears
In the region that knows no night,
Where time is not computed by years,

And eternity's wings glow with light,—
Where my nature immutable then,
In that glorious realm divine,
Where earth longings molt, like the wren,
And transmuted hearts naught do pine;
Where thy careworn anatomy
Shall vernate into beauty's charms,
And in teeming regality
Thou mayst infold me in thine arms.
I love thee; I loath to have thee go;
My heart now beats a mournful sigh:
Yet beyond clouds gestant with snow
Is thy demesne so azure high.
To me thou canst not more return,
But ere long I shall fly to thee;
Meanwhile my soul's most sacred urn
Shall hold thy fragrant memory.
I well recall thy virgin birth:
Thou wert fringed in Aurora's gold
While beauteous snow mantled the earth,
The stork's white pinions did thee unfold.
'Twas a bright silvery morn:
The wood birds flitted here and there;
I too remember the hunter's horn
That resounded on the frosty air.
Each blade and twig in icy jewels decked,
And merry damsels on skates flit
Upon congealed lakes that did reflect
Their voices while loving hands interknit.
Again, dear foster friend, farewell!
Do not ask me why I thus weep.
My heart is lorn; I scarce could tell:
Yet I know my sorrow is deep.
Why must such aching grief attend?
Why should love come to such a woe?
Why should ravaging time so blend
Mortals' delicate beauty here below?
May God speed thee on thy volant flight!

May thy throne eternal above
Be ministered by angels of light
And crown thee with Heaven's love!

MY STAR

My star is a world so bright:
To some a satellite no doubt;
But to me, its rays delight,
And sorrow's lurid cloud doth rout.

It truly walks upon the earth:
I'm glad of that, tis the truth;
A Venus of noblest birth,
In the morn of vernal youth.

My star is small with two orbs,
Twinkling under long lashes curved,
With upward grace that absorbs
My admiration unswerved.

'Tis a glittering gem, this,—
In the noon-day's sun 'twill shine;
In the darkness I would kiss:
I love its noon-tide divine.

No gloom in its zone by night,
For its cheering beams of gold
Give my path luminous light,
My melancholy up-fold,

And blend into tinted hues,
And implant loftiest song;
Whose sweet lute-whispering muse
Balms my bosom's every wrong.

My star is a world indeed,
With purity's lucent blend;
To my soul, divinest meed,
All constellations transcend.

It has rose-bud mouth that smiles,
And teeth of the whitest pearls;
In my dreams it so beguiles,
Its dazzling beauty unfurls.

It has feet on which to glide,
And tresses of raven curls;
I fain would make this star a bride,
The dearest of all the girls.

What care I for stars above,
With diamond eyes of sacred fire;
How can they touch my heart's love,
Attune my impassioned lyre?

TO ROSALEE

Thou art gone, my sweet Rosalee,
Into realms divine—high above,
But thy spirit, like cooing dove,
Is still my mournful fantasy.

'Tis years ago, since beaming pride
Hoped—and ambition's glowing fire
With lucent flame, and love's desire,
Crowned thee my sweet-heart,—future bride—

But the cold wing of destiny
Took thee.—'Twas not for sin I know;
'Twas because Heaven loved thee so—
And wanted thy charming company.

Memory yet takes me back, dear,
And we romp, heart and hand so free,
'Cross the mead, near the billowy sea,
Where birds sing sweetly to give us cheer.

When roseate morn's lambent blush
Cast orient spears thwart the sky,
And shining dew's pearled each bloom's eye,
We hied for berries ripe and lush.

And oft at e'entide's fading glow,
'Mong garden and orchard flowers
Playing hide and seek 'neath bowers
Of cherry, apple, and peach blow.

And under the starry night's breath,
When charioted zephyrs roving
Dallied soft plumes on our cheeks loving,—
Then we had not e'en dreamed of death.

Yet withal, dear one, thy advent
On earth inspirits me to reach
That kingdom whose glistening beach
Reflects in my heart the love thou'st sent.

Now thou'rt immortal Rosalee,
Gone beyond the abysm of sorrow
And grief, that thickens with the morrow.
O, happy thought! I'll come to thee.

My ship in silence hath been aimed
For the bright shores of fair renown;
'Tis my prayers to see thy crown
Of Heaven's luminous stars—famed.

I know thou'rt happy, Rosalee,
And look as fresh as a wild rose
At the brim of morning's young glows
When vernant flowers rainbow the lea.

I know not why thou wert taken,
When thou wert so young, sweet, and true,
But I may learn when I see you,—
Understand why I was forsaken.

Life is a dull voyage alone,—
I strolled 'neath the cliffs yesterday,
Where we so oft from school did play,
And built little houses of stone.

My tears streamed fast when I spied the shrine
On which I boosted thee, my queen!
Then we named it thy throne of green,
Thou didst comport so regal and fine.

Oh, if I could hold thy hand again!
But I must sigh and weep instead;
I talk in my dreams—and I'm led
By thy spirit 'mid the starry main.

But, Rosalee, long since my hopes
Took flight—they flew with thee, my star,
Through the Heaven's postern ajar,
And there remain, while here my soul gropes.

My guardian angel Rosalee,
And my mediatrix divine,
My soul looks up to thee, to pine;
Oh, bless me in thy rosary.—

Oft I think I see thee in the skies
As the mind's golden vista unfurls
Visions o' Heaven and thy soft curls;
And then I see those azure eyes.

As the e'entide of life wings apace,
And my star recumbent, waning,
Oh, I hope I'm each day gaining
On the flow that sweeps to Hell's disgrace!

'Twas sad to lose thee, Rosalee,
At the dawn of life's sparkling light,
But sorrow did sharpen my sight,
In Heaven's glory to meet thee.

The geranium thou didst love
Brings forth its perennial bloom,
The flowers I spread on thy tomb,
Thus my immortal love to prove.

TO LUCILE

Oh, what a fate has been my lot!
A destiny flung me at thy feet:
My heart caught fire, and I forgot
All but love's ecstasy, complete.

Those pensive eyes of softest brown
Illume my soul's forlorn pathway;
Thy golden tresses truly crown
A face more brilliant than noon's ray.

When I behold thy beauty charms
I'm reminded of a flower,
The Easter lily; my ardent arms
Would thee infold as life's dower.

When I first held thy hand, Lucile,
So immaculate and so white,
I felt a thrill which did reveal
A passion of enrapt delight.

That smile betokens virtue's truth;
Thy teeth like the most costly pearls:
A young princess thou art, forsooth.
Who wouldn't love thee, sweetest of girls?

My heart doth cherish with rhythmic bliss—
Re-echoes a melodious zeal;
Ah, how memory balms that kiss
I stole from thy rosebud lips, Lucile.

Yet there's no solace for my heart,
I fear,—ah me, I now repine
When I think how soon we must part.
Alas! Thou would'st never be mine.

THE HAND OF GOD

Who can look into the azure deep
And not behold glories infinite?
The night's lucent eyes do ever keep
Watch upon the earth with delight.

Prevailing hues of blue and gold
Dominate the astral sea still.
O God, may our orisons unfold
The mysteries of Thy divine will.

When we regard Thy great power,
A cogent world-builder Thou art,
Piloting all things every hour,
Yet hearing man's suppliant heart.

Nor too busy the sparrow's fall
To see—Thou hear'st the raven's cry.
How matchless, how all in all
Is Thy puissant majesty.

Each star stoled in sacred design
Knows Thy loving presence supreme;
'Tis Thy face and glory that shine,
Thy love and mercy that redeem.

Who can be so blind, not to see
Thy wondrous hand at the prow-wheels
Of our eternal destiny
The solar universe reveals.

TWILIGHT

I hear the whir of sleepy wing
And good-night vespers,—anthems sweet.
Parting day is now hovering,
Her silent blessing at my feet.—
Awake, ye habitues nocturnal,
That I may imbibe echo's tide,
Where Nature's divine ritual
Communes, and her soft shadows hide.
The night calls reboant soon heard,
From fox, bird, and lamenting owl;
The whippoorwill's plaintive word,
And ravenous wolf's savage howl,—
Anon come from copse-covert glens,
Each on rapacious pillage bent,
While blossoming perfume transcends
The azure mystic wonderment,—
And its sighing prayers steal
Into my retrospective mind;
Its incense to my soul I feel,
Blandished by the spiritous wind.—
The contiguity of earth and sky
In benignant reverence blend,
Sacred warmth and betrothal nigh,
While bird, beast, and man contend,—
Where silken zephyrs' votive bliss
Bridle amative breath of wild rose,
And with loving dalliance kiss
Each dewy bud which this night blows.
The yellow moon, gaunt, peeps askance
Through western haze above the hills;
Her brazen horns keen as Mars' lance
Fling meager beamlets upon the rills.—
Ah! 'Tis nightingale's tunes I hear
Wafted upon the roving breeze;
Their descants linger in my ear

While my soul brims with ecstacies.—
Now's the time for true lover's vows:
A transporting symphonic wave
Sates my sense, as it doth arouse
Other scenes in memory's grave.
The stars, the arc lights of Heaven,
One by one come into my ken,
Round me tuneful silence given
My sequacious solitude,—and when
The departing sun's crimson hues
Have kissed ambient clouds good-night,
Each saffron glint has said adieu
To its soul-mate in love's delight;
Then brewing solemnity holds
A witching charm o'er mortal state;
Her immortal dominion unfolds
The panorama of destined fate.
And thus life's evening shadows mute
Are growing longer each day fled.
O, if its twilight will impute
To my shades such glories full wed,
By divine nature inherent!
Her fair spirit to mine impart
Raptures exulting, and coexistent,
To implant hope in my lone heart!
Likewise a calm, appeasing tide
To placate a billowy sea,
A star fulgent, my soul to guide,
When I embark for eternity!

TO SHAKESPEARE

Thy great scope is yet to us a wonder;
Thy rhetoric in luster still out-shines:
Methink I hear that heralding thunder
And the luting enchantment which combines
The range of earth and sky, to thee out-flung
Like a magic meadow of blooming pink.
Thy comprehension infinite hath sung
From Aeolus' airy throne,—from lurid brink
Of human passions,—to make gay, or mourn.
Thy like for fathoming mortal destiny
And delving deep into the psychic bourn,
Sounding the depth of the soul's entity,
Seems his advent earthward doth not illumine
Our benighted realm; nor flash forth lyric fire
Of eloquence, that compass joy and gloom.
Thou didst make music on Apollo's lyre,
Didst cunningly all depravity mirror
From celestial dome, and from hell forlorn;
Proving Heaven's love, and Hades' terror,
Engilding the stars anew; robed the morn
In a beauty more dazzling and sublime
With thy philosophy and golden rhyme.

THE INSPIRATION OF FRIENDSHIP

As the redolence of spring gives to the bee
Hivings of joy, his wealth of honey pure,
Likewise I garner friendship's sanctity,
And its saccharine to my soul I lure—
Friendship implanted in the vernal mind
Inweaves its weft into hoar years that bind.

All like matter, and spirits as well, attract
To some eternal sympathy benign,
Where genial affinity naught exact;
Nor will its ardency e'er droop and pine,
And beyond this vale 'twill be with love found;
In such crystal realms fair beauties abound.

The friends I've known for many sober years,
Now that they're still as true as innocence,
Arouse in my heart inspiration that reveres
And anew revives some virtue detent
In my bosom, which with fervor glows
Whose inflorescence eclipses the rose.

Now fleeting time bequeaths its sequent wing,
And whirs dispiteous beyond the noon
Of life's lotted span: then age, the grim viking,
Comes with stealth, yet to the gay past doth croon,
And harks to echoes of friendship's votary
Still lingering in youth's fantastic sea.

And I e'er in mind see those childish pleasures,
Those enflowered vistas as backward I gaze;
Oft enumerate the golden treasures
Of that fairy world I once saw ablaze.
How I would fain the wheels of time reverse,
And the autumn plumes of ripe years disperse!

By friendship's festive and blithesome sail
What an unfurled pennant to ever guide
In love's serene pathway, celestial trail
To the shore of eternal Heaven wide!
And, too, how rich to find a friend replete
On the footstool of God with fondness sweet!

But, alas! we must march on to our goal,
Add our song to the symphony of lore,
As it may vibrate the chords of the soul.
Aye! The journey henceforth may ope the door
Of joys to juvenile fancies unknown,
Nor to mortal vision hath e'er been shown.

'Tis a sweet attribute in a friend of youth
To vouchsafe and unselfishly commit
Unequivocal admiration, forsooth,
That conduces to exultations fit
To fill a heart with immaculate fire:
Let's enfranchise the muse such friends inspire.

A MISTLETOE KISS

I stood 'neath the magic mistletoe bough;
A New Year's kiss I benignly got:
Rapture!—Would I were standing there now;
Yes, on that very identical spot.
'Twas a most loving and enchanting smack!
I blushed scarlet, and my trembling lips hid.
Entreatingly I asked her to take it back:
Then she tip-toed and lingeringly did:
She took it—her blushes were unespied:
I'd let her again, I know full well;
Yea, if I had even swooned and died.
For it made my heart flutter and swell,
And my timorous soul she did affright.
Thus, smiling, she continued sweetly to sup.
While New Year's chimes were tolling midnight,
She was still sipping from love's drainless cup.
I'll ne'er forget the festive mistletoe.
As time links my joys measure by measure,
My dreams will revert to that night, I trow—
A night of memory's golden treasure.
There's more in osculation than joy's bliss:
In love it sings a melodious tune.
Sweet as her bouquet is Erato's kiss,
And the sweetheart's smack makes starlight noon.
In the fane of Venus they sing the kiss-song
Which binds with connubial links as strong
As home ties, yet sweeter; diviner goes
Into the hungry passions' empty abyss,
That swells and bubbles, but ne'er overflows.
A soothing composite is love's magic kiss!
In varying cadence, sweetly it sings,
Of Cupid's incense linked in Heaven's vows,—
'Tis love's exponent, recognized by kings;
In queenly hearts dormant emotions rouse.

O, thou muse! let Angel's golden wings
Dipped in love's fount of ambrosial sweets
Infuse medic balms, when mistletoe swings
O'er the hearts attuned to each other's beats,
And on each bosom's sacred altar burns
That unquenchable and amative fire
With congenial flame that haunts, goes, then re-
turns
To speak love's immaculate soul's desire.

TO MY VIOLIN

A thing of grace, life, and breath,
My heart to thee I devote;
We shall be comrades unto death,
Thy soul from mine not remote.
Whose rhythms, transporting, benign,
And so loving and so sweet
With modulations seemlied,
Like magic sirens, entreat;
Yet combined of maple-antique,
With waving curls—and vibrant spruce,
Joined together with vital glue,
Firm as lacquer,—harder to loose.

Yes, from the tree primeval
Thou didst come— while I came from clay:
Hence, we're cousins mysterious
On destiny's common highway.
And is it some forest legend
Emmewed in thy lonely heart;
Some sad fairy story tragic
In minor thou wouldst impart?
And deterge thyself of sorrow,
Yield up thy weird romance,
Told first to some sylvan cypress,
By some haunted cave, perchance?

Thy vocal endowments condign
To my sympathetic muse,
And joyous thy heart in song
As thy resonances infuse
And sway the human emotions,
With sadness or joys up-fill;
Hence, a soul thou dost possess
And lend it with gen'rous will.

In my love-lorn contemplations
And my lonely hours repined,
Thy tones cheer and so inspirit
And toll my immortal mind,
Back into the up-sealed by-gones
With luring phantasies from the skies
And dreamy visions that entice,
Through love's mystic imageries.

Is it song-bird's tunes caged since time
Immemorial, or stars' refrains caught
By sirens of eternal rhyme,
Or sighing themes of spirits lost?
Some dethroned god's penitent sins?
Alas! the voice of contrite remorse
Thou wouldst give to the winged winds?

Thy progenitors may've grown long
On the grave of pre-eminent saint,
Some pristine prima donna of song
Whose mold by wonderment embodies
Thy substance,—mystically communes
With spirit of some deified Melba,
Conscious in thy wondrous tunes.

When thy wings of harmony
Outspread, with such golden hope
To curtain me from languor,
And cheering me on to cope

With powers psychic beyond
The bourne of human decree,
Whence such lingering echoes,
The murmurings of eternity;
And being more out, than in
The mortal zone,—thus o'er-reached
By thy mysterious tonality,—
And finding my spirit pleached,—
I wake as if from a rev'ry;
Then back to dull mortality fly,
And idly my fingers will stray
Over thy minor chords high.

O, thou beauty goddess, fair!—
With gracile waist symmetric,
The empress of instruments
Musical—and dance music
That sways the feet entrancing,
And again, with themes divine
That echo in memory's
Urn,—when gloomily we pine
For redemption's hand to lead
Us out of discordant seas,
Away from tuneless billows,
Back to thy soulful melodies.
Thou, like the voice of lyric fountain
Spurting forth from tuneful pipes,
Or from golden-plumed nightingales
With argent tongues and scarlet stripes!

My peerless Nymph in solitude,
With tender passion's sacred tone,
With wooing breath like violet's kiss,
My heart to thine in love hath grown.
Into thine own ears I pour
My soul's lamenting regrets;
With impassioned cadence holy
Thou return'st softly my life secrets.

Thou art my pulsing paragon
Whose beat is the sigh of love;
If I had but thee, dearest gem
I'd not hunger or aimlessly rove,
Nor pine, but rely placably
On thee and thy mellow song—
Such delicious symphonies full blown,
Like flowers' breath that floats along,
Soothing to my tranced dullness.

Of thee I'll not be deprived.
My endless love and ripest joys
Are thine.—Alas! I've long shrived
My heart-aches to thee; enrapt
By thy responsive sounds that steal
Into the soul's ethical ken,
And repeat the prayer I feel
In mine own immortal soul.

My dear consort, long since gone
To her heritage supernal—
She's waiting for me on the lawn
Of Heaven!—In mind I hear
Those sweet songs she oft did sing
As I commune with thee, dear,
Dreamily accompanying—
Now I'm all alone with thee,
And to thee, my friend, I'll cling,
For I've consecrated my heart
To thy soul, on every string!
I pray to have thee yonder
Where even the planets sing,
And celestial bodies attune
Their vibrance to the Heaven's wing.

TO MUSIC

Sweet sprite of ev'ry age and clime,
How majestic thy glory!
Thy tongue of oracles sublime
In gloom or joy's story.

Thou dulcet pixy unfading,
With soft themes from the skies,
Whence thy gauzy, resonant wing
Brings the heart aching sighs.

Without thy kiss, love vain hopes dead—
But maudlin dreams that grieve.
Thy wooing opes the buds to wed,
Some kindred bloom reprieve.—

Thou'rt heavenly as purest love,
Boundless as infinite space;
Thy spirit eternal above
Where angels thee embrace.

Thou'rt with us from cradle to the grave:
Thy voice lulls the babe's sleep,
And Easter's festival octave
In my soul lingers deep.

E'en Memnon's statue makes Aurora's heart
Shed melancholy tears,
When it emits thy witching art,
Whose matin rhythm she hears.

Thou sweet goddess of high minions
Immortal and divine,
Whose nymph rides on zephyr's pinions,
Whose conduced virtues refine.

Hence, the rippling brooks thus embued
With thy lyric delight!
And rivers proud and meadows hued
Rebeck thy orisons day and night.

And languid eyes with rheums glaze,
When thy voice solemn and bland
Some disavowed memories raise
Beyond the will's command.

Sententious medleys day by day
Haunt my reflective mind,
And oft a mildewed rhapsody
Comes floating on the wind.

And along crowded highway's sea
A merry tune may rise,
In my soul's dreaming revery
Which time can't ostracize.

A melody oft comes leeward,
While musing by the fire;
'Twill into memory's tankard
Mount,—if jocund Bacchus inspire.

Thy harmonies such sparkling gems
A living prayer's blaze;
From Heaven's throne thy diadems
E'er shine with lustrous rays.

Thy sweet concord, the cynosure
Of my lone pilgrimage,
To the golden portals of pure
Light,—where thou'rt empress sage.

The king and queen at thy fount sip
And sate their hearts' desire,
As fragrant blooms with dewy lip
Drink the sun's gracious fire.

Now, darling muse, I say adieu,
But not a sad farewell;
I adore thee, and thy parvenu
Fain wouldst be,—and with thee dwell.

DEATH

What is death that we eschew it?
Life's metamorphose, yet we rue it—
The chariot in which all must ride;
We must die to be glorified.

Our natures more spirit than clay,
Why should we bemoan death's bewray?
Nothing's lost by the demon's sword,
If we'll grasp God's eternal word.

Death, who art thou, for me to fear?
Thy sting is mortal, dust thy bier;
Nor canst thou heavenward rise,
Nor thy sable aspect e'er disguise.

Thy gorgon frown the wage of sin,
At Hades' grot thou didst begin;
The devil is thy envious sire,
As he's the father of the liar.

I shall not fear thee, vengeful Death;
You mar this clay, but not life's breath,
Which mounts the celestial wave high:
'Twas not God's decree we should die.

We're just transmuted on this sphere
To meet conditions otherwhere.
Then we'll know thee, Death, thou serpent:
By hell's vile dogs thou wilt be shent.

But in joyous bliss 'bove the sky
Where thy ebon wing shall ne'er fly,
We'll rise beyond thy mortal sting,
To our Father, and Heaven's King.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE

I'll visit the temple of Flora in May
And muse amid her shrine and cressy bay ;
To my being of mortal flesh and blood
I'll philosophize on her emerald flood,
And forget the city's din and things rude
In drowsy solitude.
I'll commune with nature's God 'bove the sky
As the sweet moments fly,
And lose myself from myself completely
As upon the fluent wings of Mercury
I shall glide from mossy nook to the green
Lawns of the silent woodlands unseen,—
There consort with sylvan nymphs mid the leaves,
And unfold my love by amative heavens.—

In shadowy glens I'll feast my hungry eye,
And cool my limbs in the founts silvery,
Where the blue just now and then jealously
Peeps, with languid paleness that seems to sigh
For a beter view. Ah! but I'll be true
To the fairies, and to each delicate hue
Of ev'ry redolent tint of summer's joy ;
I'll love the nymphs divinely,—I'll not toy
With a single breeze, nor flower's lone heart
That will to my bliss such homage impart.
Here to nature I'll bend my silent vows,
And in her cool fostering arms she'll house
My lorn and orphan bosom so drooping,
And into my soul pour her ambrosial spring.
O, beauteous month! Flora's fairest child!
Let me bask in thy bowers sweet and wild,

And chase broad-wingéd butterflies 'cross the mead
Made green and pliant by love-grass and weed,
And divinely fragrant by each sighing bloom

That dreams in drowsy wildwood, where the gloom
Of mortal souls, not there pining in woe,
But in themes of ecstasy overflow
In raptures superlative and with delight,
Revelling in the golden haze of light,
Where cloudlets like phantoms listlessly soar
Under azure canopy with winged oar.

Here sage and poet find inspiration
To write the verses that up-lift the nation,
Near meandering streams, tumbling, crystal;
That babble as down a brink they fall.
Yea, I'm a lover of all such blisses,
Where'er the naiad maiden's cheek kisses
The bashful zephyrs till they heave deep sighs,
Then wistfully loiter with pensive eyes
And with a passion of tenderest approve,
Like young Narcissus, who did his image love
With amorous reflection and hot flame,
Hence transmuted into the flower of his name.
Likewise the zephyrs by their kisses and stare
Were changed to a lady-fern sweet and rare,
And now bedeck the oozy cliffs and brink,
Where yet they ponder, and to fairies drink,
And kiss their little feet, nimble and white,
With the famishing love of an eremite.

Such the raptures in Flora's kingdom seen,
Where each tiny flower reigns as the queen
Or the king of some other soul divine;
Where the delicious wild rose and eglantine
Diffuse sweet incense, their untainted breath
Immaculate and pure in flowery death;
Which rise sacred to Dian's fane of fire
To purify her bejeweled attire,
Whereunto such sweetness all gods do bow
In fervent love,—plight an eternal vow.

O Author of sublime Nature, so dear
 To my spirit that doth unfold so clear,
 And lures me to its mossy temples grand
 Where nymphs frolic sportive on golden sand,
 And in shallow waters amber minnows play
 In kindergarten 'gainst the refreshing sway
 That ripples o'er pebbly stones 'neath cernuous
 boughs,
 Where all's concord, and nothing disavows—

O, let me near the boon of Nature dwell,
 And list to legend-tale in conch-shell,
 To songs emmewed since the first birth of time
 Or when the sirens caught the poet's rhyme,
 And re-echoed it into ev'ry sphere;
 From whence can be heard by the sylphids' ear
 Harmonious themes by bards of ancient lore,
 Whose rhythm doth un-wind, and 'twill e'ermore.

When I'm the guest of this earthly paradise
 I pray naught may divert my hungry eyes,
 And my delightful dream not be broken
 By some rude kingfisher with gibes out-spoken
 From the top of a dead sycamore tree,
 There pluming his majesty,
 And telling of some delicious repast
 On a trout, having a feast, ere he'd fast.
 But may my musing repose be embowered
 In sylvan haunts serene uncowered;
 There favored by the throstle's soothing notes
 And the merry bobolinks' song, that floats
 To my drowsy sense on the balmy breeze
 Unconscious from whence it filters thro' the trees;
 And may all the volatile dryads
 Be about me, that I on bended knees
 May suffuse my love and list to vibrant wings
 From denizens that flit o'er dripping springs;
 And a dreaming immortality be shed

Upon memory, that Lethe-ward hath sped
By reason of such opiate delight
Received from the enflowered vales so dight,
To ease one's soul into oblivion's grot,
Whence many enchantments by fancy shot
Into my innermost spiritual sense,
Wherein 'tis charmed by its own recompense.

Yea, I'm a disciple of Nature's breast:
Her bosom soothes my weary brain to rest,
'Neath the tapering willow's saffron stems
Through which the queen moon shoots her silver
 gems.

Ah, Cynthia! Forsooth, thou dost the lovers spy,
But thou would'st not see a nymph in anguish die
That doth shrive to thee her sorrow and bliss,
Whom thou would'st infold in thy bosom and kiss.
Now I must leave thee, my sweet mother true:
Thy temple my heart with joy doth bedew.
But ere long I'll return to commune more;
My dedalean wings now must from thee soar.

TO THE NINE MUSES

Come hither, rose-wreathed Erato.
Thy lyric brilliance resound;
With myrtled brow so zoned in grace,
Come to me; I'm thy beau.
Thy love my heart hath bound
In musing dreams, and rhythm's embrace.

Sweet Euterpe, goddess of the pipe,
Muse of all the wind instruments!
Thy ringlet tresses zephyrs play
With passion, lush and ripe,
Full of loving cloyments
And trancing tunes from the galaxy.

Fair Urania, empress of the sky,
Queen of constellations sublime,
Leader of the chorus when stars sang,
Princess of the planets high
And Vesper's wooing rhyme,
Heaven's glory from each star rang.

My facetious Thalia, of mirth,
Thy idyllic gems of the mead,
Of pastoral allegories
Of great beauty and worth,
Where nibble without heed
Pan's flocks on green promontories.

O Terpsichore! muse of the dance,
With choral songs and fancy flows,
Music deified by thy form
And swaying jubilance,
Or twirling on thy toes,
Graceful as the seagull in a storm.

Most eloquent Calliope,
Chief of the Heaven muses nine,
Mother of Orpheus (the lyrist,
With poetic wizardry)
Thy epic verses refine,
Whose influence none can resist.

To the great erudite Clio,
Keeper of the sacred history,
Recorder of annals divine,
Who saw the first rainbow
And light, before the eye
Of the orient sun did shine.

Melpomene, with tragic heart,
Didst thou witness the fall of Eve,
Hear the blood of Abel call out,
Attend drama's black art,
When Satan tried to deceive;
Whom angels and Michael did rout?

O Polyhymnia, sweet lyric bride
Of anthems immortal that ring,
Echoing the domèd expanse;
Thy fair beauty doth guide
The flight of Heaven's wing
That soothes the soul into dreaming trance.

Dear, heavenly muses, one and eight,
A fairy lot from whom to choose,
I shall woo you, fair deities,
Lest some bewail to wait,
Or might her love diffuse
With dalliance and sportive eyes.

How I need you ev'ry silent hour!
I shall e'er worship at your shrine,
For ye are my inspiring light.

I'm charmed at your bower,
Whose fragrant vines entwine,
Impearl with dew's my soul to-night.

I aspire to be the consort
To all the family, for my soul
Hath gone to thee alike in tregue.
Transport me by triple mort
Into your realm's control,
And my heart with poesy league.

Oh, sisters nine, in air-built skies!
My votive prayers and beauty dreams
Ascend the lucid space to you;
With yearnings and deep sighs
My soul's exulting themes
Hang resistless on rhythms true.

Yea, dear muses, two and seven,
At the brim of the golden morn
Your spreaded pinions o'er oceans deep
Shall waft strains from heaven,
While lingered joys unborn
Sleep in your songs—immortal sleep.

Birds of heaven with healing wings,
With dazzling eyes, gray, brown, and blue,
Each with gentle innocent gaze
On the beautiful things
Of nature, kind and true,
Your genius are the angels' praise.

Who would spurn such cousining love,
Kiss not those curving pansy lips
Of fairy nymphs the gods did sire?
Flavored by the dew's above,
Whence the poets' sweet sips
Your imbrued vintage doth inspire.

When my faltering steps amate,
And leave me chambered in the dark,
Then I pine for your glaucous wings,
Whose vibrances emulate
The tune of morning lark
That mounts Aurora's blush and sings.

If ye were human to my kiss,
And as soft velvet to my touch,
My amative hopes I'd essay,
And love's potential bliss
I'd enmew overmuch;
And fight amain, to win the day.

Ah sweet muses, with lambent smiles,
With dazzling beauty's loving glance,
That haunt my wingless soul's retreat;
Like the moon's guileless guiles
On the water's expanse
Where dance her silvery feet!

Give me your hearts, in pulsing ease,
And indulge my vision's desire,
While from your coral lips of pride
I'll quaff 'neath blooming trees
To quench this burning fire
While calmly spooming on love's tide.

How your cheeks with blushes suffuse,
And passion's charms your eyes confess—
A bliss that intertwines so bright.
Who could such love abuse?
That silent vows express
To my passioned heart's burning light.

Lovely muses, with lotus breath,
With timbrel's gold and vibrant chimes,
Like magic tunes from wizard's lyre—

Such lives not meant for death!
Your souls but fancy's rhymes
To give mortal, immortal fire.

Who would not caress those bright curls
And sing 'neath the blooms by nature wrought,
Where the damask rose each lip disparts,
Its essence pure unfurls,
When e'en-tide's pensive thought
Into the starry azure darts.

Dearest Peris, with penance done,
Through the gates of Paradise sweet doves
With delight enter the ken of truth,
Your soul's purity won,
Like furtive eye that loves
Palpable joys and budding youth.

Gracious Angels, Heaven's minstrels,
Send your gentle spirits to earth,
Yet have spirits in the starry glow
Casting down metric swells
Giving mortal new birth,
The elixir of love below.

Yea, sweet beauties of holy rhyme,
The universe opes to your sways!
Hence weep not my eternal flames:
Your poesy sublime
Nightingales tender lays;
Dull senseless themes to yours, my dames.

Ye deified Muses of grace,
Whose silver-throated chants from the skies
Echo with throbbing harmonies,
My visions interlace
As I heave unripe sighs
And languish in love's mystic seas.

I hear your sweet musing refrains
Vibrating the ethereal air;
Such themes in chorus so refine
With Nocturn's honeyed strains,
Send me rhythms sweet and rare
From your heavenly choir of Nine.

BUILDING AIR CASTLES

Various as the glory of stars
The air castle builders elate,
Raising turrets and glit'ring spars
Without an architect's estimate—
In dreaming fantasy they build
Domiciles huge and grand—then make
More noble—the domes oft regild.
But castles in the air awake
Ideals; the mind's genial hosts
Like spirits the Heavens control,
Or phantasm's unbodied ghosts,
Wooing mysterious into the soul.

Though greater and still more exalt,
They build into the blue domain
Of the planets' supernal vault;
Yet without abutments they maintain
Each superstructure—the visions' blows
Like the shadows of which they're wove;
Whose textile beauty as of rainbows
Hung over some enchanted grove.
Then hoary age enmosses the dome
Of temples reared in ardent caress,
While memory's never at home,
But reviewing scenes of happiness.

Round pious fancy's abluent spring
That bubbles 'neath hope's dazzling shrine,
Into which fair goddesses fling
Love's pearly tears pure as crystalline;
Then from its bright bosom nymphets rise
Imbued with Thetis' dewy embrace,
Soft as the blush of impassioned eyes
Radiant with celestial grace.
Thus it is they build proudest thrones
In Jove's beauteous realm so blue;
Whose blazing tints and fancy tones
Inspire ambitious pride of ev'ry hue.

TO ESTELLE

'Tis true, Estelle, my memory
Is all remains these years;
'Neath the leaves of this spreading tree
My eyes distream with tears.

This morn I heard the lavrock's tune;
I thought of thy songs leal
When we rambled in early June—
Our love we did reveal.

The zephyrs thy raven curls wreathed,
As we, lass and lad gay,
Romped in the soft shadows and breathed
Fragrance of new-mown hay.

Our love then, innocent, as pure
As the bud's blooming sigh;
Now 'tis all flown, canst thou endure
To hear the reason why?

'Tis true thou art a beauty fair;
I've known no one so sweet:
Yet to love thee I scarce can dare,
Though I worship at thy feet!

And while thou wert attending school
At the seminary high
I plowed the glebe with sedate mule;
Yet my heart could not thy love deny.

I turned the dank sward to the sun;
In musing thoughts of thee
Longed for the day when we'd be one
In holy matrimony.

Work to me was like idle play;
The notes of nesting wren
Did gladden the summer's day,
Thy face within my ken.

As I upgrew my dawning soul
Of thy virtues would sing:
I can now feel my heart's control
O'er thine own, withering.

Thou hast grown too worldly wise
For honest son of toil;
My callous hands, I now surmise,
Are my ignoble foil.

My fate is sealed—I feel its goad;
Thy love hath fled, Estelle,
Or at least from me it tiptoed:
I now bid thee farewell.

Yet, I bless the passion of love,
I know there's such a thing;
Its power the Heavens doth move
With super-human wing.

I do not chide thee in my heart—
Thou art pure as stars' rays.
I'm glad I loved thee; 'twill impart
To fond memory's blaze.

I must surely love thee yet, dear,
As by that name it's known;
It still hovers over the bier
Of the dead past alone.

Who then can expugn this burning,
Who can assuage the pain,
Key the door against returning,
Be deaf to its refrain?

O, 'tis sad to brood o'er by-gones,
Wish we were children yet,
Roving o'er the sweet meadow lawns,
Our minds so free from fret.

I hope thy crowning day shall come,
For it, thou hast so wrought;
And not be bitter like a scum,
False star's insipience caught.

I laud thee for such noble aim;
I pray thou may'st pluck the goal,
For 'tis thy ripe delicious claim—
Then grapple to thy soul.

Ambition is a surging sea;
Its billows mount the breast:
Rarely crowns without misery,
Which brings its own bequest.

TO JOSEPHINE

Since thy face I last beheld,
Since thy love I know is dead,
Oh, if I could that link re-weld,
Revamp the vows that once were said!
Then my soul that's roving with the wind,
Riding upon the lurking breeze—
Once more Cupid would attune its muse;
Dry my tears, and grief surcease.—

Just the other moonless night
I dreamed of thee, dear Josephine,
Thy face wreathed in love's delight,
Thine eyes so bright, sweet valentine.
I dreamed we strolled hand in hand,
And I thy mien so truly read!
I'm sorry 'twas just fancies spun
From mind's visionary thread.

My life, a nightmare so hideous
Confined in gloom's darksome cave,
And 'twill ever remain thus,
Or drift with the spooming wave
Un-lulled by the turgid flow;
The loss of thee I'll e'er repine
To the dregs and gall forlorn,
Now the sun in very scorn doth shine.

Shall I end it all in death's cruse,
And then adieu to mortal pain,
Or yet hope for love's gentle thews
To lift on downy wings again?
I've meditated to no avail.
Oh, fate! wretched fate! let me drift
Forever in bark by billows tossed,
Or on some ghostly Island shift.—

How we're buffeted by love's tempest,
Hurl'd headlong by its magic star!
In shady coves I've moored for rest,
But found none 'neath its scimitar.
Yes, love's a great feast, so they tell,
But its wine I've tasted was whey:
I'm tired of being a booby-jack;
In yon gulch I'll fling all dismay.

Josephine, my brain is shorn
Of reason,—my blood congeals
My love's fruitlessness, and its thorn
So prod and fang—my mind conceals
Sear leaves that into my heart fall,
That now brood foul weeds of sin,
Which choke out the blooming buds
That thrived on virtues within.

Welcome to my dust are wolves' jaws.
Weep not, Josephine, but for me pray!
'Tis but to soothe my mind, the maws
Of hungry animals I stay.
The life of some young kid 'twill save
For few days from teeth of pards,
Whose lairs are hereabout beset,
Whose screams my soliloquy retards.

Thou winged monster of sorrow,
I entreat thy foul stomach to feed
And feast on my flesh to-morrow,
And glut thy callow vulture's greed.—
Oh! to die, to sleep and to dream,
In the bosom of eternity long,
To give the mind sweet lenity
And blend with co-eternal song.

Oh, my God! where am I now?
I've had a vision,—the devil
Came in great pomp—(truly I vow)
In great vastitude of evil,
Gathering lost souls of suicides:
Oh, Heaven forgive me, I pray!
Dear Josephine, I love thee still—
I'll not harm this life's ebbing clay.

Praise I'll now sing unto the Lord
For mercy and rewards divine,
And for raising me by His word
From hell's enthralls serpentine,
That twisted about my lone spirit,
Which fluttered like an oriole
Under the necromantic spell
Of a serpent's vicious control.

Josephine, I adore thee, my prize,
Not in desperation to mope,
But in the light of Heaven's eyes
I'll strive with my rivals to cope.
Anywise I'll not this body destroy—
The temple of the soul's residence,
Its lodging temporal on earth:
Therefore I'll give it my defence.

TO MY SCHOOLMATES

To my schoolmates one and all,
I yet hear your sonorous call,
As when at play 'neath beechen shade
My mind reverts to that leafy glade
Where we passed many happy hours
'Mong the sylvan cliffs and bowers,
Along the willow's weeping train.
I yet see Autumn's smiling grain,
And the beautiful goldenrod
As 'twould wave to the breeze, and nod
To some admiring flower fair,
Or soul-mate to further declare,—
Its amatory love impart,
Exuding sweet sighs from its heart.
Where the pungent mints thrifty grow,
Where the water lilies blow,
And the crystal spring runs so bold,
That bubbles from earth's bosom cold,—
Just below, round the craggy hill
This lucid stream turned the mill
That ground our corn into meal
And wheat into flour, "mother's seal"
'Tween huge stones, upper and nether,
That crushed the grains together.

Many a poke stalk we made fall,
And heard many wild bird's tender call;
And we'd lay the tall mullen low,
Or bend its head toward our beau;
If it lived and grew that way
'Twas a good omen, they'd say,
That she did love us truly.
We'd take all else, so on the sly;
Would kiss her when no one was nigh
E'en if the sweet lass feign would cry.

You remember my canine rover
That looked like a black bear in clover,
And the yearlings we used to yoke,
Then drive up the road for a joke.
How they would sulk and often hike
Like huge jack-rabbits down the pike;
Hard to stop, as they were to start.
'Twas all gay romance in our cart,—
We loved excitement for the sauce;
Without some spice we'd have grown moss
Which oft began to germinate.

Then we'd begin our minds to freight
With some book-learning. You recall,
School began in summer or fall,
Lasting ninety days, little more.
But in that time we could learn o'er
What we forgot in the nine months
Or nearly so, by the old stunts,
That is, by studying aloud—
Fine system, of which we were proud.
We could yell out in a stout voice,
Call the teacher names, and rejoice.
The whippoorwill's chant of sadness
We'd list in our dreaming gladness,
And the owl's hooting monotone
From the tall elms where he had flown
Would fall upon our listless ears
And distraught with ominous fears.
But we knew the owl's secret bent—
He loves goose and lamb, innocent!
On a fat hen he does not frown:
Oft upon a dove, he'll swoop down.

You remember how we'd ramble
For a fat 'possum through the bramble,
And in persimmon tree we'd find
His Excellency; where he dined

Sumptuous, 'neath the moon's argent rays,
Or by the stars' glittering plays,
Or yet in the most gloomèd darkness
Obeying appetite's gnawing stress.
A well baked 'possum is a feast
For the gods high, or Pan's priests,
Who know where true luxuries dwell.
In such morsels how they revel,
And muse in rapt benevolence
When 'possum odors fill their sense.

Ah, those were happy days indeed—
Little then did we the moments heed!
In the mill pond we oft did fish
For trout, perch, or anything—pish!
That would bite; even a bullfrog,
A turtle, or a polliwog.—
In the deep snow we'd track the hare,
And stop his muse so unaware.
That was fun! Don't you remember
How we chased them in gay December?
Then we would feast on rabbit stew,
And sometimes we had a barbecue;
With baked apples by a wood fire—
Sweet potatoes if we'd desire;
And all kinds of nuts we would crack.
Oft a long swig of apple-jack
We would quaff with much manhood;
Then we'd get jolly and feel good.

But I've digressed from my story.
I'm telling about school days' glory,
When the blue-back speller was classic
And in her zenith bombastic,
And spelling bees were all the go,
Standing or sitting in a row;
The days when we licked the ink
From our pens, unconcerned as wink

At some bright-eyed sweetheart benign
Whom we thought then almost divine.
Yea, my dear old festive schoolmates,

Those days were joyous, when on slates
We ciphered 'neath the shady trees,
Near the old log school-house, where fleas
Made out acquaintance and then feuds
Of great scratching, with short interludes—
Kept us quite occupied, you know.
But we preferred the out-door woe
To some teacher's laconic eyes
Whose leather heads we did despise.

Yes, my dear old chums, I ponder
And sigh for those days, and wonder
If the city chap has half the snap,
Filling his cranium with scrap;
'Tis truly enough his soul to blight
In trying to skimp his way light
Into the vestibule of knowledge
By playing football through college.

Many blissful pleasures I recount
In my memory, that doth mount
High into those raptures ago,
In my reminiscence outdrawn.
I wonder if the world's kind hand
Has gently dealt with you, as the sand
Of life grain by grain has filtered
Through time's sieve, each grain gold-glittered,
Or if you've toyed with destiny
And now look back with hopeless sigh
On a profligate past that jars
And grins like the ghost of dooming stars.

I pray none may languish on bed
Of such remorse, with hopes all fled;
I trust it's not the case at all,
That none is caged in such a thrall,
But all do enjoy the sunshine
Of Heaven with naught to repine.

HUMILITY

Give me a life pure, unknown,
From whose every act may flow
Deeds of divine love unheard;
Than sinful pomp and pride loud,
E'en though it be upon a throne
From whose transient glare naught but show,
And whose vows but sounding word,
With pompous vanity proud.

Give me a heart full of song,
In which the joys of earth can dwell,
Concomitant with the joys above.
From such beauty let me not stray.
May I never stand for the wrong,
Upholding the dogmas of hell,
Knowing not the true God of love:
O Lord! direct me on my way.—

Why should we puff up with glory?
From whence did we mammals spring?
Who gave us the power we laud
Over our brothers? those so weak,
Whose souls full of saddened story,
Who too oppressed, a note to sing?
Yet we loath to think we're the fraud;
Oft-times we feign to appear meek.

O, impious wretch! with family tree,
With consanguineous line long
Reaching to Adam and Eve;

Or from perhensile tail monkey!
If the latter be true, then we
Should not do this animal wrong,
Maligning his race, if we believe
We're his degenerate progeny.

Vanity's seed naught but woe doth raise,
In youth or the most advanced age;
Yet many think they're immortal
And picture themselves peering high:
And oft with self-appointed praise
Whose ignorance doth crown them sage,
And make them strut and oft recall
The prowess of some kinsman's lie.

Humility, a virtue most rare,
The bloom and fragrance of wisdom,
Leading to Heaven's vale of rest
Whose love great eminence doth sire
In the human heart debonair;
Through whom earth's redemption shall come,
And to whom God makes His bequest,
Purified with empyrean fire.

THE POETS

Poets have their dreams and repose:
They hear the stars sing at eve's close,
And they muse and sigh long and deep.
Many an inward tear they weep:
Their eyes may laugh gay and glisten,
While their hearts sob if you'll listen.
Their lyrics link Heaven and earth;
'Tis their design to give soul mirth,
And embolden elements pure.
Many privations they endure,
As they inwreath flowery chain:
Their diction merely hides their pain,
While musing in the kingdom of verse,
Their spirits light-winged rehearse;
And weave their rhymes in beauty's loom
Just to smooth life's billowy gloom,
And plant the seed of flowers sweet
In the pathway of loving feet.

They're human nightingales of tune:
With loftier realms they commune.
Ah! they're seraphs with broken wings!
That's why on earth such lingerings,
Till their pinions grow strong and swift.
Meanwhile pearls from pebbles they sift.
They're king bees in the winter hive;
A kind of soul honey they give,
Oft casting their gems to the swine,
While on celestial food they dine.
They're larks that sing in their own ears,
For oft they soar where none else hears,
But sigh not for the poets plight
Though mellow noon be to them night;
Rich then might be their deep musings
In begloomed darkness, sprouting wings.
Let them build castles in the sky:

Like eagles they in azure fly,
And make their abodes e'en higher,
Such dizzy heights attune their lyre. —
The bards of earth to Heaven soar:
Eternal love they'll sing e'ermore.
Their themes are glints of divine blue,
And their songs prove Heaven is true.
The light ethereal they glean,
Which by mortal eye is ne'er seen.
Sing on, ye bards, and thus inspire!
Your souls shall honor Phoebus' choir,
Where no threnody rends the air,
Every song sweet and happy there.

MY DREAM

In a dream I soared on wings high,
To some strange land where waters swirl;
I bethought myself 'bove the sky,
On a strand dazzling with gold and pearl.
I then began to fill my purse.
To my surprise, an angel stood
Before me gazing, nothing worse;
And told me to hoard not the blood
Of those who died on earth from craze
And left a memorial black
For wealth, their idol, and God of praise,
Stored in vault upon iron rack,
In the misers' coffer fireproof;
Who wailed a sou the church to pay,
Their mammon grasping, and aloof
Standing: kept all for rainy day,
Which to such as these never came.
Instead, their souls were required through death,
And now submerged in saffron flame,
Where the fumes of sulphur each breath
Imbibe, which make them gasp and mourn
Days gone, when on earth they did dwell,
But with hopes shattered and conscience torn
Could not avert the thrall of hell.

In this dream, I did then behold
Saints in un-numbered bands, who sang
Songs I often heard in tones bold,
That in earth's sanctuaries out-rang.
The angel admonished me true,
Then gave me a ring interwove,
With a posy engraven, who
Said the superscription meant love.
I felt strange, yet I did not wake;
My body with me I must have borne

Across this deep, engulfing lake;
But to return I did not mourn.

I heard many sounds so rhythmic,
Still, I smelt the sweet fragrant leas.
I heard words spirit—'twas music
On the wing—soulful melodies.
I was contented as at home:
All faces in smiles elate wreathed
As they merrily in flocks did roam,
And the pure pomegranate breath breathed.
I saw fleet horses with eyes bright,
On which maidens with nosegays rode,
Beautiful in gossamers white.
The prancing steeds with love's load
Carried their riders with much pride
Too swift for my eyes to discern
If these fair creatures on earth e'er sighed
And if they were ransomed interne.

I, in this visionary plight,
Saw empurple blooms kiss the waves
In tranquil beauty, love's delight;
Again I heard music's conclaves,
And list in breathless silence mute.
The buds and flowers by the stream
Breathed prayers soft as magic lute;
They too must have dozed in a dream,
While under such radiant sky,
The air so balmy in its tide
And viewless to the mortal eye,
Yet on music's soul it did ride.

If my muse could better convey
What I saw in my dreaming trance,
And too, if some prophet could essay
Such an instrument, its significance
Interpret,—or meaning divine,

My hopes might bloom like the wild rose,
And like water-lilies supine,
Bask in the scintillating glows
Of Heaven's sunshine—and heed the surge
That gently beats so lenient
At the door of my heart to deterge
And clothe it in holy raiment.

A dream is like a spider's weave—
Its texture but fancy superfine,
That can this mortal clay deceive;
Its true nature the soul doth twine.

THE SOUL

Why should a soul so mystify
The mortal mind and brain of clay,
Or because it's from Heaven's sky
And belongs to realms of eternal day?

'Tis the life of immortal breath
And the flame of empyrean fire,
All the which we'll know after death;
The endued theme of human desire.

It is the pure incense of love,
The rays of its divinest light;
Immaculate substance from above
Too beauteous for mortal sight.

And 'tis the real essence of God,
His very life to angels given;
The echo of His matchless word
To the habitues of Heaven.

The divine composite,—the blow
Of earthly buds,—pure quintessence
As ethereal crystalline snow,
The crown of life, as recompense.

Virtue's compensated reward
For fortitude's devotion rare
Upon this impurple, charnel sward,
With robe and habiliment fair.

'Tis the oracle's wings purified
By Heaven's grace,—the immortal bloom,
Whose sacred elements shall guide
This flower eternal, from the tomb.—

Yea, truly 'tis God's attribute,
His holy principle unfurled:
No mortal can this fact confute.
But marvel not on Psyche's world.

We make the soul evil or divine
By the food we for it have sown,
Which to its nature must condign
If we'd have its stature full grown.

As we gaze into starry space
'Neath the canopy's arched sky,
We feel its magnetic embrace,
That potently enthrones on high:

The golden glare of mind's vision,
The loadstar of conscience unseen,
But pulling to heights Elysian
By power immortal serene:

The divine bloom with iris hues
With beauty too dazzling for eyes
Terrestrial,—but e'er shall transfuse
And polarize mortal destinies.

THE 'POSSUM HUNT

The time was in gay December,
Ah, how well I can remember;
The grapes and persimmons sweet and prime,
The air crisp for the Southern clime.
The trees had shed their leaves of gold;
The night to some might have seemed acold.
Ice had frescoed the tall blades o' grass—
Some flared like curved poniards of glass:
The sun had sunk in the amber west.
The squirrel had scampered to his nest.
The screech owl had begun his cry:
They always moan, the devil knows why:
They beseech recreants in feather,
Or stay out nights to curse the weather.
The queen of night, though somewhat dim,
Was mounting the horizon's eastern rim;
The tall trees were nodding to the breeze;
I heard the chipmunks when they'd sneeze:
The scented woods greeted my nose,
And did my nerves somewhat compose.
The sky was gemmed with spangles bright
Winking and blinking to help give light,
Upon this festive 'possum hunt,
The time of year for such a stunt.
My brown dog of fair mongrel stock,
Fleet as the hare o'er hill and rock;
His ears long with ebony tip,
And he'd never let a trail slip.
His nose was sharpened for keenest smell;
When scenting the track he'd quickly yell—
The wooded hills re-echoed back.
By instinct he knew the 'possum's track
From that of fox, mink, or raccoon,
As well as we know night from noon.
His voice, true, like a silver horn

Resounded at times, somewhat forlorn,
As if he had bayed a huge ghost
Or unicorn at least or most,
Which really meant his game desried,
By voice modulation he'd confide,
Which hurried me on with eager stride
My game to scan, as up the tree hied;
And as the moon's reflecting rays
Shone on his gray ermine I'd gaze
And weigh with proud and anxious eyes
The heft and condition of my prize.
Then I'd climb up, and quickly slip
His fuzzy tail with tightening grip
Between stick at one end rived,
Ere at my hand he viciously dived,
And thus secure my black-eyed chap:
He'll sulk, growl, and bite; but ne'er snap.
'Twas useless to try to extricate
His prehensile tail, or underrate
His chagrin by sulkiness, thus caught;
Yet naught gained if he had fought.
The 'possum is quite tame for wild breed,
And when cooped, he soon loves to feed
On buttered biscuits or what not—
Even pork touches his hungry spot.
Like a pig he soon becomes dight
For table if your appetite
Is sufficient to take his fat,
With sweet potatoes, yams at that.
Before cooking he must be laid
Where jackfrost can sample his grade,
And pinch his flesh to make it sweet,
Good 'nough for Roosevelt to eat.
All great men love opossum meat.
When well baked 'tis indeed a treat,—
A meal for the gods, whose hearts' pride
For this dish makes them jealous-eyed.

STANZAS

Love is a passion,
'The heart's true ration
For every nation;
None eschew it.
'Tis worth the candle
All shadows dispell;
Easy to handle,
'Tis vain to rue it.
It brings many sighs;
Impearls beauty's eyes.
Who can say good-bye
To love's sweet face
Without sorrow's wing
Outspread hovering?
Though in mortal love, we find Heaven's track

This passion may sway
The stars' argent ray.
Who can this gainsay
Since Heaven's love?
'Tis life's sparkling wine
From the sacred vine
Our natures refine.
Kings and queens approve.
Yea! 'tis a sweet grace
In hut or palace,
A flaming sword or mace,
Virtue's ensign
To appease the soul
And Heaven control
An immortal bloom, the amaranthine.--

The rills babble bliss:
Nothing goes amiss.
In springtime they kiss,
And sparkle glee,
Hurrying to river;
There mingle forever
With loving fervor
In joys swirling sea,
Reflecting sun or moon:
With verdure festoon
Its banks May and June,
Where waters dream
In the bowered shades
'Mid the everglades,
Imbathing tender buds with loving gleam.

Thus with holiness
The woodlands impress
And palliate distress;
All wounds will heal:
The Nymph's smile will calm,
Flora's breath will balm,
Zephyrs to me psalm,
To my soul's own weal.
Love's rebounding tides
Over memory glides;
Thrills the blushing brides
With joy divine.
Who can e'er forget
The heart's own signet
Pure as sacred incense of columbine?

THE CREATION

When God moved upon the abysmal deep
Amidst engulfing darkness desolate,
Where formless and boundless attributes confused
Thick, fathomless and incomparable—
Wherein groped night's black soul like a demon
ghoul:

In this chasm then not a monster dragon lived,
Nor convergent ray impierced this vast sea;
No voice nor sound heard but eternity's wheels,
Huge and awesome in their nethermost grind,
Co-extensive with insuperable depth —
Then stagnant blackness breathed chaos distraught.
In this abysm unfathomed and forlorn
Nothing (at this indefinite age) had life,
Save therewithal the spirit of Jehovah
Which moved majestic 'midst incongruence;
And whose matchless wisdom and supremacy
This benighted gulf swayed with kingly potency.
Then God this shroud of boding mawkishness
Dissipated, and called forth immaculate light,
Which sprung from dismal and obscure darkness
With a brilliance and glory dazzling.
Thus bloomed the flower of light from the maw
Of dissonant and inharmonious chaos:
Then was destroyed brooding incongruity
By the King and Lord of hovering space—
And the sable wings of ominous gloom
He dispersed into Cerberean dungeon,—
Where yet it cowers with obloquious frown,
Impaled in a rayless and darkened tomb.—

Then lucific radiance with mellow sheen
Permeated the firmament infinite
With shadowless light remote and sublime,—
The temple of the omnipresent God

Now glowing fulgid 'neath the domèd concave
Of sweeping infinity that zoned the pale
Of the deep, uninhabited waters,
Now impounded in the mighty ocean,
When the Great Builder called forth the dry lands
To appear from under the surging seas.

Then herb, grass, and blooming flowers sprung forth
From the void and virgin matrix of earth ;
The quickened plants vegetated prolific ;
All manner of trees in profusion grew.
The foliage of the forest primeval waved
In the lucid atmosphere, and glistened
In the resplendent smiles of golden dawn.
Then the Author of this Creation hung
His glorious sun in the yawning abysm
Of the deep and exalted firmament
To give earth light and vital energy ;
To rule subsidiary planets by night
And day,—endowing each with a minor
Brightness auxiliary and glorious,
Gilding the solar universe with beauty
In ev'ry kingdom above and below
The great eternal arch of Heaven's gulf—

Then the Maker and Pilot of our fate,
By power ineffable and supreme
Made He the moon to refract the sun's light
By night, and thus dilute its shadowy wing—
And innumerable stars did He sow
Broadcast amidst the ethereal void ;
Whence by auxetic reflection they minimize
Earth's lurid mantle when the moon is wan
Or in the thrall of the cloud's thund'rous veil ;
While celestial orbs countless do command
Other worlds vast, huge and co-existent.
God made and swung in everlasting space
The analogue of terrestrial elements,

Which are for signs and emblems prophetic
And mysterious. Then God filled the seas
With shark, whale, and ev'ry finny creature
Amphibia—or otherwise living
In the waters; and fowl and bird of wing
Were placed in this primitival wilderness
To spread His glory—rejoice and sing aloud
Amidst blooms, fruitage, and beauteous nature,
And to partake freely of its bounty
Where earth's fullness before them so outspread
In lavish abundance, munificent
According to His design and purpose;
And created He the beasts of the fields
To browse on virent herb and nutrient grass,

Provided for them by His divine grace.
And all things great and small God thus made,
And those that hibernate in earth's bosom,
Or walk, run, or creep upon the ground, or fly
In the cerulean Heavens above,
Or swim in the fathomless seas beneath,
All in gleesome and indigenous bliss,
Each after its own specific genus.
Now in wisdom the great Author divined
A minor, but glorious archetype
Of Himself, and man in His own image
And likeness created He, and him set
Over all which He for earth had thus made;
And which was for the glorification
Of this perfect man Adam of Eden.
The beautiful park wherein he was blessed
Was inimitable. God himself landscaped
This garden; hence 'twas indeed paradise
On earth. Adam the first horticulturist
Thus became,—and sent up hosanna's voice
Continually to the King of Heaven—
Without maternal origin or childhood
Accorded this holy man, who received from God

The breath and spirit of a living soul ;
Hence "the goodliest man of men since born,"
In that he was made perfect by divine hands.
And God was pleased with His image in this man,
Though meagerly and dimly reflected ;
He blessed him, and crowned him king of the earth,
Giving him rulership over all things
Temporal beneath the azure firmament.
But with these honors and encomiums
Thrust upon this being of clay and spirit,
And while with gentle obeisance to God,
In his prayers thankful for meeds divine,
Yet his society was not conducive
To higher ideals ; though his Maker
Communed with him to instruct him daily
In the science of husbandry and life.
But in heart he felt a yearning deep
For something more than the great Jehovah
Had yet created. But Adam could not cure
This forlornness, nor remedy devise,
But seeing all other beings in pairs,
Adam could not understand why alone
He should be : as he heard the birds' descants
And saw them each after its kind in couples
Build their nests in the hedges and bowers
Of this earthly paradise ; with great joy
They consorted together, reared their brood
In common purpose and fidelity.
Adam therefore grew forlorn and repined,
His peace of mind with loneliness gestant.
He was dispirited, and heart leaden
And dejected. The Lord divined his need,
Which, being a help-mate, hence it was so :
God made this eremite a correlative
Soul,—a desired complement—a woman
In holy wedlock—to cherish and love—
To have her very dear to this gardner,
The great Surgeon created Adam a wife,

Out of his own flesh and blood; of a rib,
From his own side taken, (when anaesthesia
Administered by this cogent physician)
From which the great Author of man and angels
Made Adam the fairest flower e'er blown:
A paragon, this beautifulest Eve,
Who on the face of Jehovah first looked,
Which was haloed in golden hues divine.
On this perfect woman God graciously
Smiled, and blessed her above all things earthly.
She then in adoration sank to her knees,
Giving thanks for her creation beautiful,
To the Most High for miraculous life.
Then she benignant in Adam's eyes looked,
Wherein beholding her Heaven-wrought face
Mirrored,—she in happiness laughed rhythmic,
And tenderly embraced her husband pure,
Imprinting on his brow imperial
A kiss with impassioned reverence.
Adam shed tears in sacred thankfulness;
His heart beyond utterance full, he sighed
Complacent, his soul's gratification
To God for this precious and holy gift;
Then her glistening tresses in honor
Kissed,—her angel grace and womanly charms,
To him manifest,—her lily hand took,
And 'midst ripe fruitage and flowers with her
walked,
Each embued with love, and blessing the Lord.

Eve's athletic symmetry, a divine
Conception,—untarnished by the blight of sin,
Her queenly comport the admiration
Of all animals that fain did lick her hand;
Her voice more lyric than the laughing rills,
Softer than Aurora's tints of rosy morn,
Sweeter than Flora's kiss to dewy buds
To wake them at golden breath's vernal dawn.

The birds when seeing Eve would pour forth songs,
In exultant ecstasies symphonic,—
To admire the great masterpiece of God's
Creative genius, and earthly handiwork.
The flower buds precocious did open
To adore this beauty immaculate,—
And all blooms would diffuse sweetest fragrance
At her sight, and each face smiling up-raise.

And Adam loved his consort more than life.
In her eyes he was supremely blissful:
His heart was full of happiness and praise,
Sweet as the nightingale's moonlight vespers.—
Thus a veritable Venus and Adonis
Lived and loved in the garden of Eden,
For them made by the great God Almighty.

TO KEATS

Nothing shall mitigate our love, nor sway
Our zeal for thee and thy poesy divine.
We know thy heart, and feel its tuneful lay.
Thy mortal body on earth did repine,
Withal for few hours, but thy soul's serene
Glory e'er with us; as morn's golden wings,
In visions lucent, like celestial sheen,
Came thine own crescented illuminings,—
Thy fame not yet in its mid-day flower,
Nor happy noon of its glorious light.
We were honored in transition's hour;
Like a wing-spent dove, thou rested o'er night
Here below, and shed thy lyric excess
Of poetic verse upon us beneath,
Whose pearly gems so bright our lives to bless
With sweetest rhyme, that melodies bequeath.
Ah yes, the muses love thee most benign,
And their copious blessings on thee shed,
Out-pouring love's unction and purest wine
Into thy pulsing heart, when each was wed
To thee. Yes, Keats, we're glad thou camest un-
guiled:

Thy words glisten with beauty's fantastic love.
Yet in years thou wert in youth's dawn, a child
In life's vernal bud,—God called thee above,
But thy going caused a bright star to rise
In the heaven's blue, and 'tis rising yet,
And thy muse goddess thy name glorifies.
Thy illustrious sun will never set:
'Twill shine for us down the vista of time
To lighten our steps upon this volant sphere
And gild our pilgrimage with flowing rhyme,
Reminding of thee and thy life sincere;
Infusing with spirit beauty unseen,
Though felt from day to day when hearts attune
To the light that glimmers within the screen

Of our silent souls, when with thine we commune—
Not far distant, at times it seems to Heaven,
And oft we hear the strident jaws of hell!
Whiche'er kingdom we invite is given:
'Tis our volition to hold the good, the bad repel.
At times we feel so pure and sublime
Our soul's pinions oft beat 'gainst mortal cage,
Sighing for meadow glens beyond this clime,
Thus fascinated o'er thy rhymes, poet, sage;
And the silken themes thy soul did impart,
Cadenced upon thy silver-strung zithern,
And the rosy fount of thy youthful heart.
To know thee in Heaven our emotions burn;
Where thou art writing in divine accent,
With harmonious elisions supreme,
In music's tongue and metric wonderment.
Thou'rt in reality mortal's love dream.

I CARVED MY NAME IN A YOUNG BEECH TREE

I carved my name in a young beech tree,
Where fool's initials quite oft you see,
But I did it with motive noble and dear;
Yet this earth its secret may never hear.

When I cut my name I made a pledge
That's graven on my heart, I now allege;
Did you ask why? Ah no matter, silent now
Is that breast! Yet my love I'll ne'er disavow.

I'm glad I carved it just at that time—
'Twas the destined hour to seal a mute rhyme.
I'll not promulgate our sacred intent,
To but one else—'twas of no consequent.

But the star of my ill-fated horoscope
Has long since blighted that once crescent hope;
And that tree may have ere this fallen low
To the sharp strokes of the axman's blow.

Yet graved in the archives of my mind
Is the monogram of that name refined;
And under the seal of silence reigns
Her fair soul in Elysian domains.

You might divine whom bright Heaven did redeem
And of whom my aching heart doth e'er dream:
My vow I shall keep, and make bold to say
'Twas an angel's, the other name I carved that day.

A name too pure to let fall from my tongue,
A name for which the Heavens have rung,
A name that is the tonic key to my heart,
A name that eternity cannot from me part.

That tree our trysting place for many years,
We met and kissed, and mingled our tears.
At each sad parting a sorrow would creep
Into our hearts and haunt us in sleep.

If our tears that sunk into the sand made pearls,
How charming they'd be to ten thousand girls,
And if each gem our love to its devotee bring
'Twould be sweeter than drink from Nectar spring.

THE CHURCH BELL

I list to the church bell ringing
And think on knells of other days,
When my soul was tuned for singing
And hope was full of morning lays:
Then my lilting joys were ablaze.

That church bell yet speaks to my soul
A language I cannot repeat;
It takes me back to youth's control
And reminds of loved one élite,
Of schooldays and beechen groves sweet.

It called out the hour of prayer
To the wise who observed the Lord;
And re-echoed the village air
Where saintly dames with sweet accord
Repaired to hear God's sacred word.

There's love in the song of the bell,
Its resonance so pealing kind;
The lost will hear those tolls in hell:
There its rueful ring will e'er remind
Of youth's calls, un-heeded, purblind.

Blessèd youth is the golden time
To be impressed with the good or bad.
When the mind's full of vernal rhyme
The heart then so easy to be had—
'Twill accept God's oracles so glad.

Then, when life's golden leaf is sear
And youth is but memory's rose,
When shadows lengthen year by year,
We're glad to be free from sin's throes,
Infolded in Heaven's bright glows.

O, sweet youth, heed the church bell's call!
Turn not a deaf heart to its sound,
But go to God's temple withal,
And do not with vility abound:
Then age hath no cause to rue its ground.

Yea! Set thy faith creed standard high;
The devil can give naught but sin!
He has naught else but its vain lie
To offer thee, whose thorny whin
Host not, as thy spiritual kin.—

Then, O youth! let not thy bright wing
Be brinded by the breath of hell;
And through eternity hear the ring
Of some loudly tolling church bell,
E'er re-sounding thy dying knell.—

PROCESSIONAL

Lord of Angels, and of Heaven,
May pure hearts to us be given,
And cast out the sinful spirit;
Make our unworthy lives more fit
To shine upon drooping souls sad,
And make down-cast penitence glad
With a Heavenly countenance;
With eternal joy and fragrance
That shall be an emulation grand
To this and every Christian land,
That thy name may be glorified
Unto the ends of the world, wide;
And thy cause divine, none shall phase,
To which ev'ry knee shall bend with praise.
Let thy fire burn with raging flame
Upon the conscience of sin and shame,
And make all sorrow fly away.
Give us visions of the perfect day,
And make us kind, tender, and true.
Give us wisdom's grace to imbue
Our spirits, with destiny high.
Give us courage to magnify
Thy purpose,—and dare do the right—
Yea! if it costs our two eyes' sight!
And give us that power to rule
Ourselves, and fear not ridicule
Of the scoffer and sinner bold
With weazen heart and conscience cold.
Make us more than mortal, O Lord,
And fill us with thy matchless word.
May our advent upon this earth
Conform to Thy great mission's worth.

EVENTIDE

The Oroide god his eye doth close,
(Pheobus, Apollo, now sunk to rest);
The air with commingled gold yet glows;
The ousel's flown to its brooding nest.
The charioteer, the sun's jockey guide,
Hath slackened his reins for Vesper's song;
Then mounts to greet Aurora, morn's bride,
And re-pilot the king 'f day along
His morrow's eastern ascension high,
And again lead on his western cruise
'Thwart the blue interstellar sky,
And emblaze the path of cosmic thews.—

The bumblebee now doth dew his wing;
The glow worm, his flambeau doth trim;
The day songster has long ceased to sing,
And plumeless bats in drowsy air skim.
As the rustic swain with honest tread
Comes from the harvest of golden grain
To sumptuous supper, and to bed—
To sleep, to dream some happy refrain
Amidst healthful scenes, a vernal tide
Of youth's surging waves, love's own decree
That opes his congenital heart wide
And embalms its raging misery.

In the dim glades all nature will soon dream
And circumfuse its sighing sweetness
Upon the roving zephyrs that teem
With the fragrance of love's repleteness,
That's engendered and deified above,
Whose earthly exponent and sovran
Is the goddess Venus, who doth move
Amidst earth, and glorify in man
His honest efforts with much delight,
As likewise indwellers of the sky

Would engild the day, subdue the night
For the sake of mortal beauty's eye.—

Yon stars, the "Jack-o'-lanterns" of space,
One by one impierce the mirky haze
And inflect their vibrant beams to embrace
The daedal earth, with glittering blaze.
Now myriad gems from dizzy ether shine
With fulgid luster like virgin gold.
Ah, who can fathom such things divine,
Such astral sublimity unfold?
Or who can measure the universe,
Then direct its wondrous kingdom wise;
Who can interdict with voice of curse
Or apprehend those eternal eyes?

Sequential contemplations now fill
The pensive heart with atonements bland
Soothing to the soul's conscience and will,
If we bethink on that jeweled strand
Where contritions of spirit account
In a measure for virtues undone,
Where egotism imbitters the fount
Of love, blights the bloom where its rills run
O'er empearlèd beds of sparkling lure,
Where fair and amorous Sea-Gods vie
To win the love of Amphitrite, pure,
Queen of pearls, for whom Neptune would die.

When at life's eventide we trace our chart
Of years—inventory the virtue
Stored in the thesaurus of the heart,
Then may it be reckoned—our souls true,
Full of kind deeds; and love's plenitude,
Glowing with Heaven's oracular fire,
Burnished argent, by sacrific flood,
To enthrone our God-given desire—
Thus when the dim eye and hueless face

Look into eternity exalt
With faltering mien—O God, erase
Our sins, and deterge our hearts of fault.

I LOVE A SWEET LASS TOO YOUNG

I love a sweet lass too young ;
In my dreams her beauty was sung
By some deity with white wings ;
That siren theme in my soul rings.
O ! I came to earth too soon—
Arrived at morn, instead o' noon.
What a cruel thing is years !
Age's despoilment oft brings tears
To many eyes once so blue—
Pretty eyes of hazel, too ;
Yes, and those quite soft and brown
Gold would give to cut years down.
Why I came too soon, is this :
At life's yeading tide, a Miss
I love !—Yea, for a dear maiden
My heart is heavy-laden.
But a thousand years advance :
My age will be her romance ;
Then she'll be almost as old
If to her steadfast I could hold ;
So many years of love's bliss
All this time my lass to kiss,
Keep her young,—fair as today :
The idea makes my heart so gay !
She's such a lush, tender bud
My eyes brim with crystal flood
When I on disparity muse,
My early advent then abuse ;
For she's a wonderous gazelle,
Prim as bloom of asphodel ;
Her eyes sparkle so benign
The thought of loss makes me pine.

She was sixteen not so long.
You should hear her sing a song!
Her voice has a honey tone—
'Twill be sweeter when she's grown.
'Tis a blessing love's no sin,
And if wooing doesn't win,
It keeps our hearts warm and pure,
Makes life easy to endure,—
Yea, love is divine for all,
And should our souls disenthral,—
'Twill keep gentle smiles playing
Athwart our visage, raying.
Love blesses one's simple life,
But not always gets a wife.
If we're old, or a young swell,
Sad any time to bid farewell
To love,—to which we advene,
Our inalienable demesne;
That pervades our heart's bower,
Then gives us moral power,
And adds to life's brilliant dreams,
Elevates to starry gleams—
Where blissful azures unfold,
Giving back hearts purest gold.
Yes, I love a Nymph so fair—
She's so winsome, I declare;
Glad I love her,—I've no fears;
She, rejuvenates my years.
Age exerts youth to some extent;
Youth vernates age, when they're blent.
All things affect all things else,
As ice doth air ere it melts.
Each tone in music vibrates,
And each kindred tone animates.
Each note for other feels a bliss
And lingers for a vibrant kiss;
Then disparts toward the sky,
Echoing through eternity.

Each throbbing star in blue space
Takes cognizance of this grace,
Palpitates the rhythm and sings,
While orient Heaven flings
Golden kisses from the sun,
And unseen lights just begun
With radiance pure entwine
Our soul's sunrise, and will shine
Upon the path of love's hope,
Giving new heart and boundless scope
To sustain our mortal sight:
Helps to solve God's plans aright;
Exalts us above earth's clods.
By pure love we're extoled as gods.
If mortal a god can be,
Love's the price of eternity;
If eternity is the wage;
Love's our divine heritage.
Our heritage then is Heaven,
And love is Heaven-given,
From regions of celestial blue
That sanctify life anew—
Where all maids remain sixteen.
There mine will be a real queen.
I'll love her then so divine—
Who knows but she'll be mine,
Her soul beauty to adore,
To love and cherish e'ermore?
In mind I see her pinions:
Great then her sacred minions,
With crown of glittering gems
More precious than diadems
Of earth's benignant empress;
'Twould cost a billion, I guess,
If it came from ocean's bosom:
But comes from Heaven's kingdom.—
Hence, priceless will be her crown;
Then my love will claim renown:

Age shall not its passion bar
Nor keep me from my beauty star.--

PROVIDENCE IN NATURE

I sat on the brink of a laughing brook ;
The flowers were smiling on ev'ry side.
In vain I endeavored to read a book
Which on the moss careless lay open wide.

Most books I find inane, dry, and jejune,
When encloistered by bower, bloom, and bine—
With sweet nature I silently commune,
For somehow through it I see the divine.

I grow meditative 'neath cooling boughs ;
Can hear the sweet music of tinkling bells
From the distant flocks that on the slopes browse,
Which soothes me to silence, by mystic spells.

The song-birds each recites some soulful act
As the sun makes a pearl of each dewdrop ;
The brooklet his golden arrows refract
Unless some fleeting cloud his brilliance stop.

Thus the unpausing functions of Ceres,
The goddess of tillage and waving grain,
Brings great endowment to vine and trees
Conducive to the beauty of each domain.

And as each coefficient hue reveals
A regal principle of celestial sheen,—
So each mortal bosom in itself feels
The want of Providence endued, serene.

God, omnipresent and in nature found—
The savage hears His voice in the sough wind,
His elements felt where virtues abound,
Of Him ev'ry twig, leaf, and bloom, remind—

No human too low not a God to have,
E'en if grim idols made of brass or wood,
If he serve them, though a superstitious knave,
The which may redound to some temporal good.

Thus Nature is the primordial eye
Of God, and proves the resurrection plain:
If a rose lose its vernal tints and die
Will it not evolve into a bud again?

Or if a seed become dry and then fall
To mother earth, there its grave is but short;
The educing powers will soon recall
Its quickening soul, though erstwhile amort.

Thus Nature's laws unfold to us its plan,
Showing the imprint of its divine guide,
Revealing on all sides God's love for man,
Who it acknowledgeth with modest pride.

Hence, all forces of the universe aspire
To prove the Providence we see and trace;
A God who walks upon the thunder's fire
Will his own defend, for He's a God 'f grace.

THE OLD MILLER AND THE MILL

The mill's water wheel so grand
On its axle turned in haste;
The spuming spray spattered the sand,
Which was strewn in prodigal waste.

The willows grew along the brink
And almost the banks hid from sight.
Oft I've stood on the verge to think
On the great genius—the mill-wright.

That wonderful wheel that sung,
In seeming delight, with a vim,
And about, a kind of awe flung,
The which by moon-light was grim—

And through this silvery haze
Much water at a tangent sprayed
Where the recumbent sun would blaze—
Its threads o' gold a rainbow made.

Over the vaporous mist,
Oft diamond's flaring drops
Would upward fly, as the sun kist
Each crystal cheek 'bove the copse.

In the pebbly stream below,
The minnows, amber, gold, and blue,
Played frolicsome pranks in the frothy flow,
'Neath the shifting shades o' emerald hue.

The miller's big fat yellow cat
Slept as lightly as a feather,
And he would not catch a rat,
Nor wet his feet in bad weather,

Because he feared he'd catch cold
And have his paws to lick dry;
With all his fur of gold
He ne'er liked the snow to ply.

The miller took plenty of toll,
So they said—to feed his pigs,
Which did always in fat roll,
But no fatter than his sprigs.

His hens were too plump to lay,
The cocks too obese to crow,
But guinea-fowls "pot-racked" all day,
The vain peacock plumed for show.

His ducks of blue, green, and white
Swam like fish, and stood on their heads
In the water, in gleeful delight,
Feeding from periwinkle beds.

His geese were a mongrel breed
Of gray feather, and bad manners;
One nervy gander took the lead,
Seemed proud of his winged banners,—

Oft talked to his many wives
In that anarchistic voice,
Or maligning some mate, as he shrives
To his fairest or latest choice.

His old horse, a dreamy nag,
Had passed his age for neighing;
His nineteen falls made him fag:
Now passed his time in praying.

His wife, too, was fat and round—
Her height did not upward obtrude,
Yet she could scarcely see the ground
Nor above a cow be viewed.

But as well as she knew how,
A fine dame: but didn't like a mouse;
Prized learning less than a cow—
When she waddled she shook the house.

Her husband, the miller, however,
Could not have been suited better—
A lean gawk—but a lover
True, and played it to the letter.

His arms were long and bony,
His Adam's-apple like the breast
Of whippoorwill—a crony
To all he was, he confessed.

His legs like stilts so thin,
His whiskers an autumn brown
Anchored to his pointed chin
Were docked once a year in town.

But withal, the old-time miller
Was a man of good repute:
He furnished seed to any tiller;
Over the price would not dispute.

His news budget would ne'er flicker
Of gossip the neighbors round,
And he kept pure corn liquor
The farmers' tanks did impound.

A PESSIMIST'S CONVERSION

I strayed meditative one afternoon;
'Twas I remember the first day of June.
The early flowers looked sickly and pale:
I could see the charry shade of death's veil
That hung o'er their drooping eyes like a pall
Of grim misery, from whose lurid thrall
There seemed no escape. I then let my eyes
Mount to the brazen heaven's lurid skies.
I bethought on things eternal above
Where we're taught fruition ripens into love;
But I could see no beauty for me shining,
Hence I onward stalked, my way repining.
I e'en quaked in the marrow of my bones,
And in the deep silence I heard the groans
Of my mewed spirit like a wild beast chained,
Pulling and scowling for freedom ungained.
Thus my soul seemed out of sweet harmony.
Then I began more to bethink and see
Phantasies grim that to me brooded but ill,
With vile misanthropy my heart did fill.
I wandered on till I met with a spring
Hard by the wood, that moved but did not sing;
Winding its sluggish way into a goose pond
That hove near the mead in silent despond.
Its visage was inanimate and still,
And seemed to frown up at ev'ry tree and hill.
Into its bosom I peered with a dread:
It gave me back that I had given,—my head
And gorgon face so impious with sin.
This grisly aspect augment'd my chagrin.
Then I moped into the wooded forest
Full of melancholy, though seeking rest
From the unsightly things my eyes did loth.
I saw in this wilderness but idle sloth.
The birds all chirped with a sorrowing wail;

From the feverish woodland the ranting rail
 Broke the unholy spell of the stagnant calm.
 Alas! no unction here my soul did balm:
 If I had had a soul, the jungle would blight.
 From the lurid Heavens I saw no light,
 My life full of gloom to its bitter core—
 Aught but happiness stared at me e'er more.
 The wind through the trees made lugubrious noise—
 A rasping variance, my mind to unpoise.
 What mysterious strife I essayed to shun—
 Was sick of life's burthen since 'twas begun.
 No end I saw but a tombless charnel,
 Or in the rancid maw of a reeking hell.
 The paths all devious and ran so crude:
 Trees crooked did hibernate vulturous brood:
 The frowsy underbrush were so twisted
 As if the devil's cohorts here enlisted,
 And by their conflux did beshrew the earth
 Or execrated its virtue and future worth:
 The gawky heron here lurked for tad-pole
 In voracious greed swallowing them whole.
 Nature was all awry and foul with smell
 Of dead things the refined nostrils repel.
 Then I flung myself upon the foul ground:
 There I dreamed as my vision did confound
 The inherent dissonance of Nature's ear;
 I into the future pried with timid fear,
 In which I could see no congruity
 Of design, but a mass dead or soon to die.
 I saw embattling selfishness rampant,
 And vitiate minds, with hearts adamant;
 Seeking unearned emoluments by stealth
 And flattering treachery for wealth.
 I saw the hand of greed and avarice
 At poverty's throat, extorting its price;
 And plutocracy and mammon did flaunt
 In the presence of the starving and gaunt.
 In this discordant reverie so deep

I sank—my heart leaden too sad to weep.
 Then I saw envy in ev'ry creature
 Which cunningly dared the God of nature.

My trance then took me to a land of beauty
 In the which I was an alien, yet not free:
 A stranger un-endowed, without a right,
 But just permitted a moment's sight.
 At this juncture a fair nymph on me smiled.
 Her sweet soul showed no sin had her beguiled.
 This angel told me my mind was sordid—
 Full of vile malice contrition could rid,
 And I was to blame for my grisly visage,
 My sophism a menace to heritage;
 That my heart was distempered by foul deeds
 And by treading the immoral path that leads
 The distraughted brain into woeful doom
 Where the devil rules and his imps begloom.
 Then I awoke and sought to find the Lord:
 Forsooth, He caught my plaint, its very first word.
 My sins flew, (like vipers they were each one)
 As far from me as the then sunken sun.
 My body became lithe as a meadow hare.
 O muse, give me power this to declare
 In obvious and stentorian voice:
 That now beauty reigns with love, my soul's choice,
 And give me genius my spirit to fire,
 Fearing not the gibes of the worldly liar.
 I then saw with a perfect vision true
 Beauties numberless I erst never knew,
 As the sun sank beyond the western frieze,

My heart agog for the lambent Pleiades.
 I betook my feet back as I had come,
 Wending my joyous way to an humble home;
 But not reaching there till the elves had hung
 Diamond dewdrops on ev'ry bloom's tongue,
 And a scintillation of pearl's emblaze

Shot from each leaf and blade with sparkling rays.
Methought I did behold Eden outspread:
Each bud seemed full of messages unsaid,
Ready to out-burst into sweetest song,
Whose burden divinest fragrance belong.
The birds warbled me a vesper's good-night,
A perfect rhapsody to my ears' delight:
Each voice with a sweet harmony blended,
And in melodious diapason transcended
To heights Elysian divinely pure,
Where the incense of love will e'er enure.
The spring that but two hours gone looked inane
Now sparkled like silver's refulgent vein;
The placid lake I called a pond doth mirror
My face guileless, deterged of flaunting terror.
Argent fishes were basking in its flow
Which I failed to besee a few hours ago;
Their quivering fins refracted genial light
And the moon's recumbent beamlets by night;
Eyes shining like garnet, amber, and pearl
In wonderous ways their iris tints did unfurl.
The pessimist who sees as I once saw
Should be pitied by the divinest law;
He makes his own dragons,—fangs hath given,
Views the world upside down, also Heaven;
Wraps all things in a cerement of woe—
Sees no beauty in the things here below.

THE SHIP AT SEA

A huge leviathan she swims so grand,
Or plows her way majestic through the deep;
As if Heaven's light her soul did command
To some Celestial haven, that Angels keep.

A thing of life, beauty, and specious pride,
She glides with potency and queenly grace;
The spooming waves take her for Neptune's bride,
'Round her bosom briny arms interlace.

A sea-goddess borne on rolling surges high,
Skimming like a pensive hooper lorn and dole
Mounting the billows in faith, miraged en-sky,
Journeying a trackless course, like the soul.

The ocean in murmuring legends wild
Displays a vain ostentation of lore,
Rocking her as doth a mother her child
Upon the crest of its swelling tide's roar.

To her amplitude the moonbeams unfold
Godlike smiles, or behind a cloud they weep—
And upon charnel bed of pearl and gold
The wailing sea beseems too sad to sleep.

IS VESUVIUS A FALLEN STAR

Is Vesuvius a fallen star
Or vanquished heavenly sun,
Which in some Herculean spar,
Hurled to earth from its kingdom won?

Is it still fighting in its pain,
Still dying and yet death denied;
Hoping its glory to regain
And rise from languished bed with pride?

Is its fuming a faint sickness,
A nauseate stomach's trespass,
Its groans those of genuine distress
In agony; up-heaves molten mass?

May be a cruel god, mortal's foe,
Whose throne a dismal sacrifice,
Where hecatomb's blood did flow
Too revolting for Christian eyes.

It yet from earth may rise in fire
Thus when its punishment condigns;
Mount the space fleet as voice of lyre
When its sorrows repay the fines.

Or is it Lucifer lying here,
Still writhing in his heated gore
From the wound by Michael's spear?
Since then, all Heaven him deplore.

LOVE'S HOPE FORLORN

O Venus, sweet goddess of beauty,
Let me once more dip my finger
In the fountain of love, and linger
On thy empearled banks with thee,
Thou enchantress of my destiny.

O Nereids, with feminine forms fair,
Come to my rescue and diffuse
The spirit of Heavenly thews
Into my dissonant soul's despair,
And tranquilize this minor air.

Dian give me thy converse sweet,
In accents generous and fine
'Neath boughs o'er-canopying thy shrine;
My prayer to thee in versed feet,
Thy gentle smile my love doth greet.

O beauteous Thalia, one more song
Give me, or send some bonny lass
To sing to me in velvet grass;
Sweeten love's embittered tongue
That my lorn heart may lose its prong.

Come to me, angels, where the bound
Of antlered deer startle the doze
Of song-birds at their noon repose;
Where rich vines pavilion the ground
And hope implants a rhythmic sound.

O, Vesta! with virginal wing
Fan my hot and distraughted brow;
Let not the muses disavow
Their votives to my sorrowing,
But mend my heart's broken string.

May I again sip love's poppied brew
From its crystal oozings silvery,
Like radiant sparks from morn's eye
That now my scalding tears bedew,
And tinge my cheek with pallid hue.

Sweet Erato, pour some Hippocrene
In my soul to balm its disdain.
O, I'm sick of dreaming,—I fain
Would embosom my fairy queen
In my wistful heart's demesne.

SERENADE

Thro' the blooms the South-winds cooing
To thee so sweet and fair,
To thy bowered portals wooing
I come to plead love's prayer.

The moon's enchanting rays divine
Fall like a jeweled dart,
Inspiring love's dreams that entwine
Thy young romantic heart.

The sighing zephyrs lull thy rest
Night wings to the morrow;
I long to hold thee to my breast,
Then adieu to sorrow.

Hear the whippoorwill's call so sad!
Her threnode bodes no ill;
Would its chant thy devotion glad,
My aching heart to fill.

THE ROSEBUD

'Tis just a rosebud, dear,
I'm sending thee to-day,
A fragrant beauty too;
'Twill I trust lend thee cheer
While I am far away.

And 'tis thy shade of red;
I've kissed it,—I do again—
I pray you'll do the same;
In the kisses I've said
What is my heart's refrain.

And I want it thee tell
In lute tones soft and pure
I dream of thee each night;
And my lily hopes swell
I feel thy love so sure.

True, this bud shall soon fade;
'Tis sad to see it die,—
But it's just to remind us
We shall soon cross the glade
Where our love joins eternity.

THE BLOOM'S VOICE

Take a bloom, consider it well;
Entune thy Christian ear:
Oral words can ne'er tell
The beauteous story you'll hear.

Here's the gladiolus so wise;
This musk-rose smiles in death,
Such aromatic sighs
It emits, as it perisheth.—

The glozing pansy at morn's gold
Gladdens its sweet face,
As if Heaven foretold
Of some aristocratic grace.

The hollyhock can relate with pride
Pure blisses, never known
By man unsatisfied,
Who languishes on earth to groan.—

Now behold the carnation pink,
That so unfolds its breast;
'Twill sometimes heave and wink
When a bonny maid's only guest.

Each flower is full of romance,
Full of love and beauty;
Its blooming elegance
Is Nature's priestly duty.

God through such inflorescence
Speakest to us, to prove
That Heaven's eminence
Is imbued with glorious love.

NOCTURNE

The night is blessed by vesper's sheen;
And beyond the tall cypress trees
The moon throned like celestial queen;
She would my aching heart appease.

The stars like golden arrows shoot:
Their orient darts bid me stay.
Thy soulful eyes my mind transmute
And lead along Heaven's galaxy.

Reprove me not, beauteous lass,
For thus invading thy sacred bower;
I've roved thro' glen and dewy grass—
Rarest rose to thee, no such flower.

Hear the nightingale's song divine
Its sweet anthem dreamily inspire;
Would thy heart-beats attune to mine,
Melodize my soul's plaintive lyre.

The gentle breezes caress thy brow,
And pausing to admire thy charms;
Dearest angel, come to me now!
I long to hold thee in my arms.

O, sing to me, my darling maid;
Add to my life earth's divinest joy
Ere I leave this enchanting glade.
O, with my heart no longer toy!

ODE TO THE TENNESSEE RIVER

Spirit of these granite mountains high,
Whose exalted heads rear into the sky,
Whose feet dangle in thy proud waves so blue,
Thy leafy banks a sanctuary e'er new:—
In pulsing springtime the pearl-eared flowers
Cheer the gay songsters in shady bowers,
Where the night's fragrant air rends to plaintive
calls

Of whippoorwill and frogs in cave's haunted halls;
And grumbling owls deride the fleeting clouds
Soaring o'er like ghosts in gossamer shrouds.

Grand river, of this fair beautiful land,
Thy rippling waters have kissed the golden strand
Of Virginia's coves and mounds; oozing moats
Whose verdant slopes, grazed by flocks in fleecy
coats.

Next thy limpid bosom may pour from the height
Of some Alsatian precipice, spuming white,
Or trickle down marble jaws of the Rockies,
Or evaporate into anomalies;
Or be educes into feathery snow
Flying in the face of sweet fairies, so
Beauteous and fleet-footed, tripping to school;
Or rolled into huge ball by knavish fool
To fright some weary traveler by night,
By the wayside, a pale spectral sight.
Yet, thou seem'st to love these viny glades,
Lingering in eddies 'neath blooming shades,
'Mid silent-rooted luscious muscadine
Whose amorous arms embrace the eglantine;
Their lips meet in amatory joys unsung
Except by jealous zephyr's tender tongue—
Where the sun's slanting beams but softly peep,
And finny perch lave in thy mirky deep.

Haply the queen moon from her shimmering shrine
 Dances her rays on thy glassy face supine;
 Making each flower's dewy eye a pearl
 Looking wistfully into the starry whirl,—
 And in thy vibrant waves the speckle trout
 Haunt inscrutable nooks, near Mount Lookout.

Gentle river, how happy thou should'st be
 For the honor of thy name, Tennessee!
 Here the mocking bird sings his mimic lays
 In passions divine, to thy rippling sprays,
 While his meek-eyed mate is nursing the brood
 Unfledged, to their full wings, in solitude;
 And then at even-tide, the bullfrogs chant
 To thy low murmur, in bass tones gallant.

Yes, crooked stream so mighty, thee I prize;
 On thy caney beach I've dreamed of luxuries,
 And did make foot-prints in thy sand.
 Thy sinuosity but few understand
 Except Neptune, who did thy channel plow
 When the moon was young, ere the Red man's pow-
 wow
 Frayed the drowsy coves, or the green-eyed pan-
 ther's screams
 Echoed in dank grotts, filling the night with dreams
 Full of hideous awe: that voice of doom,
 Blood-curdling, making one his own heart consume.

Ah, greatest river of the "Sunny-South,"—
 Flowing through Dixie-land from source to mouth—
 Thou silvery gem of mountains supreme,
 Denizens of thy valleys and glens teem
 In prolific joys, and feast on sweet mast;
 For rich nuts, lush fruits, thy lap unsurpassed.
 Thy spirit veins burst from ev'ry mountain side:
 Bounty is thy boon, that's known far and wide;

And thy grace pervades each native's sturdy heart
Whose drink cures melancholy's moping smart.

Here the thrush inspires in thy rustic grove
As if some nymphet muse entuned his love;
Thy embossed cliffs resound his sylvan strain,
Which fills the heart of ev'ry festive swain.
Here the bright crocus and gay violet
Give their fragrant spirits without regret,
To commingle with ev'ry dreaming sigh
Emitted by kindred bud humble or high,
Where the balmy incense from wild rose ascends
To meet its goddess, and with her sweetness blends.

Proud river of "America's Switzerland,"
The princess of night reflects thy silvery band
And smiles upon thy bosom's teeming wealth,
When kissing thy orby bubbles by stealth;
Communes with thy soul's liquid sweetness,
Whence rises a balm breath of loveliness,
Made fragrant and dainty by grape blooms' sigh,
And blossoming blue-bells, alder, and wild rye.

Thy glory serpentine will never change,
Royal offspring of the Appalachian range!
Whose glittering sands yield treasure in pearl
Of great brilliance—whose lustrous eyes unfurl
Beauty rays, rivalling those of Oread
Nymphs, who glide up and down these valleys, glad
Forsooth, with pride unrepressed, like a maiden
Frolicking with sweet Flora so love-laden.

America's Rhine, what tales you could tell,
Of that dawn when first thy heart began to swell
And smile back at great Phoebus' golden eye
When he early sought thy bosom silvery,
And pinched thy cheeks; and the fairies so cute

Blew magic mist on buds and blooms to immute,
 Or jolly into teeming fruition
 Blessing each in its magic transition;
 To ripe berry, grape, acorn, or sweet nuts brown—
 The nourishment of which thou hast great renown.

THE DEW TO THE ROSE

Said the dew to the rose,
 "I've come to moisten sweet
 Each breath this night outgoes
 To commingle and greet
 Some other soul new born,
 To the cowslip or pink
 Or to the dreaming thorn
 Dangling o'er the water's brink."

The rose flushed crimson-red
 In a passion newly blown;
 To the amative dew said,
 "I'm scarcely yet half-grown,
 But my lips for honey pine,
 And thy gentle kiss pure
 So give me life divine,
 Make me love's connoisseur."

Then Aurora's eye of light
 Peeped through the trellis still
 To get a glint so bright
 The rose yet dishabille.
 The dew was full of bliss;
 The ray with jealous mien
 Did give the rose a kiss
 So sprent in roral sheen.

Then I mused in amaze
 On the eternal fit
 Of nature's loving ways,
 Yet ne'er a crime commit;

How things so complement,
Each breath and sigh doth ride
On zephyrs' wings content,
And reign in floral pride.

Then came a buzzing bee
And lit upon the rose,
Fondling each petal free
With his dexterous toes;
And licked the fragrant lips
With such a skilful tongue,
Whose dainty little sips
To the rose much joy sung.

Next a humming-bird's dart
In mid-air poised on wing,
Dressed in his garish art
Drank in attitude hov'ring
Nectars with eager glee;
And with majestic grace
And queenly sanctity,
Thus sipped its ooze apace.

The rose, an emblem fair,
'Tis hostess for the dews;
Insects that wing the air
Its richness doth enthuse.
The very sweetest balm
They blissfully imbibe,
So loving and so calm
This metamorphosed tribe.

The rose with dew of morn
A thing of beauty fair;
Yet each rose has its thorn
Tho' with Heaven's breath rare.
And too, the fairest heart

That on this earth may tread,
Whose bosom may heave and smart
From woes, un-heard, un-said.

THE HEART'S SOLILOQUY

Here under the brow of a cliff sublime
I muse, ponder, and rhyme,
On a sweet maid I once with pride did claim.
I hesitate now to whisper her name;
Yet she's precious and pure.
O, Eros! give me thy lure,
Illume my reliance that's now demure!

O, to think of losing her after all
Enshrouds my soul with pall.
I wonder if she truly knows my longing,
Or ever considers the mortal sting
That disavowed love feels;
Which the blighted heart conceals
From the cold world's hilarious appeals?

Dearest lass, if thou wert here in beauty's truth
To balm my woeful ruth
And placate this bosom's convulsed agony,
How truly noble 'twould beseem to die,
To rid this heart of pain
And its sorrowing bane,—
To transcend beyond this bitter refrain.

O Venus divine! what's love to bewail
And her tears that blanch pale?
Why should utmost passion insnare and foil
And the minist'ring muses thus recoil,
Or bid me not longer sue
While yet they brood perdue?—
No more with sweet blisses my soul imbue.

TO PHOEBE

What grieving in thy heart
Thou in sad plaints impart?
A two-syllable strain
In sorrowful disdain
Wherein thy soul is bound.
'Tis I know some legend,
Some doleful past—a friend
For whom thou outpour'st grief.
But comest no relief
In that pining resound.

Strange, unhappy, thy lot,
Some memory unforgot
In that one sad refrain,
Phoebe, thou dost maintain;
Such keen mortality felt
All my life, as I've heard
That threnode, little bird,
My pondering heart still
Those quaint inflections thrill—
And hath therein e'er dwelt.

Phoebe, thine only song—
'Tis reverb of some wrong
By some villain commit:
Yet, why should'st thou rue it
And with that hopeless chant?
Modest bird of remorse
I would I knew thy source
Of sadness; then I'd balm
That woe—give thee new psalm,
Thy former aches recant.

I'd fill thy breast with love themes
Some happy springtide dreams—
With those sad grieves emmewed;
Thy progeny thus imbued

With that melancholy.
Thy sorrow is amplified,
From sire to son betide;
Hence 'tis family trait.
Thy brood must expiate
Such odious folly.

A bird of penance dire
Whose songs no joy inspire,
But sad as dumb Niobe;
Say'st little more than she,
In wildering dismay—
Near human habitation
Rearest thy generation,
Building thy house of moss—
Mud, lining it with floss,
Quite like thy suit of gray.

Thy lament is, Phoebe,
Whate'er that misery
Purports to signify;
Yet receiv'st no reply
To this sad quest forlorn.
'Tis Phoebe all the day
And 'tis thine only lay,
Phoebe, so sadly sweet
This strain thy woe doth mete
Thy dismal lot to mourn.

Thy plumage bespeaks gloom—
A raiment for the tomb;
And that dark pensive eye
Bemoans some destiny
As thy tuneless voice weeps.
May God gladden thy soul,
Give thee joyous control,
And rid thee of thy fate
Time will not dissipate,
Nor in thy bosom sleeps.

Disconsolate bird of sighs,
No glory for thee lies
In vernal buds of May;
Nor Aurora's morn's gay
With her blue golden light—
Not alone in the breast
Of mortal is woe the guest;
Yea, I know thou hast grieves,
And, too, without reprieves,
Phoebe, thy mournful plight!

CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Eve, ah, ranting the wind did blow :
His dog trembled patient at his thin knees !
The hut was whitewashed by the sleeting snow :
Draped in dangling icicles waved the trees.
Here dwelt a pious hermit old—friends few—
With his faithful dog who shared his woe or weal ;
In friendship's common purpose the lone two
Eked out their sorrows ; while age apace did steal.

This Christmas Eve to which I here refer
Had come during storm ; with howling vengeance
It found them illy stored, and did deter
Their trapping and fishing for sustenance ;—
Yet the poor man did not pine or complain,
But read his Bible aloud to his dog,
Who understood his words he seemed to feign ;
He paused now and then to punch the fire-log.—

He'd offer prayer for himself and friend
For untold blessings both had long enjoyed ;
E'en at this sacred hour he felt no shend
Of soul, as with him destiny had toyed,—
But had strong hopes in each coming morrow
That his Heaven goddess would descend some day,
And redeem this sad lingering sorrow,
Now, alas ! beyond reach of mortal clay.

Thus nature numb in winter's frozen arms
Where slept the gowans 'neath ghostly surcease,
As the moon gazed grim at these witching charms
Through vaporous winds laden with snowy fleece.
The night was creeping near its dismal noon ;
The blinking fire on the hearth yawned acold ;
His dog dreamed and yelped as if a raccoon
Treed, as he had done ere he'd grown too old.

For in his prime he was a hunter grand
And loved the sport,—the roof of his mouth proved,
Eyes keen, his life at his master's command,
Through the frowzy primevous forest roved.—
The hermit too was dreaming of brighter days:
He bethought on Christmas Eves and youth's ties
When his heart was gay, full of manhood's blaze,
His sweet Nell his votive and dawning prize.

But his Nell, years ago, had joined the choir
Ethereal beyond belt of sorrow's zone;
She took his heart,—his soul's eternal fire
Where she, his guardian angel, had flown.
Those ancient glories at each Eve's Yule-tide
Came sweeping back to flaunt his drooping years
And ope the temple of his lone heart wide,
Wherein impaled impassioned love and tears.

This night he saw his Nell's begodded soul,
Too real to be a dream; yet asleep
He must've been, or out of mortal control.
She smiled and told him he soon should reap
His reward which was his prize now at hand,
For his fortitude and beauteous faith.
He could e'en then see the bejeweled strand,
As while she this divine oracle saith.—

Yet in the archives of this human frame, glowed
That warmth of smoldering love glorified;
Still untarnished by the tooth of time it flowed
Through his sweet memory, that soon should guide
To sparkling streams 'neath laurel's fragrant shade,
Where he shall meet his Nell and with her sing
Sweet hosannas in the amaranthus glade,
In the divine presence of the holy King.

Thus he dreamed or slept in this visioned veil.
The wind the gnarled trees shook in this wildwood
 cold;
The frozen oaks with aching trunks did wail,
Crack and pop, as if their limbs they'd up-fold
To keep warm during this zero weather:
The screech owl in his hole continued to chide;
'Twas not his time to sleep, but his feather
Suit for such frigid blast did not provide.

The grizzly left not his lair of mullein
For fortnight or more, but would suck his paws,
And stayed within his hollow tree, sullen,
Waiting the clemence of Boreas' jaws,
Or the capitulation of this blizzard,
Ere he would dare forage for food and drink;—
The fox too kept within his own pollard,
And would not in the deep snow prowl or slink.

The stars now and then twinkled upon the scene,
But were too cold to combat this frozen spell;
The nocturnal moon now proved less a queen,
Her horns swollen, or had begun to swell;
But she looked wan and gave but dim display,
She not half-full, but approached quarter one,
And could have produced a more lucent ray
Had billowy clouds let her silver beams atone.

Meanwhile the outer world oblivious
To the temporal needs of this man poor,
Were spending this Christmas Eve delicious
Each after the tenor of his lower
Or higher aims, conduced;—some were dancing
To celebrate the advent of our Lord;
Some wed,—others dallied in love's romancing,
While some sang praise in hallelujah's word.

Be there not few who preferred a drunk
Or an orgy obscene—with Bacchus dwell,
And revel in ribald crowd, like rancid skunk,
Thus paving the highway to dismal hell.
While the world rolls on with its cumbrous load,
Some make merry while others muse and pray;
To a sin-seared heart conscience does not goad,
But accounts its life's sweet morsel each day.

Now the eye of gray morn began to stream
Through the un-chinked cracks of this humble hut,
Upon the sleepers, who yet seemed to dream.
The dog woke, but found his master's eyes shut;
He whined plaintive as if to rouse his repose,
And knowing it was past his hour to rise—
'Twas now six o'clock, when at five he rose:
Albeit, yet his comrade oped not his eyes.

This poor dog, uneasy, somehow divined,
And in a grieved voice barked, his fear's deride,
For his lone life and fate he now repined,
As he perceived his friend in a trance had died.
Hence by instinct, knowing his life by a thread
Hung,—then by his good master crouched so tired
He cried and groaned as if prayers he said—
But a moment; then calm, for he too expired.

QUESTIONS

Is life after all a dream,
But a hollow empty sigh—
Is it just a tuneless theme,
But a shadow fleeting by?

Is love a mere selfish thing,
But a phantom in the mind—
Has it no Heavenly wing
Flying like the spirit wind?

No beauty in the soul's ray,
Nor light from its sacred eye?
Ah! no soul at all you say,
Nor truth in immortality?

And is there no rest divine,
No Heaven sublime above,
Or no land for which you pine
For redeeming holy love?

Without the eye's visual dart,
Oh can you no brightness see;
Through the divine spirit heart
Can you not feel eternity?

Have you no proof within,
Indeed can you not discern
Between the soul, and the flesh of sin;
Have you really no concern?

No lesson from nature learn—
Nothing that betokens the Lord?
Feel no conscience within you burn,
Nor hope in God's matchless word?

Is love a vanity mortal
Which with other passions dies—
Has it no eternal portal
Nor harvest beyond the skies?

No communion with your soul,
Nor soul with which to commune;
Nothing pure upon life's scroll
All so vapid and jejune?

No mystery in the rose,
And has virtue no reward;
Nor haven promised to those
Who sleep beneath the sward?

No prophet's truths have you read,
Nor faith from stars glean, indeed,
From whom, from whence are you fed,
Who's the author of your creed?

Is God a myth—just a name—
A legend story of old,
A pantheism?—Oh, the shame!
Who can such benight'd views hold?

Oh impious world, so bold,
Looking for a sign—a cross
In the heavens—clinging t' gold,
Alas! thy ignoble loss?—

TO MARY GOOSE

Here in Tremont Street rests thy mortal clay
In a dank and modest chamber old,
Where the buckeye's grasping roots impierce thy
 mould,
And towering bricks exclude the sun's ray.

No flowers embellish this humble spot
On which to botanize upon thy mound;
Perhaps thy wish to be wrapt in common ground,
Though thy love for children shall ne'er be forgot.

Gently sleep, dear immortal mother Goose!
Thy enchanting fables shall e'er be sung
By ev'ry sweet youth's primordial tongue,
Eternal in every language's use.

Ev'ry child should view this modest slab,
This silent headstone of fragile slate,
Here where dreams his Fairy Godmother great,
Near the din of pounding hoof and rumbling cab.

Thy name now a familiar household word
In e'ery land and place of childhood's home;
And among nomadic tribes that roam
May oft thy fascinating tales be heard.

Mother Goose, thy creative, genial soul
Imbues the youthful mind with fancy's part,
Implants poesy in the plastic heart,
Comports to a mother's divine control.

Thy dust long since to the elements gone,
Now all that remains is memory sweet;
But thy wooing rhymes the child-soul will greet,
Till time has into eternity flown.—

To thee we should erect a monument,
Thus to prove our own adoration true,
And reverent regard to thy name due:
'Twould be love's effort and money well spent.

A cenotaph raised to thee in ev'ry clime
And thy noble virtues truly exalt;
A monolith pointing to the Heaven's vault,
To e'er perpetuate thy flowing rhyme.

Tremont St., Boston.

IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
JULY 6, 1914

I mused alone in Mount Auburn,
Albeit the spirit of fear
Did not besiege me;—though did yearn
My soul for Heaven's light more clear,
To see beyond the tomb's dark veil,—
To strengthen my impotent creed,
Enflower the path of death's lone trail
In the hour of most direful need.

That I shall know what I've felt
In my soul's everlasting trust,
And that ray which flashed as I knelt
Over the grave of a poet's dust,
May follow me forever more.—
And then my sub-consciousness awoke
As my mind on swift wings did soar
Beyond the upper azure cloak,
Into the region of sacred love
Where altruism blossoms in peace
In the celestial garden above,
And all human frailties cease.

I then seemed from myself apart
As I caught a rhythmic solitude,
In consonance with my lone heart
While this City of Silence I viewed;—
Where lies the honored dust of fame
Who left noble deeds of great worth:
A golden halo round each name
Shines like a sunbeam o'er the earth.

Here rest the sages of dignity
And learned Solons of renown,
Men once of mammon without charity
Whose lives too sordid for jeweled crown.
And poets of the divine muses great
Here slumber 'neath earth's bosomed urn,
And Doctors of Divinity await
Their meeds and the spirit's return.—

How truly blessed are the dead
Who repose in the ark of the Lord,
If they be soldiers full-mounted,
Anchored to His oracular word.
Sleep on, philosophers and bards
With deep pathos that once did flow,—
Patiently dream of sweet rewards
Which only You and Heaven know.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

In ages bigoted and paganism hurled,—
Or impinged upon the palpable conscience
Of a desolate generation's woe,—
Upon a benighted and sin depraved world,—
Beyond the bourn of mortal weakness to grope
For a truth to palliate fermented strife,—
Inherent in hearts of sordid decrepitude,
And in sophistries, ignoble and false,
The earth in warlike array breathed unrest.—
The dark angel of vengeance stalked and wreaked
And blasphemed the meek and holy son of God;
The knee of supplication naught availed.
Religion into bartered servility waned—
Stiff-necked pride had led the world to turmoils:
Reviling excellence, no crime,—Hell's spume
Of fury and odors vile; blasting reigned.—
Tyrant hypocrisy swayed the multitude.
The lamb of God haughty insolence bore.
Evil minds debauched in ribald desires,
Clamored for martyred blood of innocence.
Wherefore, thus founded on sacred facts,
None can anywise equal the solemnity,
The sorrow, and sufferings, of the Christ,—
Whose dismal hours beggar description's pen
Mortal.—In the Garden of Gethsemane
The pathos and passion deep, beyond words
Or imagination to overdraw.
The stars trembled and feared at that crucial hour;
In humiliation the sun eclipsed;
The moon shed rays of deprecation's grace
In divine comport; the firmament swayed;
From pole to pole the earth in darkness quaked.
Satan, the arch-fiend, with mind alert, grim,
Scanned the concave of doom overspread.
Who therefore can paint a picture of such woe?

How, He a man of grief, prayed like a God,
 And a God, suffered and bore our sins to the
 cross!

The hinges of despair, with blackest fate
 Flung the mantle of Satan o'er all hope
 On earth; eternity opened its jaws;
 Beside malefactors and thieves of sin
 The Savior in meekness submits to death.
 Yet, the son of God, with power divine,
 And angels legion at his command swarmed
 Over His head; yet no harshness fell on
 His betrayer, nor his red-handed murderers!—
 Then, how like the prince of Heaven our sins bore:
 Our infamy He himself upon took,
 And tasted death for a world benighted.
 No evil in Him found, Herod "the Fox"
 And Pilate alloweth Him to die on
 The rugged tree, and thus pander malice;
 While the children of ignorance still clung
 To Barabbas; and the breath of limbo,
 Which wafted a seething froth of venom,
 Blighting the leaves and blooms of nature
 Round about, while Peter in bitterest
 Sorrow heard the cock crow, to remind him
 Of his broken vows distraught, and mortal
 Weakness: as the soldiers of Herod flared
 The lance of evil authority bold,
 Armed in brazen shields in mighty phalanx,
 And abided their time for Judas, the kiss
 To give, after partaking his last sop
 From the hand of the Son of righteousness.
 But Judas, wanting the silver, his lure,
 Took on the black wings of mammon's vile greed,—
 It so beseemed the traitor had faith enough,
 A faith in spirituality lacking,
 And he bethought himself wise—his folly

A tempting faith.—He conjured up evil;
 Yet in his heart, believing Jesus the Christ,
 Being thus, the Lord himself from foe would save.
 The bargain for silver his astute acumen,—
 His mind inflamed and bestraught by the clink
 Of lucre's black and undaunted spirit,
 He fell the prey to its Hell-born avarice.—

TO SPRING

Sweet maiden with floral breath,
 Youthful hopes,—no fear of death,
 The fickle child we admire,
 To whom with ardent desire
 We look; and then bless thy birth!
 Thou dear harbinger of mirth,
 Oft thou linger'st in the lap
 Of thy rude brother, saucy chap;
 And then capricious as fawn
 Browsing upon Dian's lawn,—
 Bringing with thee birds of song,
 And the bloom-goddess along,
 Sweet Flora and her angels,
 All sippers of dew-balmed dells.—
 We greet thee, thou unbeguiled,
 Even if a precocious child
 Thou dost prove. A poet's love
 Is thine,—for his soul doth move
 At thy rosy cheeks and curls
 Reminding of other worlds;—
 Thy face inspirits the heart
 Till dreaming reveries start.—
 We drink to thy chaplet crown,
 And cheer thy queenly renown,
 And praise thy sylvan advent;
 Welcome thy bounteous cloyment:
 And those lush and pouty lips
 Vernate us 'neath rustic drips,

Make us gay—and habilitate
Our sighing muse,—our souls sate
In the wine of sparkling themes
Which felicitate our dreams.—
Thy scenery befit thy plays,
And thy dramatic dismays
But the whims or sportive mien
From the nectared cloud's idle spleen.
Hast thou come to nest in hull,
Garland winter's frosty skull,
Bringing berries sweet and ripe?
Humming bees, and crickets' pipe,
And butterflies flecked with gold?
The Naturalist's eye behold;
And with eager step he'll chase
Across the mead's blooming face.
Thou with sweet melodies sing
Full of music ministering;
Upfilling the heart with joy,
Heaping nature's lap to cloy,
Oft breaking her apron strings,
Gilding her matchless wings,
Giving muscadine and grape.
Dormant life puts on new shape,
But clings to prevailing styles;
Neither hoodwinks nor beguiles,
Yet frolicsome, with pure hands
Gives solace, but no commands;
Offering all, sweet embraces,
Loving the weak thy graces.
Thou art God's expounded soul.
He doth thy movements control
Through thee, bless and fill our cup,
Giving all creatures life's sup,
Free to each as the morn's light,
Sumptuous plenitude thy right.
Thy love unbandied bespreads
Pervading universe and heads

Of the tinnest flowers
E'er grew in sterile bowers.
Who then shall gainsay thy fane,
And who would ever complain
To see the blossoming wolds,
Fair Aetolia's iris tints
Whose fragrance gives the mind glints
Of the infinite,—divine,
More gracious than eglantine,
Giving a fantastic tinge.
Yea, sweet Spring, where shadows fringe,
Propitious to lover's sighs,
With lily joys,—and azure skies;
When marching clouds on the wind
Do engender in the mind.
Such fancies of loveliness
Into every heart doth press:
Thy lustihood and sweet face
Give a benediction's grace,
Inviolable to thy vows,
To the floral maids and boughs.
Yea, vernal buds, lush and fine,
With true obeisance benign
We bend to that mystic force,
And her wondrous potent course,
Sucking the earth sap with root
Giving back thy golden fruit,
Imbibing life from the sun
And pigments from the air you've spun.
Thou enchantress of the dell,
I love thy footprints, and dwell
Close to thy genitive throne,
Whose deities will condone
Our sins. O give us sweet lips,
Gentle Spring,—and oozing sips
From thy beauty heart and soul,
And holy balm to reach our goal!

FAREWELL TO BOSTON

Farewell, dear little Miss Bostonian,
So natty and slim, so fat and trim!
You from me filched my heart Lidian,
With your true azure eyes, which truly dim
The violet's delicate hues divine,
Peeping blushful 'neath leaves' musty frock
At spring's mystic dawn. Good-bye, Angeline,
Thou classic beauty of the "Mayflower" stock!

Adieu, Virgie, thou witching little bird,
Singing like a nightingale glorified,
Diffusing beyond descriptive word
Soulful strains;—when I learned a June bride
Thou art next year to blissfully become,
My soul sank, alas! too late to dispart
Those lily vows, and like an eagle's swooping hum
Implunge gallant for thy blithesome heart.

Good-bye, my brown eyed Ethel and Jean,
Cousins, of "Plymouth Rock" pedigree;
Dear maidens, to my sense a Hippocrene
Each so daedal, with queenly majesty.
Your voices yet ring sweet to my languid brain;
Your pleasing kindness; each feminine look—
Such soothing charms the Heavens' refrain—
Your loss to my joy, memory doth brook.

Ye dames of fashion, and men genteel,
So truly chivalrous and polite,
Chesterfields of suavity leal,
Desiring to treat all men aright
Within thy gates and wildering streets,
Which are forsooth, illuring antiques—
I perceive your love never retreats:
Do ye need all those loquacious Greeks?

Good-bye, dear Utopia of my dreams!
How I did loath to say that farewell
To thee, bright eyes, with diamond gleams
Too beauteous for my pen to tell.
But such love for thee can never die,
Nor can vicissitudes make it fade.
E'en now a giant tear brims my eye
As I bethink on thee, dearest maid.

Farewell, "Norumbega" Park, paradise
Of wooing delights; ye groves where the wild rose
And honeysuckle's incense sweetly rise;
Where the blooming chestnut perfumes disclose
Impassioned regard for zephyr's kiss;
Where the pond lily supine nods to the air
While in dreaming ease its sweetest bliss
Out-flings to the fairies debonair.

And ye dear ladies of many creeds,
Striving to win that Elysian goal,
Know ye that all beauty feeds
The hungry and immortal soul?
When panoplied by honest prayer
Thereby unfolding truth's precious grace;
For angels are flitting ev'ry where,
Ministering to this benighted race.

Though be it known, none has a patent
On how to reach the divine ear of God,
But virtue engendereth nourishment
Known only to those who serve the Lord
In the beauty of holiness; when
The battle 'gainst sin is surging high,
Which tries the souls of sturdiest men,
But points the way to the eternal sky.

ODE TO A ROSE

Gracious and consecrated emblem so pure,
A blossom redolent of vernal sweets,
Whose peerless beauty betokens joyous lure,
The messenger of love that Cupid greets!

Thy waft'd spirit not of this fleeting sphere,
But meant to bless us in life's lonely hour—
Sent from heaven to give mortal cheer;
Of all God's gifts the rarest flower!

Thy communing vows drooping souls assuage,
Whose sacred incense rise before the throne:
There blessed by an eternal heritage,
Acclaimed by seraphs the sweetest e'er blown.

Thy nature to various lands condign,
Those thorns thine only guarded protection;
And thou art youth's inspiration and mine:
All mankind love thy distilled affection.

Those emerald leaves and symmetrical buds,
Whose floescence brings a tide of fragrant darts,
That foreshadow a wave of attar floods:
Then thy lingering soul balms bruised hearts.

Rose, thou'rt immortal,—with grace diffusive,
Balming the mournful wound death has brought,
Whose charming blush and silent prayers give
A benediction to the life gloom hath caught.

Not joy alone meets thy presence benign:
Oft broken hearts soothed by thy sacrifice;
More noble on thy stem than eglantine
Or young virgin queen, crowned in love's device!

All creatures bless thy odorance divine:
Beauty nymphs at thy floral shrine rejoice;
And bright eyes on thy sweet compassion dine,
Thy zephyred breath soft as an Angel's voice.

How we wonder from whence such magic bliss,
Inspiring dreams of amorous delight;
At Hymen's gay feast how welcome thy kiss,
Whose silent majesty greets the bride so dight.

How apropos thy insignia of love!
A precious virtue from heaven descends
Upon thy sweet-savored spirit, to move
Our souls where thy matchless beauty blends.

Thy nodding blooms, virent and fuzzy pods,
Festoon the sanctum of the fairy hall;
Thy ebbing breath invocations from the gods
That rides auriferous breezes ethereal.

Thou princess, loveliest flower e'er sighed
To perfume Erato's luminous fane;
Who loves the rose and ever will confide
In its heart, where her kindred spirits reign.

In the garden of youth the face most fair,
Never intended to blossom and pine,
And fade away in solitude's despair,
But to flourish in Flora's kingdom fine.

Who can look upon thy educing dawn,
And not ponder on things holy and true,
Of heaven's mead, with thy soul imbuing the lawn,
Of God, who made thee in most ev'ry hue.

Thy life and its adieu give us faith wings,—
Our second coming but divine sequence;
And thy melifluous advent thus brings
Us within the bourne of omnipotence.

TO THE "LONE STAR" STATE

Fairest maid of the universe,
Bright star of the Gulf of Mexico,
Would I could the muses coerce
To descant thy virtues apropos
And melodize on thy fealty;—
I adore thee, and for thee sigh.

I long to see thy fruitful lap
And imbibe thy golden sunshine;
Let alfalfa perfumes enwrap
My olfactories, as I dine
This lorn soul in a pensive mood,
In thy sopiting solitude:

To hear the waving corn rustle
In its song of harvest delights;
To feel a thrill of thewy muscle
Engendered by thy balmy nights;
To hear the mocking bird's ecstasy
Unlinking arpeggios with glee:

To behold the meadows besprent
With rainbow tints and daffodils,
Empurpled cotton blooms content
Whose lint the planters' purse upfills;
To see the honey--bee roaming
For saccharine till the gloaming:

To hear the continuous hum,
The thrasher hulling golden grain:
Ah Texas, thou sweet Elysium
Teeming with Ceres' bounteous train;
Thou dreamland! thou Utopia!
To all extend thy cornucopia.

THE HUMAN HEART

What a mystic composite
Is the human heart; so true—
So evil—so saturnine;
Oft to jealous strife commit—
Or filled with pathos divine—
A fount of ambrosial dew.

Life's pump—a machine throbbing
From which emanates all good,
From which all malice springeth;
From which comes sorrow sobbing,
Or Heavenly joys ringeth,
By no science understood.

The heart is truly but clay
If put to chemical test;—
A voice echoing from space—
A dictaphone night and day
Receiving or giving grace,
By the immortal soul blest.

'Tis God's earthly residence:
He dwells in the human heart
If within at all He's found;
Not the head—but the heart. Hence
Do not the head, but the heart sound,
If its charity you'd impart.

IF WE COULD BUT LIVE ON THIS EARTH AGAIN

If we could but live on this earth again
We'd be adroitly inured to its ways;
Our souls then might bloom and never disdain,
And reach the Heaven's Elysian highways.

'Tis a great pity Nature does not give
Us poor mortals below two lives apart,
That the first might be spent learning how to live
The last, mending aches of the primal heart.

O, if we could but silently retrace
Those missteps that have proved unwise,
Then get our bearings from the throne of grace,
Our lives here would be less a sacrifice.

For the first allotted span we find, alas!
Thus spent in making tentative surveys;
Amidst the pitfalls of sin we must pass
Ere we seem to imbibe life's golden rays.

O, ye who brood over the winged bygones,
Dry your heart's mournful and clandestine tears;
Your penance ten thousand times o'er condones
For the wrongs commit. Have no prescient fears.

Therefore have no impotent forebodings
Of the dearth of the fountain from on high,
For God hath divine healing in His wings,
And there's balm in Gilead for ev'ry sigh.

Hence then, grieve not over the "might have beens,"
But take up the broken lute and mend it.
Where there's a will there's no cause for blighting
sins:

Take up the sword of prayer and defend it.

We know not what's best for our own future—
Oft we're like children crying for a toy;
Sometimes 'tis but fantasy we endure
Or an illusion we would grasp to cloy.

Be the load real or from the mind's loom,
Build your heart's citadels strong and more bold;
Do not get enmeshed in a languid gloom—
Patience is a passion more precious than gold.

Then sigh no more, ye brides of secret love,
With cumbersome loads of melancholy.
Look to yon starry portals exalt above
And expurgate your souls of wicked folly.

And when in Heaven's clime we meet redeemed,
We'll engird ourselves for bliss and duty;
Then but sweet memory will evoke, so themed,
As we worship at the shrine of love's beauty.

SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY

Concord, Mass., July 22, 1914

Here 'neath solemn oak and swaying pine
The illustrious clay of Hawthorne sleeps;
Where the blessings of nature smile divine
Though the wind's voice, e'er moaning, e'er weeps.
The air delicious, with pious fragrance
Fraught—and verdant moss so reverent clings
To tomb and mausoleum, as for life,
While deep-toned solitude seems to enhance
The rightful eminence of angels' wings
That here sojourn to muse on mortal strife.

And hard by slumbers the great Emerson,
In his generation most lettered and wise.
Now a marble boulder, weighing a ton,
Above his noble head ponderous lies.
Thoreau and the Alcotts here silently rest
Where other literate souls keep them company.
Afar many come to pay love's sweet tribute;

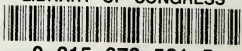
From the North, South, East, and the golden West
 Here congregate, to drop a tear and sigh
 With ponderings soft as enchanted lute.

Serene as an Arcadia wrapped in dreams,
 Awake not the guests of this sleepy silence;
 Though we can imagine the holy themes
 Of mingled prayers and sorrowing cadence
 That have skyward flown to the throne of grace,
 When heart-breaking grief, and venerate tear
 Were (and yet may be) emptied upon this ground;
 When tender eyes looked on the beloved face
 For the last time, reposed upon the bier,
 Then list to the clod's un pitying sound.

The robin's note is somewhat in respect;
 His recitation bears a minor refrain,
 As if he doth with gravity reflect
 Upon the brevity of life's mortal chain.
 At night the star's lambent beams thread through
 trees
 And fling over all a shimmering light,
 As the moon shoots from her queenly throne
 Rays, that eclipse the eyes of Hesperides
 And emmantle all in a ghostly fright,
 While one's hollow ears hear the sepulchres groan.

The polished tombstones refract with grim awe
 Phantasies flaunting, though but dimly seen;
 Struggling, as if some supervening law,
 Disavowed celestial ray to intervene.
 Near by this sacred spot a river flows,
 But with silence it winds its destined course
 Like the slow move of a funeral train;
 With comely reverence onward it goes,
 Seeming to know it rolls near a human force
 Of mighty souls, that Heaven shall regain.

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